

TRAVELS
THROUGH
ITALY,
IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1785,

BY THE ABBE DUPATY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY M. MILLS, NO. 36, DORSET-STREET,

FOR

MESSRS. G. BURNET, P. BYRNE, AND J. MOORE.

MDCC LXXXIX.

T. M. A. V. E. S.

THROUGH



Y. J. A.

T.

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STUDENTS

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE
TRANSLATOR.

THE following letters are evidently the work of a writer of sensibility and accurate observation; they are far from being written in the dull stile of methodical compilation, and bear every mark of being immediately dictated by the objects they describe.

They are not to be considered merely as letters written in the closet, or remarks on what may be found in other authors, but as observations made in the country itself, during actual travels through it, as indeed the original manner of the whole work sufficiently evinces.

The stile may, perhaps, be deemed somewhat novel and singular; but it will be found to be the novelty and singularity of genius. In the following translation, therefore, all possible attention has been paid to preserve the manner as well as the matter. The translator has endeavoured to

render his original as faithfully, and even literally, as was allowable, consistent with the difference in the genius of the two languages; he has scarcely ever indulged himself in the liberty of curtailings or correcting his author, lest he should only be found to damp the generous glow of a warm imagination by the frigidity of too cautious circumspection.

At the same time it is presumed that where the novelty of the manner, or the boldness of the metaphor, were too unusual to be tolerated by an English ear, these have either been softened or changed, without any great injury either to the meaning or spirit of the author.

To say more concerning the translation would be impertinent, and to add any thing in recommendation of the work itself unnecessary; if some of its too licentious flights shall be judged faults, the most austere critic, surely, cannot refuse to acknowledge that it has many beauties.



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L E T T E R S

ON
I T A L Y, IN 1785.

L E T T E R I.

Avignon, April.

I ARRIVED yesterday at Avignon.—Despair not of the spring at Paris; I met it on my entrance into the *Comtat* *.

My first anxiety was to visit the fountain of Vaucluse. I went to see it yesterday. I know not why I say *yesterday*, for it seems still present to my eyes.

I think I still see escaping from the midst of a chain of mountains, as from the depth of a vast

* The delightful province of Avignon, so called.

tube,

tube, a river which rises, rushes up, and instantly overflows, with an impetuosity, a thunder, a boiling, a foam, with falls which never can be described either by the pen of the poet or the pencil of the painter. Such is the fountain of Vaucluse. In an instant this river becomes calm, like a happy disposition, moderated by its native goodness, after the first transports of vivacity. It now changes its silver waves into waves of azure, and pours, and rolls, and diffuses them on a bed of emerald; but it soon divides itself into a multitude of little streams to meander through a charming valley. On quitting the valley, these rivulets unite, and all together take their course, by a hundred different ways, to water, fertilize and embellish, under the name of the *Sorgue*, the delightful county of Avignon.

The description of this beautiful abode, as traced by the Abbé Delille, is very accurate: I have verified every verse. They are true as prose, a circumstance not very usual either in travellers or poets; yet these verses can give no idea of this spot; they only aid the memory. The same is true respecting the portraits and descriptions of each particular object. In his poetry, I could neither discover that foam, that din, nor all those murmurs proceeding from the fountain. I behold not those rocks so black, which form so admirable a contrast with the foaming waves that



that dash and break upon them. The poet, in short, has not displayed that brilliant carpetting of emerald which is the couch of the Naiad.

Vaucluse presents at once the most delightful scene and the most singular phenomenon. But I shall say with the poet:

Mais ces eaux, ce beau ciel, ce vallon enchanteur,
Moins que Pétrarque et Laure, intéressoient mon cœur.

Those streams, that sky, and yon enchanting vale,
Touch not my heart like Petrarch's piteous tale.

The memory of Petrarch and of Laura animates every object; it embellishes and renders enchanting the landscape. I sought for traces of these lovers on every rock. Here then, said I, they used to sit together; here Petrarch gave way to his passion, and shed so many tears; here he vented all those immortal sighs, still living to our ears. I seated myself on the declivity of a rock, and, for an hour, was absorbed in listening to the noise of these waterfalls, contemplating the verdure of that turf, the azure of yon beauteous sky, the youth of the year, and thinking on Laura. There I summoned, in imagination, and assembled round me all the objects most dear to my heart. I figured to myself all my children sporting on those spots of turf, running on that bank, and
striving

striving who should best strike the echoes and my heart with a thousand playful shouts of happiness and joy.

Before I departed, I wished to know whether, as the Abbé Delille assures us, Echo had not forgotten the gentle Laura's name. Begging the poet's pardon, the ingrate had forgotten half.

Adieu, charming fountain of Vaucluse. Scarcely do we know the places where Alexander gained his battles; but those where Laura and Petrarch loved will be eternally remembered. The murmurs of thy waters, O Vaucluse! and the verses of the poet who sung of Gardens, and of the Months*, will proclaim them to all ages.

* See the Poem *des Jardins*, by the Abbé Delille, Canto III. and *des Mois*, Canto VII.

LETTER II.

Avignon.

I HAVE little to say to you of Avignon : I have been here only three days : you will answer me, perhaps, that Mr. made the tour of Italy without ever quitting France.

The following are a few particulars that have appeared to me most to deserve notice.

The vice-legate judges criminal cases without appeal ; civil matters in the first instance. This practice, it is said, is common in Italy. Why should it be so ? Civil justice principally threatens the rich ; criminal justice the wretched.

The vice-legate has the right of pardoning : Strange alienation of the sovereign power ! It is true, that the tribunals in France have frequently the right of preventing the king from exercising it ; which is a still more extraordinary alienation.

The pope is so well pleased with his vice-legate, that he has just created him *candle-bearer* of his chapel. In the court of Rome this is a promotion.

I saw a man yesterday who has come out of the galleys, to which this candle-bearer had very unjustly and very ridiculously condemned him for five years, *as convicted of murder.*

B

This

This unhappy man, named Lorenzo, has suffered his punishment, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the Intendant of Toulon to procure his release, and every remonstrance in his favour.

His innocence appeared in the following extraordinary manner* :

As he was going along, one day, in the arsenal of Toulon, another galley slave said to one of his comrades—There is a wretch I cannot bear the sight of.—Why so? replied the other—That man is here for having murdered such a one, and it was I who committed the crime—Lorenzo overheard him: What must he not have felt! He went up to the galley slave, entreating and conjuring him to reveal, and properly attest, as soon as possible, the secret of his innocence. But the soul of the wretch was already shut to pity, and awake only to terror. Lorenzo, with the permission of his superiors, had the patience and resolution to attach himself, for two years successively, to this man, from whom he hoped the proofs of his innocence. He obtained leave to be fastened to the same chain. He accompanied him to the hospital. What persuasions did he not use to move him, both night and day, and every day? But all without effect. At length, at the end of two years, by dint of prayers and tears, he suc-

* I had these particulars from Monsieur M , the Intendant of Toulon, a man of great sense and humanity.

ceeded so far as to soften once more the villain's heart, and, by awakening remorse, draw from him a second time the important secret. Witnesses were stationed for the purpose. A narrative was drawn up and carried to the Intendant, who instantly threw the criminal into a dungeon. A severity highly imprudent, as the guilty man immediately retracted.

The five years are at length expired, and Lorenzo is released.

On what ground, then, had he been condemned? On a circumstance—On the very slightest circumstance! The murdered man had nine louis in his pocket; three men, of which number was Lorenzo, were taken up; on each of whom were found three louis. Here, said the judge, are nine louis, and consequently three murderers: And these three men were sentenced to the galleys. Two of them died there——It is the history of l'Anglade; the history of circumstantial proof; the history of all criminal tribunals, except those of England. The laws in England are cautious of condemning; the laws in France fearful of acquitting.

This unhappy man is going to Rome to throw himself at the feet of the pope, to obtain a revision of his trial. The pope is said to be humane. I have remarked that humane men, that is to say, *men* are more difficult in their belief of crimes,

crimes, and are less frequently deceived. Humanity is the surest guide in the discovering of truth.

L E T T E R III.

Toulon.

SINCE my road has brought me to Toulon, I cannot omit to say something concerning that place.

It is a tolerably handsome and regular town. A great number of streams descend from the rocks and mountains against which it is built, and enter it on every side. These are collected and distributed by a multitude of fountains, insomuch that Toulon itself might be taken for one great fountain. This profusion of water renders the winter something colder, but it refreshes the summer.

The harbour is admirable. I have seen the *Hero*, M. de Suffrein's ship. This vessel has well deserved its name.

I paid particular attention to the administration of the galleys.

The galley slaves are not ill-treated at Toulon ; they work and are paid for it. How affecting the reflection!

reflection! there are ten millions of men, perhaps, in France who would be happy to be at the galleys, were they not condemned to them.

Formerly, the term of the galley slaves was scarcely expired before they returned; but of late, the tribunals that furnish Toulon, instead of sending back those who relapse, hang them.

The number of galley slaves is nearly the same every year, that is to say, nearly the same number of crimes are committed yearly. The same quantity of water enters in like manner daily into a ship, and the labour of the pump is equal; but were the vessel better, were the planks more closely joined, and more carefully attended to, the vessel would daily make much less water.

I looked over the register of the galleys. Listen.—Children of *thirteen years of age* sentenced to the galleys *for having been found with their fathers convicted of smuggling!!* Yes, thus I read—*For having been found with their fathers!* If they had not been found with them, they would have been sent to the house of correction. (*Bicêtre.*) Such is the fiscal code; such the indulgence to the financial system: Innocent blood is sold to it by government and the nation is silent!

I saw many of these children, and tears gushed into my eyes, and my breast burnt with indignation; nor could I appease my feelings, but with the hope of not dying before I had exposed all the

crimes of our criminal legislation. Alas! may I but be able to contribute to deliver these young and innocent hands from those abominable chains! —I hope I shall—.

I read also in the register—*for the crime of cheating, and vehemently suspected of murder; to the gallies for life.*

I read also—*for knavery, and cheating a number of honest people, (the very words) to the gallies for one hundred years.* This is a sentence of the tribunal of Deux Ponts (*not in France.*) France lends her punishments to several of the German sovereigns.

I also read—*vehemently suspected of a murder and burglary; to the gallies for life.*

I would give a considerable sum for a duplicate of the registers of the gallies. What information they contain! They would enable us to ascertain the numbers annually sacrificed in France, by the exterminating hand of criminal justice, in the different tribunals.

A singular event plunged the galley slaves, some time ago, into the most profound despair. The Intendant of the marine received orders to separate the deserters, the smugglers and malefactors into three classes. One would have imagined smugglers and deserters should have blessed this separation. But their despair was extreme.

All

All the galley slaves, in fact, look on each other in the same light; for misfortune, like death reduces all men to a level. They are all equally so many wretched beings, so many of the weak vanquished by the strong. Far from blushing at the atrocity of their crimes, they make a boast of them. One has done more harm to the enemy, or has been more adroit or courageous than the other. The deserters and smugglers therefore by no means despise the criminals; and, by the separation then ordered, they lost several advantages. One was deprived of a robust companion; another, of the comrade whose voice he was accustomed to hear, and whose looks he was familiarized to meet; while this, again, lost the man who sympathized with him in wretchedness. Many bitter tears, tears of the heart, flowed in abundance at the thought of this separation. The Intendant of the marine however has granted many of these galley slaves the favour of living together at the same chain,

What a subject for Meditation! How wonderful are the yet unexplored recesses of the human heart!

L E T T E R IV.

Nice.

NICE is seated on an amphitheatre of rocks, projecting a little into the sea. It is surrounded by hills, the gentle declivities of which present to the traveller delightful habitations environed with olives, mulberries, fruit trees of every kind, and, above all, with citron, lemon and orange trees. The latter constitute the wealth, at least the greatest wealth of the country. There are individuals who gather upwards of three hundred thousand oranges, and one hundred and fifty thousand lemons yearly. The country, in short, (to use an expression of the country) is very abundant *en aigrure*.

En aigrure! In sourness! What does this *sour* and barbarous word mean? It is the name which interest, in whose eye the beautiful is nothing, and habit, before which every thing ceases to be beautiful, bestow on those charming apples of the garden of the Hesperides, that gave the victory to Atalanta.

The houses in the environs of Nice are inhabited by English, French and Germans; each of them forms a colony: These delightful places
are

are resorted to in the winter from all parts of the world. Nice, during that season, is a sort of hot-house for delicate constitutions.

The winter here lasts only about two months, and never is too severe. In the course of the year, indeed, a north wind blows, at intervals, from the summits of the mountains, and incommodes the spring and autumn, and even the summer.

Mr. Thomas gains here daily four or five hours of life, that is, of thought and study. He is too industrious in the pursuit of fame; for thirty years past he has worked night and day at his statue.

I have seen some pleasing and even charming English women: On their arrival they were dying; but they have recovered their bloom in the air of Nice. *Winkelman*, so severe and so unjust respecting the faces of the English women; would surely have shewn some indulgence to that of Mrs. B.; for in Mrs. B. we find united all the roses of *France*, and the lillies of *England*; all the amiable qualities of the women of her own country, and all the charms of ours. She makes a man almost forget the sex—She has made me forget Nice.

L E T T E R V.

Nice.

I WAS conducted yesterday into the obscurest street; I entered the poorest house, and had to mount the fifth story, where, at length, I discovered a little man, indifferently dressed, in grey, with a bag wig, who by his countenance appeared to be fifty, but was very lively, light, and full of gesticulations: This was the first president of the senate of Nice.

The first president, who is called the *Comte de . . .*, is neither deficient in understanding or information. He admires Montesquieu, and really thinks the legislation of his country bad. Are there many magistrates, in certain countries of Europe, ready to make this avowal?

The police is in the hands of the military; which the consul of France thinks very right, and the vice-consul very wrong. The first is consul the second vice-consul.

The archbishop has the censure of books—you may therefore judge how free the press is.

The works of Boileau are not sold publickly.

At Nice, we find no morals, and little religion, but much devotion, that is to say, hypocrisy.

We

We should have sailed this morning for Genoa, but as snow fell in the night, and the wind became contrary, we were obliged to stay. We were however consoled for this delay by the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas, and of passing the day with him.

Our dinner was too soon over; Mr. Thomas was very amiable. We began by analyzing all our beaux esprits, all our reputed wits, and all who think, or imagine that they think. At the desert we discussed Italy, women, and the weather. For a moment, Mr. Thomas forgot posterity. He apologized to us for the snow that had fallen in the morning. It was an accident, he said, in the climate of Nice, to which it is not subject. We laughed, drank, and chatted, and quitted each other with regret.

We dined too with a certain M. de R . . . , who passes all his winters at Nice, and the remainder of the year in other parts of Europe. He is afflicted with a dreadful asthma, mitigated however by this benign climate. I had really a pain in his breast, *mal à sa poitrine*, (as Madame de Sevigné says). Mankind have not sufficiently reflected on these sympathetic, or antipathetic affections, which attract or repel sensible beings, communicating pain or pleasure. Smith has opened the mine, but he has not worked it; for he never felt, like me, the asthma of M. de R . . .

M. de

M. de R at first did not strike me as a man of parts ; but in the course of the conversation he grew warm, and displayed his powers of mind. Thus, frequently, at sea, when there is no wind upon the coast, we find it at a certain latitude.

L E T T E R VI.

Monaco.

HERE we are at sea, and following the coast, that is to say, yon hills and rocks which so awfully shut in magnificent Italy.

We have reached the principality of Monaco. As we should despise nobody, we cannot do less than pay it a visit. We landed in the harbour, which was filled with three fishing boats and a Dutch vessel.

Two or three streets on perpendicular rocks ; eight hundred wretches dying of hunger ; a decayed castle ; a battalion of French troops ; a few orange, olive, and mulberry trees, scattered over a few acres of land, themselves scattered over rocks ; such is, pretty nearly, the picture of Monaco.

All

All here is poverty and wretchedness in the extreme. The officer who commands the French battalion, and who has been here twenty months, almost cried for joy on seeing us. He told us, that if he had been master of a chicken to offer us, he would have gone upon his knees to invite us to eat it with him.

The sovereign of Monaco has a court; he has twenty guards, who are twenty peasants; and four gentlemen of his chamber, who are four of the inhabitants. As often as he comes to Monaco, before he sets his foot in the castle, he goes, preceded by his court and his subjects, to a little chapel, to return thanks to God for his safe arrival.

There are inscriptions in the castle. Take the following as a specimen. Over a gate, which resembles the gateway of an inn, we read;

*Crypto porticum hanc, etsi tot regum imperatorum
& summorum pontificum ingressu decoratam, tamen
tantæ molis vastitate angustam, ampliavit, illustravit,
exornavit. Anno salutis, 1623.*

What more could be inscribed on the gate of the capitol?

On entering Monaco, we were obliged to give our names to a man we found in a shop, soaling an old shoe: This was the commandant of the port.

But the Prince of Monaco is just, humane, and is beloved. If his state be a small one it is not his fault.

LETTER VII.

Genoa.

I HAVE just left the palaces *Brignolet*, *Sera* and *Kiagera*. I am dazzled, confounded, enchanted, and scarcely know who or where I am. My eyes still seem to behold nothing but gold, marble, chrystal, porphyry, basalt, and alabaster formed into columns, pilasters, capitals, and ornaments of every kind, and of every order, ionic, doric, corinthian. A thousand detached parts of pictures float before my imagination. I see nothing but heads, feet, hands, and bodies; old men and girls, Venuses and virgins. Observe the affecting tears which stream from the eyes of that venerable old man. Behold the charming smile bursting from the lips of that young and beauteous maiden: it is certainly her first smile.

Yet, amid so many fragments, some intire paintings still remain imprinted in my memory.

First, a picture by Paul Veroneze. Judith has just cut off the head of Holophernes. Her attendant is a negress, who forms an admirable contrast to the beauty of her mistress. Nature is struggling with religious zeal in the countenance and

and whole attitude of Judith: she dares not look at the head, which she holds in her trembling hand. Her waiting-maid, wanting the support of fanaticism, while viewing the head and the crime, shudders with horror. The shades of death envelop Holophernes.

But we shall do better to turn our attention to an Assumption, by Guido Rheni. What a virgin! What angels! This is indeed to ascend to heaven! A choir of Angels, each more beautiful, more charming than the other, join hands in the midst of air, and without difficulty, without the smallest effort, follow the virgin towards heaven, as we mortals should fall to earth. What purity on that divine brow! Already her eyes have penetrated heaven, and repose in the bosom of God, who waits for her: they are humid with celestial happiness. Among those angels, of every degree of youth, some are seen so little that the others hold out their hands to them to assist in following. These are smiling at the virgin; those, at one another; and what a conquest for them! They will love still more. The imagination that conceived this picture was angelical!

But who is that woman stretched upon a bed, with no other veil but death? Death is already in her feet, her legs; and is gaining along her arms. The faint remains of beauty, love and grief are vanishing from that pale brow. This

is Cleopatra! Those celebrated charms that so long captivated Anthony, and had nearly seduced Cæsar, which occasioned almost as much noise and ravage in the world as the Roman arms, are sinking in death, and presently we shall no longer call them Cleopatra, but a corpse.

I shall not soon forget several other paintings. A *Christ* calling Thomas to thrust his hand into his side. A resurrection of Lazarus. The bloody coat of Joseph brought to Jacob. To describe these in language affords words adequate.

I stand in need of sleep to close my eyes; they are weary of admiring.

L E T T E R VIII.

Genoa.

IT is six in the morning, and my imagination has awakened in the saloon of the palace of *Sera*, or rather in the palace of the Sun. I dare not yet lift up my eyelids. It is impossible to give an idea of the magnificence of this saloon. What the face of Nature is when viewed through a prism, such is the saloon of the palace of *Sera*. What glasses! What a pavement! What columns! What gold! What azure! What porphyry! What marble! No other name can suit it but *magnificence*.

Whoever would behold the handsomest street in the whole world must see the new street at Genoa. A number of palaces built in two long lines, and on a pavement of lava, rival each other in richness, loftiness and solidity, and display their fronts, porticoes, and peristyles shining with stucco of white, black, and a thousand different colours. The beautiful external appearance of these palaces is indescribable.

The houses of Genoa are very lofty, and the streets extremely narrow; the sun can never shine upon the pavement. You would be tempted

to imagine that Genoa was built merely for one of the seasons ; and intended to be inhabited only during summer.

The proprietors of these beautiful palaces, chiefly nobles and senators, are either ignorant of the beauties they possess, or learn it only from the admiration of strangers, and the voice of fame. By the side of these saloons, nay, into the very saloons, which the pencils of the Titians, the Vandykes, the Rubenses, and the Veronese have adorned ; the noble Genoese every day admit the clumsiest productions of the most ignorant daubers. Instead of inhabiting these superb apartments, they live in garrets, and seem only to be the keepers of their palaces. Those marble porticoes and peristyles are thronged every day with a crowd of beggars, who come upon the pavements of granite, and porphyry, perfected by all the arts, and smooth as polished mirrors, to destroy the vermin by which they are devoured.

I have just seen the palace of the Doge, where the Senate hold their assemblies, and whence they dispense to five hundred thousand subjects ; the spirit of their government, their laws, and their policy, that is to say, their avarice. The eye, on entering the court, is astonished. Nothing can be imagined more striking on a first view than the facade, decorated with marble columns and statues. Thence we proceed into the
hall

hall of the Lesser Council, which is of the most elegant architecture; and afterwards pass into the hall of the Grand Council, which is indeed most magnificent. At different distances, between a multitude of columns, the statues of the great men of the Republic receive from all who pass, as the recompence of their merit, or their fortune, the debt paid them by posterity, a recollection and a look. The Marechal de Richelieu is among those great men.

These monuments were destroyed by fire in 1773, with a multitude of paintings of the first masters; the edifices have been restored, but not the paintings. Architects and statuaries are still to be found, but not painters.

On leaving the palace of the Doge, I entered into another extremely superb, I traversed a long colonnade; walked over marbles of every colour, a door of prodigious size flew open, and I found myself in an hospital.

This hospital contains twelve hundred patients, distributed in different apartments: here lay the men, there the women; here the wounds, there the fevers. I thought I beheld death stalking amid these twelve hundred sick, and striking at random on all sides, with his invifible dart. One wretch expired before me. The beds of the patients are surrounded by their afflicted relations, who endeavour to console and comfort them. The

mother attends her daughter; the husband his wife. The hands of affectionate friends are here allowed to close the eyes of the dying.

We find here likewise the greatest regularity, cleanliness, and care. In this hospital, at least, many recover.

The statues of all who have been benefactors are to be seen in the halls. Grateful convalescents are enabled, by returning strength, to go and bathe with tears, unquestionably delicious, these images of their tutelary gods.

A secret and indescribable pleasure detained me a considerable time in this house of sorrow.

L E T T E R IX.

Genoa.

I HAVE been to visit what is called the Free Port at Genoa. It is an emporium where all the merchandize is lodged that arrives at Genoa, by sea. You there see goods of every kind, lying by each other; heaps of verdigrease, and casks of fugar; marble and coffee; woods and linens; the productions of Asia, and the produce

duce of the north. It is a scene of motion, activity, and affluence not to be imagined. The public revenue, successively applies two large pumps, if I may use the figure, to each article, to each bale: one of which draws forth ten per cent. from the merchandize which remains at Genoa; the other, three per cent. on commodities intended for exportation. The removal and carriage of all this merchandize is performed by the natives of Bergamos, who carry on among the Genoese the lucrative profession of bodily strength and unimpeached honesty.

On leaving the Free Port, I went to visit the bank of St. George. Here is kept shut up and secured under a hundred keys, the solution of that great and terrible enigma, whether the bank really possesses, or owes millions. This enigma constitutes the safety of the state, and in part, its riches.

What! Is there but one bake-house, and one public tavern at Genoa, and those administered and regulated under the authority of the senate? Even so; the republic suffers no one but herself to sell bread, wine, wood and oil,—But these articles she sells undoubtedly at a lower price, and of the best quality, to prevent murmurs?—The republic sells at the highest price, and of the very worst quality, without troubling herself about murmurs.—How can the subjects then endure such a monopoly?

monopoly?—They beg, they steal, they have hospitals, they assassinate, they suffer.—But, notwithstanding, how is it possible for them to support this oppression?—The measure of the oppression they can support is not yet known. The people do not revolt till forced by necessity, the water which fills a vessel does not yet overflow; there must be a *drop too much*. All that the nobles therefore have to look to, is to prevent this *drop too much*. Accordingly they sacrifice a part of their authority to avarice; they leave the greatest part of the laws unenforced, three-fourths of crimes unpunished, and purchase the silence of the clamorous. The *drop too much* however is thought to be inevitable; the patience of the people is wearied out. But what care the noble Genoese, the great point with them, is to amass wealth. They are frequently seen therefore to refuse a place in the senate, when offered them by fortune; and intriguing, on the contrary, to obtain the most inconsiderable post in the administration of the bank or hospitals, if difficult to obtain. The nobles are destitute of the most powerful motive for well governing a country: they have no country. They are in fact merchants.

I have been to see the public bake-house. It is a prodigious edifice. Here is the bread of the rich, there the bread of the poor; and the poor are the most numerous. The poor are every where a middle

middle species between the rich and animals ; they are very near the latter.

I desired to taste this bread of the poor.—Animals are happy.

On coming out of this place, I carried with me, I know not what impression, which rendered me insensible to all the beauties, and all the riches I beheld a moment after, in the palace of *Durazzo*.

Ah ! How painful to the eye are luxury and magnificence when we have just left the scenes of misery.

LETTER X.

Genoa.

I RETURNED to the palace of *Durazzo*. Among the multitude of pictures it contains, admired by connoisseurs, four only remain imprinted in my imagination.

The first is an old man by Rembrandt. A piece admirable for its truth, effect, and the knowledge it displays of the clare-obscure : I had almost spoken to it.

Did

Did Paul Veronese see the Magdalen throw herself at the feet of Jesus?—The Saviour of the world must have had that attitude, that noble, that indulgent, that compassionate air. How lovely is the Magdalen! How affecting, and how much herself affected! What expression in the features of each figure! How is the light concentrated to a point, whence it distributes its rays to every part of the subject that demands it. On the superficies of that canvas there is air.

Painters in general are versifiers, and not poets.

Tasso was a poet, when he exhibited Olindus and Sophronia fastened at the same stake, and waiting till the pile took fire. But where is the painter who has attempted to copy Tasso? I do not hear the lamentations of Olindus; I see nothing of the resignation of Sophronia; that populace is not melted; yon tyrant is not furious. I have just recurred to Tasso. These are they! This is the genuine Sophronia! She it is who says to Olindus, *Why lamentest thou, O my friend! Behold the sky how beautiful it is! Look at the sun: he seems as if he were summoning us to him: He consoles us.*

I hear nothing of all this in the picture. It is mute.

L E T T E R XI,

Genoa.

I MAY truly say that I have been present at the death of Seneca, while contemplating a picture of his dying. Seneca is the principal figure. He is half naked, like a man who no longer need defend his body against the elements, into which he is ready to return. His feet are in the bath, and his blood is flowing. At some distance from the philosopher, and below him, we perceive on the right, a secretary who has been writing but no longer writes, on the left two other secretaries who also have been writing and no longer write. On the same line, and in a level with Seneca, in a corner and in the shade, the man I get a glimpse of is a soldier. In the opposite corner, but in a full light, that other man is an aged senator. Now take a view of the scene. Seneca, in expectation of his death, is employed in dictating the ideas which are passing in his imagination. Death cuts them short. The arm is frozen, blood no longer issues from the feet, the body stiffens, the head totters, and that look which was fixing a thought, struggles in vain to seize it: He expires. The three secretaries, with different shades of interest,

terest, attention, and anxiety, each with his pen in hand, keep their eyes fixed on the lips of the philosopher, which are still attempting another word. They hope that one moment more is about to finish it; but death has put his seal on him. In the mean time, the centurion near the door, with his foot already lifted, is impatiently counting the last sighs of the philosopher; for Nero is waiting.—And the old senator, how is he employed? He is thinking of Nero, and studying the death of Seneca.

L E T T E R XII.

THIS morning I have been to visit the gallies.

Five sorts of wretches are fastened indiscriminately to the chain; malefactors, smugglers, deserters, Turks taken by the Corsairs, and voluntary galley slaves.

Voluntary galley slaves!—Yes—These are poor men whom government get hold of between hunger and death. It is in this narrow passage that they wait, and watch for them. These

wretched

wretched beings, dazzled with a little money, do not perceive the galleys; and are enlisted. Poverty and guilt are bound in the same chain! The citizen who serves the republic, suffers the same punishment with him who has betrayed it!

—The Genoese carry their barbarity still farther; when the term of their enlistment is near expiring, they propose to lend a little money to these miserable creatures. Unhappy men are eager for enjoyment; the present moment alone exists for them; they accept; but, at a week's end, nothing remains to them but regret and slavery: inasmuch that at the expiration of that time, they are compelled to enlist again, to discharge their debt, and sell eight years more of their existence. Thus do the greatest part of them consume, from enlistments to loans, and from loans to enlistments, their whole lives at the galleys, in the last degree of wretchedness and infamy. There they expire.

We saw among them a Frenchman, a young man. In relating to us his misfortune, he shed tears. We made him a trifling present, and his tears flowed still more abundantly. Let us escape from these sorrowful abodes, where we are unable to alleviate the miseries we lament. What abodes must those be where pity is of no avail!

But, what is that kind of prison in the corner, said I to the man who conducted me? How low, dark, and damp it is! It consists too of two stories.

stories. What are these animals stretched out on the ground, and on the upper floor? They can scarcely crawl. Those hideous heads, which peep out from beneath the blankets, are covered with long hair. Their looks are stupid and ferocious. Do they eat nothing but this hard black bread?—Certainly not.—Have they no drink but this dirty water?—Certainly not.—Do they always continue lying?—Yes.—How long have they been here?—Twenty years.—How old are they?—Seventy.—How do you call them?—Turks.

These miserable Turks are totally degraded from humanity: They are strangers to every thing but bodily wants. They have worn out, in this sort of tomb, the small number of ideas and recollections they brought with them from nature and their country.

The other Turks, who are not yet sixty years old, are chained under little niches opened at the distance of every six feet in a long wall, where they can scarcely sit or lye. There they respire the little air that is allowed them, or rather that they can steal.

The Genoese, however, have given an example of toleration, but little to be expected from them. They allow these Turks a mosque. The protestants in France have no temples!!

Let us add one more trait to this picture of the gallies. I saw the wretches felling from bench to bench,

bench, coveting, disputing, stealing even the fragments of aliments, which the dogs in the streets refused.

Genoa, thy palaces are not sufficiently lofty, spacious, numerous, nor brilliant: we still perceive thy gallies.

LETTER XIII.

Genoa.

I CANNOT refrain from saying a word concerning the ex-doge, L.....

M. L..... is an amiable and respectable old man. He is intimately acquainted with so many countries and books; and, in the different posts which he has filled in the republic, has had so much experience of the various characters, passions, and weaknesses of different men; of the whole human heart, that he is no longer merely a noble, an ex-doge, a senator, nor a Genoese: He is a man.

Every moment that M. L..... can steal from occupations that must bestow on him the most deserved fame he devotes to nature, in his delightful

lightful gardens of *the Poggi*. His life there glides gently on, like the waters that stream through them, and murmur night and day from his crystal fountains.

M. L. . . . receives, with the most hospitable politeness, all strangers who come to visit him at the Poggi, even those who pay their visit only to the place. His heart, his mind, his gardens, all are open. His manners are simple and noble; they are the habits of a man who, though raised by merit, has not been lifted up by arrogance. Nothing can be more affable and courteous than his whole behaviour. His visitor forgets that he is with a great man, and is freed from all restraint from the first moment.

The conversation of M. L. . . . is often such as you would wish it, and always suited to his company; for no body knows how to forget himself so much in conversation, and to think more of others. He prefers, however, talking of arts, sciences, and literature, which he has cultivated all his life, and which, after contributing to his glory, are now the amusement of his retreat. His imagination and memory are still stored with the most beautiful paintings, and the finest lines that poetry has produced in every language. Quotations, but which naturally arise from the subject, sallies of wit, and reflections which seem ingenious, but are in fact profound, sparkle incessantly

cessantly in his discourse, among the thoughts incident to age.

You may contradict M. L....; you run the risque indeed of shocking his opinion; but never his self-love. He knows not what it is to despise; for when he doubts no longer of his own, he still doubts of human judgment. You may boldly interrogate him. He has not forgotten that he learnt every thing he knows; he answers without reserve: the truth he bestows liberally to all, but without presumption.

M. L.... is invariably the same in town or in the country; in the senate, when framing a law, and in his gardens when planting a tree.

The gardens of the Poggi are delightful. They are very far from resembling those, the heavy regularity of which is planned by ostentation and executed in all the dulness of art; those, where, under the rigid and monotonous empire of the sheers, the rake, and the straight line, each border presents but one flower, each alley but one tree, each space but one large walk, and where the whole forms only one cumbrous mass; those whose waters held captive in basons, are condemned to eternal sleep and silence; those in a word, which, however vast, seem to have been formed only for a first glance, and the amusement of an hour.

Every

Every thing, on the contrary, that the knowledge and love of beauteous nature can execute; at once to charm the eye, the imagination, and the heart, with turf, earth, water, flowers, with all the shades of verdure and the disposition of light, has been executed by M. L.....

These delightful gardens present, or rather conceal an enclosure of no great extent, but which yet sufficiently affords space for excursion, objects to the eyes, and meditation to the mind. Within their confines there is not a flower but shines, not a drop of water which does not murmur, and which does not flow; not a tree but is sufficiently seen, though not a single one that obtrudes itself. There is a cottage, here a grotto, further on a flock. A thousand objects placed by design appear to meet the eye by chance. Though in a garden, we incessantly imagine ourselves only contemplating the natural beauties of the country; beauties, with the enjoyment of which we are never tired.

It is true, the verdure of these gardens consists, in a great measure, of those serious and gloomy trees which other seasons seem to have rejected and bequeathed to winter; the pine, the cypress, the larch and the green oak. But these winter trees are so happily blended with the gayest shrubs of spring, the richest plants of autumn, the most splendid trees of summer, with the lilac, the lime,

lime, and the plane, that their melancholy verdure, exhilarated by the vicinity and alliance of these more amiable trees, ceases to afflict the mind, and to repulse the eye. The verdure of these gardens resembles the conversation of the owner. The thoughts and sentiments of age prevail, but the well chosen recollections of earlier times break forth at intervals and render it still more agreeable.

M. L . . . is the creator of these gardens. It is there, in that charming retreat, that he at length possesses and enjoys himself.

He has had the rare courage, on arriving at old age, to dismiss all his passions, even the love of glory: He has retained only the love of humanity.

Sometimes he is surrounded in his palaces by the neighbouring peasants, who enter his gates unfortunate, and return happy. Sometimes, straying over his fields, amid the concerts of his birds, or through the silence of his woods, to the murmurs of his fountains, he enjoys a fine morning of the spring, the calm of a summer evening, or seizes one of the pleasant hours of winter.

Often too, from amidst a thicket, seated alone and retired in a little marble temple, he contemplates at a distance, through the foliage and the columns, the sea agitated by the tempest, and the senate of Genoa by ambition. This is the evening of a sage's life.

D

LETTER

L E T T E R XIV.

Genoa.

WHAT an object of meditation to the philosopher and the man of sensibility, is the magnificent hospital of incurables!

What! shall not one of the nine hundred wretches, stretched out, or rather chained, on these beds of sorrow, ever regain his health!

Shall those old men still continue to live, and those children must they always suffer!

I was unable to traverse the extent and silence of this palace of affliction without shuddering.

From one end of the hall to the other, I could hear the least motion, and distinguish every sigh.

It is not possible for the eye to view this multitude of incurables under every disorder, of every age, and every sex, without dropping some tears on these unhappy victims of life.

By the side of those unfortunate beings who have lost their health, you see, in an adjoining hall, the wretches who have lost their reason. Thus do you behold in the same place, all the unhappy outcasts of the human species.

This hospital is said to be worse regulated than the others: No doubt, because calamity
here

here is perpetual, and pity is inconstant. Pity too is fond of novelty ; the whole human heart is incessantly mutable.

But what have I just heard and seen ? The doge and the senate are to visit this hospital next Sunday. Already they are bustled in decking out the beds, perfuming all the apartments, and ornamenting all the walls ! What a horrible falsehood are they preparing ! But thus are kings, who travel, ever shewn their own dominions.

L E T T E R XV.

Genoa.

H O W charming the scene !

In the midst of a valley crowned by rocks, and covered with various kinds of shrubs, we see, by the brink of a fountain, seated at the foot of a willow, (it is summer and in the evening) a shepherd and two shepherdesses. The shepherd is playing on his flute ; one of the shepherdesses, holding in her hand a rose, looks at the shepherd, and is listening : her hand is already stretched out to present him with the flower. Impatience

for the shepherd to finish, that she may give him the rose, and desire for him to continue, that she may still hear the pleasing sounds, are struggling in her looks. In the mean time, her companion, something younger than herself, neither looks at nor listens to the shepherd, but is wrapt in thought with her eyes fixed upon the fountain.—At the distance of a hundred paces, a number of little children are playing with some lambs, and entwining them with flowers.

Is not this an idyl of Gesner?

The temple of Gnidos, and not a palace of Genoa, should have been ornamented with this picture. Montesquieu should have copied it. It is by Albani.

L E T T E R XVI.

Genoa.

THE inhabitants of Genoa may be divided into three classes; the nobles, to the number of about two thousand; the citizens, merchants, artizans, lawyers, and priests, who compose the bulk of the people, and the poor of every sort who constitute its dregs.

Formerly the nobles at Genoa were distinguished by different orders; but this distinction is wearing out.

Nobility, that is to say, its privileges, may be purchased. The name is inscribed in a register, called The Golden Book, for about ten thousand livres (about 4000*l*.) The ancient nobility are obliged to make this sacrifice to their safety. They prefer attracting into their order, where they may continue to despise, and cease to fear them, such citizens as have acquired a fortune, rather than let them remain in the class of the people, where it is no longer possible to despise, and where they must begin to fear them.

The Genoese love, esteem, and stand in such awe of money, that they will not grant nobility, even to their secretaries of state, as a recom-

pence for their services, until they have made a fortune.

Secretaries of state have been known, at Genoa, virtuous enough to retire in poverty. Virtue is of every country.

The nobles possess enormous riches ; some are reckoned worth between forty and fifty thousand pounds a year. Servants, horses, and monks, constitute their pageantry. Some of them bestow considerable alms on the poor ; but it is on beggars. They are so well versed in the art of bestowing injudiciously, that the state is impoverished by their donations,—They make mendicity a thriving trade.

Not a beggar at Genoa but is sure of eating and drinking every day ; the artizan is not so sure of it.

The sovereign power is almost impotent. The pecuniary force, or imposts do not exceed two millions eight hundred thousand livres, (or one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.) What remains of that sum applicable to the necessities of the state, after passing through a multitude of hands, and tumbling from fall to fall into the treasury of the republic, is very inconsiderable indeed.

The military force is short of two thousand men. We cannot bring into account either the fortifications or the galleys.

The

The public opinion, that invifible power, frequently a fubftitute for every other, and which fooner or later triumphs over every thing, has abfolutely no exiftence at Genoa. The heart has ceafed to obey.

What a legiflation! The nobles have enacted the greater part of the laws.

The whole code is very little more than a lift of privileges.

All the forces we have mentioned are as ill regulated and governed as they are feeble.

The military power remains but three months in the hands of the fame general, who commands in *flowing locks*, a *fhort cloak*, and a *black coat*.

The legiflative power is too much divided; it remains too fhort a time in the fame hands; the concurrence of the confent of too many is neceffary to exercife it. The ftate has too many heads to poffefs one.

The laws are framed, in the fenate, almoft always prematurely; never fcarcely are they the fruit of that calm deliberation which alone can give them perfection; the rude fketches of them are thrown into an urn; whence they are drawn forth by the hand of chance. Chance is in fact the legiflator.

The only diftinctive power of the doge is that of laying before the fenate fuch propofitions as he thinks proper for difcuffion: a power of fufficient magnitude,

magnitude, if he be a man of abilities ; but too great, should he not happen to be an honest man ; for the doge has it in his power to take advantage of every moment that the senate is asleep ; and that aged body almost always sleeps.

The doge holds his office two years, in which time he cannot go out of his palace, but by a decree. The chief of the republic is treated as its prisoner.

At the expiration of the two years, he is obliged to return to his own house, and remain there ten days, under a strict guard. During this time, every citizen has the right of accusing him ; and the *council of the supreme* examine his conduct. The tenth day *he is acquitted* ; a tolerably wise institution, but which has degenerated into a form.

I forgot to remark the loss of time arising from the formalities observed at the opening of each assembly of the senate. A secretary of state begins by reading an oath ; after which one of the clerks keeps crying, for upwards of two hours, *Veniant jurare, Come and swear.*

The nobles are so indifferent about public affairs, that, to procure the number necessary to render their resolutions valid, their appearance is compelled by fines : They are constrained by force to the work of legislation.

LETTER XVII.

Genoa.

THE judicial power is as ill administered as all the rest. Appeals are multiplied to infinity.

One regulation of the tribunals is truly whimsical. The judges in the first instance are foreigners; the sovereign judges Genoese.

The decisions of the senate are removed to a tribunal called the *Council of the Supreme*.

The hall, in which the lesser council assemble, and where the audiences are public, cannot contain two hundred persons. The hall of the great council, which always deliberates in secret, will contain two thousand.

The advocates in any cause have all the books they think they may want carried into court in baskets, and read what they wish to refer to. This parade is ridiculous, and only serves to lengthen the pleadings, which are still longer here than in other countries, in a profession that is necessarily loquacious, and a language remarkable for its fluency.

The advocates plead seated; a position highly unfavourable to the agitations of eloquence. Accordingly these gentlemen do not pique themselves

felves much on their oratory. One of the advocates I heard, spoke tolerably good Italian; the other with a provincial dialect.

Five judges are seated round a table; the president is in the middle. At noon they rise up, the audience fall upon their knees, and even the lawyers are silent, till the *Angelus* is said. Some of the judges then go out for a moment; the lawyers continue their harangues; and it is no more possible to stop them than to stop the flight of time.

The opinions of the judges are given with black and white balls, a form which prodigiously prolongs the decisions, and covers many acts of injustice.

I have said that the civil laws are very imperfect. Take the following example. Neither the parties nor the witnesses subscribe the acts they execute before a notary; so that the notaries have every convention in their power. Exchange brokers have all bargains still more in their power; they are not even required to produce witnesses; their word is a contract.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Genoa.

THE motives for criminal judgments are assigned *. The senate have the right of pardoning, which they seldom fail to exercise, to please the people, who call impunity, liberty; as the nobles bestow that sacred name upon oppression. By these two modes of enjoying freedom the people and the nobles balance the account.

The pardon is pleaded by lawyers, as, in general, are all criminal affairs.

Sentences of death are very rare.

For the last six years there have been only two; nor would the second have taken place, but for the outcry of the populace. The senate made the people compel them to it; they were assaulted with libels and placards for the space of two months. As it was, the criminal had nearly escaped; the persons who conducted him to execution suffered him to get off; but the people pursued him, and obliged the officers of

* Until very lately, this was not the case in *France*. Our author, the *President Dupaty*, has contributed more than any individual to produce this wise and humane change in the criminal jurisprudence of his country, as expressed in the edicts of May, 1788. T.

justice

Justice to take him back into custody. He had committed *ten murders*.

At the entrance of the city are seen several defamatory inscriptions on the wall. These stones contain the condemnation of certain criminals, and devote them to the public execration. With defamatory stones and statues, it were possible to create many virtues, and to annihilate many vices : We should have public morals,

The Genoese are vindictive. But this spirit of vengeance is connected with the difficulty of obtaining justice, whether against the nobles, on account of their power, or against equals, from the protection of the nobles. This accounts for the number of assassinations, and justifies the motive, as well as the general impunity. The greater part of assassinations are not crimes, but justice ; which certainly must be done in one mode or another.

All nations have begun with this kind of criminal justice : of this duels are at once a remnant and a proof,

L E T T E R XIX.

Genoa.

THE power of the administration passes through so many hands, and so rapidly, that you know not to whom you should address yourself: orders of ever kind cross, run counter to, and destroy each other. And what an administration! It is customary for the senate to request permission of the ecclesiastical power to eat meat in time of lent. This year, as the nobles on whom that request depends, had a great deal of *salt fish to sell*, the senate did not apply for the indulgence, and the state has kept strict lent: But the nobles have sold their salt fish.

An infinity of similar traits have inspired the people with such a detestation of the nobility, that, but the other day, they openly uttered imprecations against the republic, that is, against the nobles.

The decline of morals, arts and knowledge cannot be doubted. There is no longer an academy; nor a sculptor, or a painter. Twelve thousand looms, instead of thirty thousand. Every thing is going to ruin.

There are still, well informed men, however, among the people. I have seen *The Administration*
of

of the Finances in many hands. Every man who can read, has read that work; every man who thinks, values it; every man who feels, is enthusiastic in its favour. And, in fact, how important are its principles! How deep its reflections! How just its ideas! Its style is truly the style of the masterly writer. It breathes too a sacred love for the happiness of mankind, which is the soul, I had almost said, the divine principle which animates the whole work. This book shall reform the governments of Europe. Envy in vain must gnaw the statue of M. NECKER—it is of brass.

L E T T E R XX.

Genoa.

CICISBÉISM merits a particular attention.

It is said to be no where more in vogue than at Genoa.

What is a *cicisbéo* in appearance? What is he in reality? How can a man wish to be one? How can a husband suffer it? Is he the *locum tenens* of the husband? How far does he represent him? What is the origin of this custom? What causes operate to maintain or diminish it? What influence has it on morals? Are any traces of it, or approaches towards it, to be found in the manners of other nations? These are questions difficult to answer. In two words, the *cicisbéo* represents, very nearly, at Genoa, the *ami dela maison* at Paris.

The women have no domestic authority. The husband orders and pays. In the houses of many nobles, and rich men, a priest has the management. I have seen one settle the account of a breakfast that was carrying to a lady.

The women at Genoa are exceedingly ill dressed; they confound what is rich and what is fine with what is truly becoming; they have no idea of adapting their head-dress to their features,
colours

colours to the complexion, or stuffs to the shape. Not one of them knows how to amend a defect, to set off a beauty, or to conceal the ravages of time. All of them daub on white, even the fairest. White is the fashion at Genoa, as rouge is at Paris; rouge is in disrepute at Genoa, as the white is with us; a contrast that appears whimsical to those who have not travelled.

The women have adopted a certain veil they call *mezarro*. With this veil they may go every where without incurring any censure. Their veil however does not hide them; it hides only a multitude of intrigues.

The manners of Genoa are deprived of all those natural affections, which in other countries constitute their ornament, their happiness, and virtues. Here there is no mother, no child, no brother; the Genoese have only heirs and kindred. There is no such thing even as a lover; they are only men or women.

Games of chance are publicly allowed at Genoa; nor is it astonishing that sovereigns, who gamble in the public funds all the morning on the Exchange, should play the whole evening at cards in their assemblies. They are nevertheless at a loss to spend their time. They never meet to dine or sup together; in their assemblies they give refreshments, they illuminate, they win or lose,

lose, and cicisbéism offers its aid for their amusement.

Superstition is excessive at Genoa. The streets appear black and gloomy with priests and monks, but are sufficiently lighted by *madonas*.

This city presents the most extraordinary contrasts. Libertinism is at such a height at Genoa, that there are no prostitutes by profession. There are so many priests, that there is no religion; so many governors, that there is no government; and such an abundance of alms, that it swarms with beggars.

L E T T E R XXI.

Genoa.

WHAT is that superb building? Its solidity, loftiness, and size astonish me. It is an hospital! They call it *Albergo de Poveri*, the *Asylum of the Poor*. It should be named the palace of the poor. But how am I offended at these marble columns, these pilasters of marble, and all these magnificent ornaments! Each of these columns occupies the place of several men. Was it in-

E

tended

tended then to restore to the poor, in a single palace, the share that belongs to them in each of those proud edifices ?

The poor are collected here in an asylum, and not shut up in a prison. They may all go out to-morrow, if they chuse ; the girls with a dowry, the men with a trade. These benefactions are not chains.

Care has been taken to disperse over this immense building the statues of its founders, and all the benefactors by whom it has been supported. The former are represented seated, the latter standing : a happy and affecting emblem, and a distinction truly ingenious.

I rejoice for the sake of those souls of sensibility, who lie concealed here under misery, that they have it in their power to attach their gratitude to something less fleeting than a name ; to images, to marble.

This hospital and its revenues have their origin in various motives ; in vanity, religion and pity.

Its revenues are immense, and would suffice to maintain four times as many poor : But it has administrators.

In the chapel I saw a marble medallion representing *Jesus dead in the arms of his mother* : It is indeed the Saviour, death, maternal tenderness, and the genius of Michael Angelo.

How

How admirable are those statues representing an Assumption; they are from the chisel of Puget, who, in figuring a miracle, has performed one.

LETTER XXII.

Genoa.

THE churches here resemble play-houses.

It is difficult to heap together more gilding, painting, and marble; but how misplaced is all this luxury and ostentation! In a temple, the heart should find nothing but God to occupy it. All these pictures, these statues, these ornaments only lead it astray from the great object of adoration. Nothing should be placed between God and man but what may lessen the immensity that separates them.

The depth of a vast and profound forest would, in my opinion, be the most grand of temples, and a gloomy day, the most proper and awful ornament. In such the old Gauls believed and adored a God, and in such lively imaginations feel his existence.

It argues therefore great ignorance of the architecture proper for churches to build them resembling the halls of palaces, or public theatres, as at Genoa.

The cathedral, however, must be excepted, which is not without majesty; and some indulgence also is due to the church of Cavignan, in favour of the statue of Saint Sebastian, animated by the chisel of Puget.

The expression of the countenance is admirable. Pain is seen combating with Faith, and the very marble appears to suffer! What barbarity to pierce with arrows so beautiful a body! What cruelty thus to torment so divine a soul! It seems waiting the moment when it shall escape from suffering, and return to heaven.

There is another statue by Puget, representing I know not what bishop, which has its beauties too; but it is near Sebastian: you admire it, but you have just been deeply affected.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Lucca.

I AWAKE in a town where, about two thousand years ago, Pompey, Cæsar and Crassus dismembered the Roman world, and divided it between them.

Surely, after executing this contract in the presence of four hundred thousand men, they did not sleep so well as I have slept.

Instead of the Roman senate, I find here the senate of Lucca!

The whole territories of Lucca contain eight square leagues, in which a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants endeavour, by not eating during one half the year, to live out the remainder.

This tree planted in a fertile, but not extensive soil, has the misfortune too, to have two hundred devouring branches, or two hundred noble families.

The privilege of oppressing on the one hand, and the necessity of suffering oppression on the other, is what is called here, as in all aristocracies, or hundred-headed tyrannies, *Liberty*.

The word *Libertas* is inscribed in golden letters on the gates of the city, and at all the corners

of the streets; till by continually reading the word, the people have at length imagined they possess the thing.

The nobles take care annually to celebrate a high festival in honour of *Liberty*. But how is it possible for the people to believe in *Liberty*.—How!—Why they believe that the wooden crucifix, called *Volto Santo*, on which they put slippers of crimson velvet on working days, and slippers of gold brocade on Sundays, took its flight one day from the church of Saint Ferdinand, to which place it had no doubt conceived some disgust, to come and take up its residence in a chapel, in the middle of the cathedral.

For many important particulars respecting Lucca, I am indebted to the Comte de R..., one of the principal tyrants of this little city.

The Comte de R... resided long in France. He speaks exceedingly good French, particularly to *Theresa M....*, who thinks like an English woman, but converses in French. She told me, that when you are once acquainted with French literature, that of Italy is no longer supportable.—Ah! Madam! What say you to Tasso and Ariosto? answered I.—Ariosto and Tasso, replied she, are poets of every country, and their language is that of the whole world.—And Metastasio? added I, for surely you have sensibility (I meant beauty.) She understood me very well, and smiled.—Me-
tastasio

taftafio is not amifs: but he merely sketches. Racine, on the contrary, paints and finishes; Metastafio lightly touches the heart; Racine penetrates it.—Such are the remarks of Therefa M . . . , and Therefa M is handsome.

The count introduced me, the fame evening, into one of the principal *conversazioni* of the noble Lucchefe—at which infipidity prefided.

The women told me fo in confidence, but that was unnecessary. A barbarous law which has dared to attempt to leffen the effect of their charms, by depriving them of the ornament of drefs, condemns them to wear mourning the whole year. During the carnival, it is true, they wear coloured dreffes, and may change them every day. Strange indeed are fuch fumptuary laws!

It was with great difficulty I procured the criminal laws of the ftate of Lucca; they are not to be met with at the booksellers: an advocate fold me a copy, and pretends to have made me a prefent of them.

I represented to the noble Lucchefe, how extraordinary it was not to be able to obtain a fight of the criminal laws in a republic.—Men are fupposed to know them, was the answer.—In a republic, gentlemen, men fhould not be fupposed to know the laws; they fhould really be acquainted with them; in certain monarchies

it

it is a different affair, where the laws are uncertain and over-ruled.

Explain to me, Monsieur le Comte, how it happens that the law forbids the citizens to be judges, and intrusts that important office to foreigners?—That the judges, having no particular connexion with the citizens, may be more impartial.—But, supposing these strangers bring with them no immediate relation with the citizens, can you prevent them sooner or later from forming such connexions? Besides, is not the public opinion the best guardian of the integrity of a judge? Now the public opinion has infinitely less influence on foreigners, whose stay may not be permanent, than on citizens who remain. Every man's honour is in his native country.—What would you have me say? It is the custom in Italy.—It is a custom then that does no credit to Italy.

Inform me, pray, why an appeal is allowed in civil cases, and not in criminal?—This practice is very ancient. It was established in times of trouble, in consequence of the civil wars. It was then necessary to awe the people, and to suspend the sword immediately over their heads.—I suspected that this law, like many others, was made not for the people, but against the people. Three-fourths of the laws are only weapons to oppress them, and the mildest are but chains. But these times are past; why then do
you

you retain the custom?—We have been long used to it. It is dangerous to innovate in a republic.—You are in the right; in a state where the summit overhangs the base, the least motion at the bottom is always fatal to the upper parts.

Allow me one more question. In consequence of your unlimited entails, and your rights of elder brothers, which cut off every suitable establishment for the younger ones, the number of individual nobles, and even of noble families, is insensibly diminishing.—That is true.—This inconvenience obliges you, in order to fill up the different departments of government, to have recourse to the young nobility as soon as they are of age—That too is true.—But why do you not reform so dangerous an abuse?—For this you can have no excuse; your interest only is concerned.—The interest of the moment, you know, almost always prevails over that of futurity. We are men before we are citizens.—Your reflections are just; they have been already made; it is certain that the order of nobles is greatly reduced, insomuch that we can hardly find the number of one hundred and twenty, necessary for the legal administration of public affairs.—But why do the younger brothers, who have votes in the senate, suffer such oppressive laws?—Brothers of the same family have only one vote among them in the senate, and the eldest always attend.—Aye,
now

now I conceive why you have so divided the administration of the sovereign power, and abridged it, at the same time, so much, that, in the course of two months, there no longer remains any portion of it in any of the same hands, and that within two years, it passes through all; you are afraid of yourselves, perhaps too much so, and less than you ought to be, on the contrary, of foreigners and the people. You have planned your form of government as if you were always to be at war among yourselves, and at peace with all your neighbours.—That may be, but we have no fears.—So much the worse. A republic never has so much to fear as when it has no fears. But whence arises your security?—The grand duke has confirmed our privileges—And you are not afraid of a man who can confirm your privileges? As for the people, indeed, I allow that you seem to me to have less to apprehend from them: they are poor; you sell them their bread; you give them festivals; they believe in the *Volto Santo*, and even in liberty; and as for you, nobles, you believe in very little.—It is true, the nobles have a great deal of philosophy.—Yes, of the philosophy of Machiavel: you too therefore put out the eyes of your slaves? with you too, the throne is erected on the altar?—If it can but maintain itself,

itself, no matter whether its foundation be on the sand or a rock.

Monsieur le Comte, you might accuse me not only of indiscretion but impertinence, were I to pry into your constitution any further : at present let us talk of pictures.—With all my heart, said he, we shall agree better, possibly, on that subject. Will you come and see mine? We will afterwards go and take a look at those of the comte de B. . . .

The comte de R . . . has several fine paintings ; but those of the comte de B . . . are superior. He possesses the rough draught of the beautiful scene of Paul Veronese, the original of which is at Genoa.

Ah ! there is Corregio ; for there is grace. It is a little child caressing a lamb. He scarcely touches it, you would say that his little hands are kissing it.

The Graces would never pardon me were I to speak of other pictures after mentioning a picture of Corregio.

What else is there, then, to say of Lucca?

At Lucca you must enter the palace of the senate ; were it only to say that you have seen the palace of the senate of Lucca.

At Lucca I saw, in a bookfeller's shop, a book entitled, *The Advantages and Holiness of Virginity proved by Scripture and the Life of children:*
and

and, on the table of the senate, a book entitled, *On the Wealth of Nations*, by ADAM SMITH.

At Lucca, you may visit the library of the Dominican Friars, to see books that nobody will ever read.

At Lucca, whatever M. de may say of it, you are besieged by beggars, and the people are not ferocious.

Are the people happy then at Lucca? for with this we should finish all our researches and questions concerning a nation.

But how difficult of solution is this question! How difficult is it to define the happiness and misery of a people! And indeed by what must they be measured?—By the scale of population, said the comte de R. . . . to me. Now by this standard, added he, the people of Lucca are happy, for the number of inhabitants here is such, that the country cannot maintain them.

You believe then, Monsieur le Comte, in the happiness of fathers who are unable to maintain their children, of children who are obliged to fly their mothers, of citizens exposed by their country?—But, you know, however, that population is the thermometer of the prosperity of a country.—I know that it is so pretended, that it is so said and written; but perhaps in this, as well as in other things, the medium is the best. I am of opinion, that either below or
above

above a certain degree of population, the wretchedness of a nation commences. Population should be considered in different points of view; as the cause and the effect of public prosperity; in great and in small states; in certain political situations; at different periods of civilization: and this still remains to be done.

One fact, however, is indisputable; that the Lucchese are not content. What sayest thou of liberty, said I to one of the people?—"It is good for the nobles, sir, but not for us."—Another answered; "fear is here more powerful than love." Another; "the nobles pay no duties of entry; nobody dares search their carriages."

The nobles here pay much greater attention to affairs of state than at Genoa. They have not indeed so many other objects to prevent them; they are not engaged in commerce: besides that, the insignificance of their state is at once a safeguard and a continual cause of alarm to them.

Yesterday the senate of Lucca remained assembled from five in the afternoon till four in the morning. What was the matter in discussion? To grant a pension to an old serjeant.

There are not six hundred men in garrison at Lucca; and M. de reckons six thousand.

The Lucchese peasants kill each other on the slightest quarrel. Daggers are drawn for an abusive word. Disputes are not tedious with such arguments.

arguments. The vicinity of the mountains, the little distance of the neighbouring states, and the want of a proper administration of justice, maintain, among the people, this spirit of duelling and assassination.

Adieu Lucca; adieu M. R...; adieu *Libertas*; but, above all, adieu *Theresa M....*; for in truth, it is you alone, *Theresa M....*, we quit, in quitting Lucca.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Pisa.

BEFORE you arrive at Pisa, you meet with some mineral waters.

The grand duke has been there three weeks with the grand duchess, and some of their children under inoculation.

I have visited the baths. The water is most clear, and flows in the handsomest marble, conveying, as they tell us, health in its crystal streams.

Pisa is built on each side of the Arno, it is now almost deserted; one hundred and twenty thousand citizens, which it contained under the consuls and the first medici, are insensibly reduced to fifteen thousand inhabitants under kings. The commerce of India, it is true, passes no longer through Italy.

The cathedral of Pisa, called the *Dome*, merits the attention of the traveller. The tower directly strikes the eye; it even frightens you; it inclines so much, that you think it on the point of falling; but you again take courage when informed that for many centuries it has been falling, like the Roman empire under the Cæsars.

This

This phenomenon is the subject of a profound problem. Is it an accidental giving way of the ground, or the caprice of the architect that has inclined this tower? To discuss this question here would be a charming opportunity of being ridiculous and tiresome: we must endeavour to avoid it.

Our time will be better bestowed in considering the brass gates of the cathedral, which served doubtless for a model to this half verse of Virgil: *Spirantia mollius æra*. This brass really breathes.

The cathedral is large and majestic: the gothic taste which collected, has not been able to disfigure two rows of antique columns of granite, in number about seventy, and which are the remains of ancient temples.

The *Baptistery* or Rotunda has also its merit.

But nothing can surpass the astonishment and admiration with which you must be struck on entering the *Campo Santo*, the ancient burying-ground of the Pisans; a superb and immense cloister, filled with marble tombs and mausolea, many of which are admirable. One of these mausolea was erected by the king of Prussia to the memory of Algarotti. *Ovidi Æmulo, Newtonii Discipulo, Fredericus Magnus*. The names of Ovid, Algarotti, Newton, and Frederic on one tomb!

The middle of the cloister is a garden, the ground of which consists of earth brought from the
the

the Holy Land by the Pisans, at the time of the crusades, to inter their dead in. This earth, they pretended, has a remarkable property: it destroys the body in an hour. My imagination will return more than once to the *Campo Santo*. All those marbles, those epitaphs, that length of cloister, that silence, that solitude, that ground, those great names, those ages past: how is the heart moved and agitated amidst all these!

LETTER XXV*.

Florence.

THE finest gallery in the world is at Florence; but I will not now speak to you of paintings, statues and images; I have seen Leopold and his people.

Leopold loves his people, and has suppressed all such imposts as were not necessary; he has disbanded almost all his troops, retaining only sufficient to preserve the art of military discipline.

* This letter was addressed to the Marquis de Marnesia, and inserted in his interesting poem, *On Rural Nature*.

He has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, the maintenance of which was very expensive; he has overthrown the stones which devoured mankind.

He found that his court concealed from him his people: he has no longer any court. He has established manufactures. He has every where opened superb roads, and at his own expence. He has founded hospitals.—You would imagine the hospitals in Tuscany were palaces of the grand duke. I have visited them, and found in them all, cleanliness, good order, and the most humane and attentive care. I have seen sick old men, who seemed as if waited on by their children. I have seen sick children, who seemed as if nursed by their mothers. I could not, without shedding tears, behold this luxury of compassion and humanity. In the inscriptions on the front of these hospitals, they have bestowed on Leopold the title of *Father of the Poor*. The hospitals themselves give him this title. These are monuments which stand in no need of inscriptions. The grand duke comes frequently to visit his poor and sick; he does not neglect the good he has done; he possesses not only the sudden feelings of humanity, he has a humane soul. He never makes his appearance in this abode of anguish and sorrow without causing tears of joy; he never leaves it without being followed with benedictions which are the

the gratitude of a happy people : and these songs of thanksgiving are sent up from an hospital !

You may be presented to the grand duke without having four hundred years nobility, without descending from those who disputed the crown with his ancestors. His palace, like the temples, is open to all his subjects without exception. Three days only in the week are more particularly consecrated to a certain class of men ; neither to the great nor the rich, neither to painters, poets, nor musicians ; but to the wretched.

In other countries, commerce and industry, like the lands, are become the patrimony of a small number of individuals ; with Leopold, every thing you can do, you may do it ; you have a living, if you possess any peculiar talent ; and there is no exclusive privilege but genius.

The prayers offered up to God for harvests no longer bring down famine on the country. This prince has enriched the year with a great number of working days, which he has recovered from superstition, to restore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to good morals. He is occupied in a total reform of his legislation. He has discovered a new light in some of the French publications, and is hastening to communicate it to the laws of Florence. He has begun by simplifying the civil, and mitigating the criminal code. Blood has not been shed on a scaffold in Tuscany for these ten

years. Liberty alone is banished from the prisons ; which the grand duke has filled with justice and humanity.

This mitigation of the laws has softened the manners of the people. Atrocious crimes are become rare, since barbarous punishments have been banished : the prisons of Tuscany have been empty these three months.

The grand duke has enacted two admirable sumptuary laws : the favour he shews to simplicity of manners, and his own example.

When the sun rises on the states of this prince, he finds him already occupied in the duties of his station. At six in the morning he has wiped away many a tear. His secretaries of state are so many clerks.

The nobles think that he does not distinguish and honour them enough ; the priests, that he does not fear them enough ; the monks, that he does not enrich them enough ; men in office, that he watches them too closely. In his territories, the magistrate judges ; the soldier serves ; the prelate resides ; and the placeman does his duty ; for the prince reigns.

His children are not brought up in a palace, but in a house : he endeavours to make men of them, not princes, which they are already. The education they receive makes them early acquainted with the misfortunes from which their birth

birth exempts them. Their hearts are exposed to every thing that can render them open to pity and beneficence.—I have seen in their hands the works of Locke.

“ I only know,” said the grand duke one day, “ two sorts of men in my dominions, men of worth and bad men.”

Preparations are this moment making to entertain the king and queen of Naples; a very moderate tax was proposed to him to defray the expences of them. “ My wife,” said he, “ has still three millions worth of jewels *.”

The grand duke is happy, for his people are happy, and he believes in God.

What must be the enjoyment of this prince, when every evening, before he shuts his eyes upon his people, before he allows himself to go to sleep, he renders an account to the sovereign Being of the happiness of a million of men during the course of the day! Figure to yourself such a prince, enjoying such a confidence in God.

I had almost forgotten an apophthegm of this modern Titus. A person was regretting one day before the grand duke, that his territories were not more extensive. “ Alas,” cried he, “ they contain but too many who are wretched.”

* Three millions of livres.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Pisa,

WHEN speaking to you yesterday of the grand duke, I only displayed the rays of the sun; I will now exhibit to you his spots; such, at least, as are imputed to him; such as Envy pretends to have discovered, but with those vicious optics which have themselves created these spots.

It is alledged against the grand duke,

“ That since he has established the absolute liberty of commerce and of industry, the artizans are without bread.”

“ That since he has prohibited the imprisonment of debtors, the necessitous can no longer borrow any money.”

“ That he protects mendicants.”

It is alledged, in fine, against the grand duke,

“ That he hates the fiscal system, and the nobility, and takes every opportunity to oppose and harass them.”

Permit me to relate the conversation I had with an extremely well-informed person, on the three first heads of accusation. We will discuss the fourth afterwards.

I have

I have visited, said I to him, the hospital of Pisa; I never saw hospitals where humanity had less to complain of palaces. The inscription we read over the gate is no flattery: the provision of Leopold, father of the poor: *Providentia Leopoldi patris pauperum*.

This I have seen and examined with my own eyes.

It might still be better, replied the person to whom I was speaking.—These hospitals have at least one great advantage; they are well aired; air is of the greatest importance to health, and the most efficacious remedy in sickness.—You have seen our hospitals? You do not travel then like the *mob* of Englishmen? There are not two in a hundred of them who seek for information. To hurry over a number of leagues by land or water, to drink punch and tea in taverns, to speak ill of every other nation, and continually to boast of their own, is all the generality of Englishmen understand by travelling: the post-book is their only source of information.

But tell me, I beg of you, what have been the consequences of the unrestrained liberty of commerce?

—So good an effect, that I would not advise any one to attempt to restore the restrictive system, unless he wishes to be stoned to death by the people. I have read every thing that has been done and
written

written in your country for and against this liberty. Experience has decided the question in favour of it. Before it was established, there were two bad years in Tuscany, the state was obliged to purchase corn at the expence of a hundred thousand crowns, there were frequent riots, and famine was felt but too severely. Since the freedom of commerce, there have been three still worse years; no corn was purchased, no debts were contracted, there have been no commotions, and yet Tuscany has received sufficient supplies. I am of opinion, indeed, that for liberty of commerce to be salutary, it must be intirely unrestrained; when you obstruct the course of rivers, there will always be stagnations and overflowings. The liberty of commerce has singularly augmented cultivation and industry; the husbandman is rich, and the artizan enjoys plenty. The first years of this experiment encountered many difficulties, but such is the case in all first attempts. When liberty first learns to go alone, it always gets a fall; but each fall is a lesson, and strength increases with every step.—Undoubtedly, said I, all laws which prohibit any thing but offences are oppressive.

I then enquired whether the grand duke exerted himself in extirpating mendicants from his states, for mendicity is one of the deep wounds, one of the great crimes of modern societies. Mendicity is the opprobrium of mankind,

The

The government does its endeavour, replied my informer, but it cannot proceed rapidly; mendicity is favoured by religious prejudices and private interests; beggars are employed here to know what passes in the churches; how many tapers have been burnt at the *fulut*; what priest officiated: besides that, these beggars are used to execute many petty commissions for a very trifle. Were the government to restrain mendicity superstition would exclaim against impiety, and avarice against despotism: mendicity therefore has stronger and deeper roots in Tuscany than any where else; they spread and fasten themselves under the altars.

Is it true then, I next asked, that the prohibiting creditors to imprison their debtors has occasioned less money to be lent to the necessitous, and that they have fewer resources in time of need?

Such an effect was apprehended; but the event has removed our fears. The pledge of personal liberty never determined men to lend; this was a security which was always useless or burthensome. The law has left creditors the power of seizing property. Every necessitous man will find money to borrow on his probity; he who is void of that, will not find it; but this is an advantage: It is impossible to render probity too necessary.

Satisfied

Satisfied with these sensible though simple answers, I enquired whether the torture and capital punishments were suppressed in Tuscany?—They are; not by a law but by order; experience is waited for to form them into a law.—In fact, experience alone reveals every secret benefit and every hidden evil; and a salutary legislation, like rational philosophy, should be experimental. Laws must be confirmed by experiment.

The conversation next turned on the privilege of asylum, suppressed in Tuscany, and continued at Rome; on the abuses and scandal of that practice; on the impossibility that the ecclesiastic state should be well governed; on a bull which excommunicates all those who import from the pope's dominions certain merchandize into Tuscany. A peasant, said the person with whom I was talking, answered me one day pleasantly enough, “that this excommunication did him no harm, as it could only fall on his ass which carried the prohibited commodity, and that, fortunately, his back was strong enough.” We spoke likewise of the convention between all the different states of Italy, except Genoa and Tuscany, for delivering up criminals; and of many other objects of political œconomy.

With whom had I this conversation? To whom did I make these objections? Who was he that thus resolved them? An author? A magistrate?

A pri-

A private individual?—It was the grand duke. It was he who granted me an hour's audience, who permitted me to question him, and to object to and criticise what he said : it was the grand duke who always said, *They have done : The government has done* ; who never spoke of himself : it is the grand duke who possesses this reason, this simplicity, this condescension : it was the grand duke who refused and avoided all my compliments ; who parried them with an address that I could hardly ever beguile : it was the grand duke who talked with me, standing, for an hour, in a cabinet, where a simple table is his bureau, a few unpainted deals his only writing desk, and a candle, in a tin candlestick, his light ; for the grand duke has no other luxury than the happiness of his people.—And the grand duke reigns only over Tuscany!

On coming from this audience I was admitted to that of his three elder children, the eldest of whom is sixteen. Count Manfredini their governor, and worthy of being so, introduced me into their chamber ; for their apartment (I have already said so, but it is well to repeat it) their apartment is a chamber, and their palace a house.

I found the eldest reading Montesquieu on the grandeur and decline of the Romans.—Your highness then is learning history?—Yes, sir, it is my chief study, with Locke's Essay on the Human Under-

Understanding.—Your highness studies Locke ! It will be very useful to you to have decomposed the human understanding in your cabinet, when you will one day have to govern the minds of men. But permit me to invite you to add to the reading of Locke, the Art of Thinking, and the Logic of the Abbé de Condillac.—We know there are such works, we will read them.

We then conversed on Locke and Condillac on the advantages of metaphysical research which alone leads to truth, and on the analytical spirit, which alone discovers it ; on the system of the combination of ideas, so fertile in important truths, which Condillac pretends to have invented, but which is to be found complete in Locke. I was delighted, I was most sensibly affected at seeing a prince studying the nature of man, in order to learn the art of rendering men happy. This prince will be able to govern by himself ; for he will know how, he will be able to have a will.

Walking this morning in the botanical garden, I met a child to whom the demonstrator was pointing out the plants ; this was a son of the grand duke. It is delightful to see the children of kings in company with Nature.

We must now quit the grand duke at Pisa, and go in search of him at Leghorn. For the grand duke is indeed to be found in every part of his territories, and every body knows it. This is his *police*.

Some

Some body said to me : you must not think so highly of the grand duke for loving the people ; the prince of loves them likewise. The grand duke, replied I, loves the people ; the prince of loves the populace.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Florence.

I SHALL now proceed to say something concerning the celebrated gallery.

In the vestibule we find the portraits of all the Medici, who collected in the gallery that multitude of masterly productions. This is at once judicious and just. The Medici seem to be assembled in this vestibule that they may together do, to strangers, the honours of their palace, and of the remains of their power.

I took a pleasure in contemplating those eight Medici, in whose hands, for several centuries, amid civil and foreign wars, and the intervals of peace by which they were divided, the supreme power, which, at this day, governs Tuscany, insensibly increased, from that first influence of abilities, virtues, and riches, which began the monarchy,

monarchy, to the authority contained in the title of prince, and all the pomp of habit and insignia which attend on sovereignty.

In the gallery they reckon fifty-eight antique statues, eighty-nine antique busts, and three groupes, which are no less so; besides a multitude of grand paintings.

I shall first speak of the statues.

The first that attracted my attention is a superb horse, which appears to bound impatiently from the marble; and with his feet, his nostrils, his mane, and his eyes, feeling himself at length created, seems to demand the earth, and to annihilate distance.

Let us approach that Roman who is harranguing. It is Cæsar: his whole body speaks. It was the eloquence of that mouth which enchained the world.

How admirable is that Apollo! How beautiful is the shape! How flowing and how fugitive is that outline! How insensible the connexion of every member! The gentlest and the purest breath of life inspires, supports, and animates those beautiful limbs. How happily is that head conceived! Futurity seems manifest in that glance!

In vain may the imagination exert all its powers, inspired by the numberless beauties of returning spring, in a grove of lilacs and roses, on the bank of a murmuring rivulet, to the cooing of turtles,

turtles, and the song of the nightingale; never will it be able to produce any thing more delicious than that Flora. All her charms burst forth in a moment like the flowers in her hand.

Who is that charming god? It is Mercury. How then was the god of love made? This body is truly divine: It has never felt the wants of the body, it has only experienced its pleasures; pleasures too without alloy. What harmony in these forms! What melody! Yes, they compose for the eye, (pardon me the expression) a delightful air. There is a music of colour and of form, as there is a music of sound.

Beside this Mercury, you see a Bacchus. Though beside this Mercury, that Bacchus is still beautiful. Michael' Angelo has brought this god nearer to humanity. A tender woman will prefer the Mercury: an empasioned woman will make choice of the Bacchus.

But look at that other Bacchus, which still surpasses the former. He is leaning on a faun. What admirable delicacy in all those members, and the whole outline! This Bacchus escapes the eye: it is, if I may so say, like what remains of a beloved object, in a tender imagination, after an absence of some time. What! is that the famous Bacchus of Michael Angelo! said an *amateur* to me, where then is the drunkenness that should characterise Bacchus? He does not seem intoxicated!

cated! he does not so much as reel! Was Bacchus, replied I, a man?

I cannot stop at each of these statues; they have all their peculiar beauties, and others which are common to them all. In all of them, the nudity is flesh, the drapery of stuff; in all of them, the imagination easily removes the drapery by which they are veiled; their thickest vestments are but veils.

That single outline, with which nature traces out the human body, has here assumed, under the chisel, and the genius of different artists, the most agreeable forms, the most flexible motion, and the softest undulations: that line forms no angle; but insensibly sinks and rises; never is it interrupted, nor ever does it arrest the eye; each form is continually the beginning of another. It was thus Racine, Virgil, and Fenelon wrote. Had the Greeks then learnt from art all the properties of that creative line; had they studied and discovered all it was capable of producing to enchant the eye; or did nature herself present it them in the human forms she gave birth to in her favoured climate? Did the Grecian artists, in a word, only imitate a happier nature; or did they invent its perfections?

I shall not stay to say any thing of that Laocoön, copied by Bandinelli; the original is at Rome.

Let

Let us now return, and hastily run over that collection of busts of the emperors and empresses of Rome. Let us cast down our eyes, there is Antinoüs ; let us turn them aside, that is Nero ; let us fix them here, for this is Marcus Aurelius ; let us once more throw them round us at a venture ; behold that crowd of emperors of a day whose names are almost forgotten. These are the despots which succeeded each other for the space of three hundred years !

Those are the eyes, the mouths, the eye-brows, the foreheads, before which, the human race trembled for so many centuries, while blood and tears streamed from one end of the world to the other, in consequence of their slightest motions !!

Trajan, Titus, Marcus Aurelius, at sight of you, I smile, as does the world at the mention of your names.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Florence.

NO, I shall never forget this picture.

Christ is represented extended on the cross, at the foot of which is his mother looking up at him, but with an air of so much indifference, that it seems to be neither her son, nor a man crucified she is looking at. How sublime is this indifference! She is acquainted with the mysterious secret of his death—Thus thought Michael Angelo.

Why is that ceiling thus loaded with Arabesques? Why such paltry ornaments? Why any ornaments at all in the gallery of Florence?—They are by Michael Angelo. What then! Take them hence, and send them to the dressing-rooms of Paris. The Arabesques of Michael Angelo put me in mind of the fugitive pieces of Corneille.

How! A collection of portraits close to the collection of these fine antiques! Artists, remember nothing can universally interest but beautiful nature at rest, or common nature in motion! Every thing else can only interest a single country

try and a single age; every thing else is perishable.

But what taste must it have been to place, among so many fine paintings, that Venus *combing* love. Does love then stand in need of combing? Search rather in the locks of Cupid for a rose leaf, which, while bending his bow, may have fallen from his crown.

We must take another view of this charming Mercury, to efface that Venus from our remembrance.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Florence.

I SAW yesterday the celebrated *Improvvisatore*, who has made so much noise in Europe, who was crowned some years ago at the capitol, as Petrarch was, and Tasso should have been; Corilla, the celebrated Corilla, but I arrived too late.

That volcanic imagination is extinct. It still continues, however, from time to time, to emit sparks.

She read to me several of her sonnets. I was unable to comprehend all their beauties, or rather I perceived there were too few, that is to say, too few ideas, sentiments, and images.

The Italians are amused and deceived by the softness and melody of their language. Charmed with the music it affords the ear, they neither look for sentiments or thoughts; like us Frenchmen, with our pretty women, and our comic operas.

Hence that luxury of words, and that penury of ideas, to be remarked in all their conversation. Instead of employing as few words as possible to express the thought, they delight in overloading it: But, if the greatest part of their phrases

phrases are stripped of these, we shall scarcely find them contain a single idea.

Nothing is more easy than to *improvise*, in Italian; a language where every phrase may be a verse, and every word a rhyme; in a language which has so many echoes. Besides that an improvatore is neither required to think, nor to occasion thought in his hearer. A certain number of common-place expressions, of pretexts for words, is all that is expected.

They *improvise* frequently in singing, which is a great aid. Whilst the voice is spinning out the sounds, the ideas have time to collect; besides that the very movement of the song excites them. The body and soul impart a reciprocal motion to each other, like the rider and the horse. The least noise makes a harpsichord, and the brain of man, produce a sound.

Some Italians feel the inconvenience of that multitude of vowels with which their language so abounds.

I observed to a poet, who was boasting greatly of this luxury, that the best of Italian writers suppress the vowels at the end of many words, and multiply the consonants, in order to create shades, to break the uniformity, and to *put a drag*, in some measure, on the phrase, precipitated by the vowels.

The Italians who were present, all men of letters, agreed with me. The poet alone kept his ground.

But, said he to me, if you had the choice of writing in two languages, the one composed of vowels, and the other of consonants, would you not prefer the former?—That is as if you were to ask me, whether in painting, I should prefer a pallet provided only with one dark colour, to a pallet with a brilliant rose colour; I should give the preference to neither, for I should be in want of both.

Corilla begged M. Nardini, the most celebrated musician in Italy, to charm us with his violin. This violin seems articulate. He touched fibres in my ear which never yet had trembled. With what delicacy and address does Nardini draw forth harmonious sounds from all the cords of his instrument; and how artfully does he labour and purify its melodious tones!

LETTER XXX.

Florence.

THIS is the fourth time that I have come to see it, and I have not yet seen it.—Two hours have I been looking at it, and I cannot tire myself with looking.—I wish I were able to paint, and I cannot even describe it.—It will for ever surpass the power of the pencil, the chisel, or even of language, to pourtray its beauties. What words can be found to convey an idea of such transcendant charms.—You perceive I am speaking of the Venus de Medicis.

I am now sitting before this wonderful statue, with my pen in my hand. Figure to yourself something a thousand times more beautiful than the most beautiful object you have ever seen, a thousand times more touching than any thing that has ever touched you, a thousand times more enchanting than all by which you have ever been enchanted: Such is the Venus de Medicis. For in this Venus, every part is Venus.

Every thing you can distinguish in this perfect pattern of beauty is a grace.

The whole surface of that delicate body appears to be blooming with youth, and sparkling with divinity.

Do

Do not imaginè that I exaggerate; I am not hurried away by the enthusiasm of admiration. Contemplate that divine face! Does not luxurious pleasure breath in every feature; as every leaf of a rose exhales the delicious perfume of the flower.

How does the eye lose itself in a labyrinth of beauties, and wander, or rather glide, from beauty to beauty, from grace to grace, from charm to charm, following an outline the most fugitive, from the summit of that more than human brow, to the extremity of that divine foot; unable to prefer, unable to dwell on any part; it dares not rest upon those fingers they are so delicate; it dares not repose upon that bosom, it is so pure!

What senses you exclaim but must be all on fire at sight of the Venus de Medicis?—Those of every man of real sensibility. She touches, she moves, she warms; but she does not inflame: She inspires the heart with that soft tenderness, pure from every grosser desire, which is so deliciously felt at the first birth of love.

But Venus, you say, is naked. Are you then insensible to that divine air of celestial modesty?

With what thought is Venus occupied? She is not thinking: Venus only feels.

How pleasing is that gentle inclination of the body! With what grace does that timid foot conceal itself beneath that beauteous knee! Venus stands

stands on the ground; but seems not to be supported by it.

By incessantly contemplating this statue, I sometimes am ready to imagine I see the goddess herself, and feel I know not what embarrassment?

It has been said, that there is something of woman in every thing we admire; it may be said, that there is something of the Venus de Medicis in every thing that charms.

LETTER XXXI.

Florence.

YOU remember James the Second, the unfortunate family of the Stuarts, and the pretender to the British crown; at first supported, and afterwards deserted by France; welcomed at first by Rome; but now forgotten, a destiny common to the unfortunate: for pity, however divine its nature, is as fugitive and inconstant as every other passion. This pretender is now an old man, oppressed with years, infirmities, disgrace, and, above all, with the name of Stuart. He is at present styled the Count of Albany, and is now terminating

terminating at Florence, amidst the afflictions of a distressed old age, all his misfortunes and disappointments, which cannot but have been severely felt by a man descended from a race of kings, and unable to forget what was his origin.

He will expire with his eyes fixed on that crown which it has never been in his power to place but on his seal, and the pannels of his carriage.

This old man resided long at Rome, where he kept a court, and was permitted a guard; but refused the title of Majesty. He has left Rome for Florence, where he has neither court nor guard, and where he likewise never receives the title of Majesty; but in return he is accompanied by every virtue that can console an infirm old man, an unhappy father, nay even a dethroned king: He has with him his daughter the duchess

If benevolence of heart alone were necessary to entitle her to the throne of her ancestors, she would soon ascend it. She is goodness itself; but that goodness which is superior to reason, which
 • springs immediately from the heart, which gracefully charms, and even enforces adoration, which though it is a proof of the existence of so many virtues, scarcely appears to be one.

May the duchess by happy! May her father forget that the name of Stuart ever was the name

name of a king! And may it be remembered by all who look upon his daughter!

The duchess shewed me the presents made by Louis XIV. to James II. on his arrival in France, when fate had reduced that king to receive presents, though from Louis XIV.

She shewed me the gold toilet the queen found in her apartment the evening of her arrival. *Times are greatly changed*, said she to me, she said no more. I mistake; she smiled.

Her attention to her father is extremely affecting! When this old man calls to mind that his family have reigned, his tears flow not alone; the duchess weeps with him.

The duchess has with her a maid of honour, and the count an equerry, who is a lord.—This is all their court, but they do not fail of that respect from generous hearts which is ever inspired by misfortune, old age and virtue.

I shall conclude this letter. I wish not to interrupt the pleasing melancholy which has taken possession of my soul.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Florence.

IF you would not blush at once with shame and pleasure, never think of entering the cabinet of the *Hermaphrodite*; I dared not even say that it is too beautiful. Amiable Modesty, double your veil in that too celebrated cabinet.

Let those who wish to see the mercury in bronze, by John of Bologna, lose not a moment; he appears already on the wing. What lightness! The artist has ingeniously suspended the figure on a small piece of bronze, which imitates and appears really to be the very breath of Boreas. The god is actually in air, yet you do not fear for him; you feel that he is mounting.

What softness in the outline; What delicacy in the expression! I should never be able to quit this Mercury, were not my attention called to that Infant Hercules.

All other artists seem no longer to deserve notice; they have only represented the present; He who formed the Infant Hercules has exhibited the future. In that Hercules, who is not yet ten years old, you anticipate the Hercules of thirty.

I pass

I pass over all the paintings of the Flemish school, all those statues, all those bronzes : I disregard the croud, the herd of antiques.

What cruel wound has occasioned the profound grief that veils, in yonder bust, the face of Alexander ! Thou hast ravaged the world, O mighty conqueror ! But the world seems to be well avenged.

Behold Brutus. But he is only a sketch. I read beneath his bust ; *If Michael Angelo has only sketched out this bust, it is because he suddenly recollected the crime of Brutus, and the chisel fell from his hands.* What slave can have penned this inscription ? Leopold, it was not for you to suffer such an injurious insult on the great Brutus ; you have nothing to fear from a Brutus.

How much is it to be regretted that this bust is only a sketch ! Yet what a soul ! How much of Brutus does it contain.

The imagination of Michael Angelo must have equalled in sublimity the mind of Brutus.

It is impossible to leave the gallery without going to see the Tragedy of Niobe, as represented in marble.

The whole family of Niobe, to the number of fourteen, are assembled in one hall. Already one of her sons has been pierced with an arrow from the hand of Apollo : he is seen, in the middle of the hall, dead and bathed in his blood ; the rest dismayed,

dismayed, either fly to hide themselves, or remain transfixed with fear. On the face of one is depicted terror, on that of another menace, while a third appears already dead. In the countenance of Niobe is concentrated the whole soul of a mother who sees her children all cut off at once. How beautiful, how sublime is this maternal grief! She is endeavouring to protect, and conceal within her arms, the youngest of her daughters, who is evidently extremely beautiful, though nothing can be seen of her but her shoulders. The artist appears to have exerted all his skill to render them lovely that they might move the compassion of Apollo.

The grand duke has collected all this family in one apartment. They might, perhaps, have been combined in a more picturesque manner, and ought not to have been arranged regularly in a circle, but to have remained separate; some on the summit of a rock, others on the declivity, the rest below; we should see them flying to escape.

Let us now take a look at some of the pictures.

I do not find the paintings equal to the statues; the canvas in this gallery is far inferior to the marble.

We must do justice however to that Joseph. Others are only going away; this is flying: he triumphs,

triumphs, for he resists. The combat of two interesting passions, in a fine face, is truly moving.

The tears in the eyes of that St. Francis are real : they are ready to flow.

That Pilate sending back Christ is an admirable composition. He is represented as an aged judge, on his seat, washing his hands in a basin which is presented to him : while washing, he just lifts up his eyes, and an oblique glance, which escapes him and falls half on Jesus, seems to say, *I do not think this man so guilty as his persecutors pretend. Let them put him to death, if they will ; I wash my hands of it.*

The painter, perhaps, wished me to exclaim, "How affecting is that Magdalen."—He should not have made her pretty then, but beautiful. She is superior however to all the other Magdalens. What compunction is seen in that sweet countenance ! What true repentance in those delicious tears ! She is seated half in the shade, against a rock, entirely naked, veiled only by her hair and her grief. That hair is indeed divine ; it flows over her whole body.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Florence.

I WISH I were able to describe the cabinet of natural history, which the grand duke has employed himself in enriching, and M. Fontana in arranging, during the last ten years.

Fifty rooms are already full of the treasures of this collection. Fifty others will be filled.

It is impossible to describe the elegance and regular distribution of this collection; not only does every thing appear, but every thing displays itself and invites curiosity.

The closets of this cabinet resemble, if I may so say, the cells of M. Fontana's memory, they are stored with all the varieties of the kingdoms of nature.

I could never weary with rambling through these chambers, with wandering through all the different realms of nature, with examining all her treasures; with following her in her distribution of life and motion to every organized individual, bestowing much on some, and dealing out her gifts more sparingly to others; a life and motion which all these individuals eventually restore to her, in the same proportion in which they have received

ble forms, by exhibiting all the various play of that wondrous phenomenon life.

But man principally engages my attention ; a model in wax, perhaps more durable than brass, presents us, in this cabinet, with a perfect image of our mechanism. We see all the secret parts of that most complicated machine, first separate and in detail, then collected, combined, and all ready to perform in the grand concert of the œconomy of the human body, each in its proper place ; all ready to be called into life.

These detached parts fill twelve rooms ; there is not, if I may so say, a single point of this imitation of man which has not required the sacrifice of an entire copy of the original. This waxen model has been framed from a thousand dead bodies. What labour ; What patience ! But how noble a work have they effected.

The emperor was so pleased with it, that he ordered a similar one. It will take three years to finish it. I have seen the artists at work on it.

I regret much not having been able to study this universal model of man. A few glances which I threw on the system of the nerves, have given me a glimpse of many secrets. Philosophy is to blame not to descend more into the physical man ; for there the moral man lies hidden. The external is only the process or continuation of the internal man.

H

Why

Why may I not permit my thoughts to dwell on so glorious a subject!

I could wish too to fix my attention on those specimens of all the metals, on their different destinations, on the singular fortune of iron and of gold.

I could wish to study likewise those extraordinary beings we discover in the grain of corn, which, reduced to the last degree of defecation, and exhibiting apparently all the symptoms of dead matter, yet are organized and living, or rather fit and ready to receive life.

M. Fontana proposed to make this experiment in my presence; he requires nothing but a drop of water. He is particularly careful not to suffer it to fall on this animated *infus*; it would crush it in its fall; but he approaches the drop of water gently at the end of a needle, and by degrees, the diminutive animal is penetrated with coolness; all the atoms of which it is composed approach each other, combine, and form a whole: already motion exists, it gains strength, it increases, a circulation commences, and the animal has life.

The consequences to be deduced from this experiment are of the last importance; they throw a great light upon the life and death of matter.

M. Fontana dares not write upon the subject, he is afraid of being excommunicated. All the power

power of the grand duke would not save him from the consequences of excommunication, which has still great weight, even in Tuscany.

It is not however that M. Fontana's system attacks any dogma of religion : but the word *Reason* alone carries terror with it at Rome.

Before I quit this fine cabinet of natural history, I wish to take a look at that singular stone, which has been water. The water that flows from that fountain in a vale, in an hour's time becomes stone.

M. Fontana has opened many new, or more certain paths, in the labyrinth of Nature. Unfortunately his numerous occupations, and, above all, the proximity of Rome, prevent him from writing, and discourage him sometimes even from thinking.

M. Fontana has a clear, luminous, and methodical mind. The glasses through which he views and studies Nature are perfectly *achromatic*. He sees nothing but what actually exists.

M. Fontana is held in no esteem in Florence, and especially by the nobles, who entertain the utmost contempt for all philosophers : They are not enlightened enough to hate them.

H 2 BETTER

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Florence.

WHAT solidity! **What** elevation! **What** circumference! Is this a mountain of marble, hewn into form? It is the cathedral?

You enter, and, at the first view, the imagination seems raised to heaven; but, at a second, again drops to earth; for those gothic columns are too feeble to support it.

The Goths imagined that the great constituted the beautiful, and that whatever was enormous must be great.

How many writings have we in prose and verse, in the Gothic style!

But proportion! It is not proportion alone that constitutes the beautiful; though without it there can be no beauty.

It has been remarked that Nature does nothing by *starts*; Art therefore should imitate Nature.

This rule has been well observed in the *Baptistry*, or Church of St. John, which has been built at the distance of a few paces from the cathedral. Each front is supported by two superb columns; the whole edifice rises and rests on sixteen, which form, in the centre, a large vacant space, on which,

which, from the middle of the roof, one single aperture sheds a solemn and religious light, which diffuses itself through the whole church.

This beautiful temple is closed by gates of brass, sculptured with such admirable art, that Michael Angelo, enraptured at the sight of them, exclaimed, they deserved to be placed at the entrance of heaven.

I beg pardon of Horace; but his poetry will not last so long as these brazen gates; it will be impossible for time to destroy them; many centuries have already passed over them, without leaving the trace of a single day.

no century at his gate: he seems on a confidential visit to his people.

The inhabitants of the town, and peasants flock thither every Sunday; they come to drink, to sing, and laugh under the eyes of their sovereign. They do not retort thither as in other countries, merely to forget their miseries, but to enjoy their happiness with a greater relish.

The grand duke walks frequently among his people, and, by partaking, increases their joy; he does not disdain to taste those pleasures, which though not refined, are no less real, and which, in a great measure, constitute their existence to himself.

The grand duke has devised a time and very simple method to prevent complaints against men in office, by permitting every one to complain of their

LETTER XXIV.

YOU must not omit seeing the *Poggio Imperiale*, a country seat where the grand duke sometimes passes part of the summer.

Its external appearance is not magnificent, the gardens are not splendid; but it is surrounded with well cultivated fields, the true gardens of a good prince.

When the grand duke is at the Poggio, he has no centry at his gate: he seems on a confidential visit to his people.

The inhabitants of the town, and peasants, flock thither every Sunday; they come to drink, to sing, and laugh under the eyes of their sovereign. They do not resort thither as in other countries, merely to forget their sufferings, but to enjoy their happiness with a greater relish.

The grand duke walks frequently among his people, and, by partaking, increases their joy; he does not disdain to taste those pleasures, which, though not refined, are no less real, and which, in a great measure, owe their existence to himself.

The grand duke has devised a sure and very simple method to prevent complaints against men in office, by permitting every one to complain of their

their conduct. He has contrived apertures in the walls of his palaces, by which the grievances of the most timid may reach him. These are so many passages contrived for the admission of truth.

The grand duke reigns neither for the nobles, nor the rich, nor his ministers, but for his people. He is truly the sovereign.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Florence.

I HAVE been to see the imperial library.

It consists entirely of manuscripts. Nothing can be more absurd than the value annexed to them; for they have all been printed.

Of what importance is it, in fact, that a manuscript is a thousand years old, if it is become useless? The grand duke judges in the same manner of the nobility.

Respect for antiquity, whether of monuments, customs, opinions or families, in a word, for mere antiquity, is a malady of the human mind.

I was shewn, with a great deal of parade, a manuscript of the code of Justinian, which they pretend

pretend, not to be the first, but the most ancient. To have been convinced of the truth of this pretension, I needed only to have read two small dissertations, written after the Italian fashion, and comprized in one huge volume in folio: Unfortunately, I had not time.

The building of the library is very handsome, and was worthy of the manuscripts before they were printed. Michael Angelo, who was the architect, died before it was finished, which it now never will be. Who would have the presumption to compleat a building begun by Michael Angelo, or a poem left imperfect by Virgil?

Florence was the birth-place of Michael Angelo, and there he passed a great part of his life. Solicitous for the honour of his country, he has given the finishing touches to the one half of its palaces, temples, and monuments: Traces of his genius every where appear, nor has Time been able to efface them.

I was struck with a kind of religious awe on entering the house, I had almost said the sanctuary, of this great man; the most famous painters have taken a delight in ornamenting it with representations of the noble actions of his life; for he deserved his talents. Unfortunately for their pictures, those of Michael Angelo recur to our memory.

LETTER XXXVII.

Florence.

THE palace of Corfini is wonderfully magnificent.

It is very rich in paintings. The following are three of them :

The first, is *Poetry*. She appears crowned with laurels ; you would say it is the poetry of Virgil ; she is so noble, beautiful, and simple ; so much does she resemble Dido. This is a production of the delicate imagination, and patient pencil of Dolci.

By the side of this picture, is a Saint Sebastian : likewise by Dolci. We are ready to run and endeavour to draw out the arrows.

The third is in quite another style, and by a very different pencil : it is by Albani. You imagine you see the Loves and Graces ; nor are you mistaken. Never did the Loves and Graces forsake Albani.

The time is evening, the Loves are seen in a valley, on the flowery banks of a rivulet, laughing, singing, and dancing to the sound of the flute, on which old Silenus is playing to them. One of the cupids remains stretched out on the
grass,

grafs, and is looking ; the others are making him a sign to come ; but he will not.

Is not this scene charming ? The cupids are as beautiful as imagination can conceive ; and the gravity of old Silenus forms the happiest contrast.

I passed an hour with the Loves and Silenus in this meadow.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Florence.

HOW is it possible to explain this political phenomenon ? In Tuscany there are nobility, no troops, and a despot.

The people, in Tuscany, are happy.

Sovereigns have a certain method of subduing aristocracy in their states ; by arming the people against its power, and a sure method of thus arming the people is to make them happy.

In vain are the great discontented, if the people do not suffer : In vain are the great in commotion, when the people remain quiet. Princes wish to be absolute ; nobles to be independent ; but the people only to be happy.

Misery

Misery or fanaticism alone can drive the people to revolt. The happiness of the people of Rome explains why Nero lived so long.

But how has the grand duke succeeded in rendering his subjects happy? By supplying them with bread, public shews, and taking care that justice be administered; by establishing manufactures, in which the people may employ their time; theatres, where they may forget it; hospitals, where they find health; and tribunals which appear just.

Under cover of the public happiness, the grand duke has attacked, with success, all the privileges of the nobility. He has destroyed the last roots of the democracy, by suppressing fraternities; and the last roots of aristocracy, by suffering the order of senators to die off.

There is now but one class of subjects in Tuscany, and one master.

The grand duke is constrained to govern well; he cannot commit a single fault; for having united the whole political power in his own hands, the republic is ready. Nothing is wanting to the people of Tuscany to recover their liberty, but a tyrant; they already have a despot.

It is the nature of power in every government to tend alternately to unite in one head, and again divide itself into the hands of many. All history

history is only an exemplification of this remark.

The grand duke, however, does not content himself with opposing the happiness of the people to the aristocracy: he keeps a strict watch over it.

He discovers, if I may so say, a discontented thought arising at the very bottom of the soul, and stops it short by a single word. He is reproached with having spies, but his answer is: "I have no troops."

The nobility in Tuscany, however, are not turbulent. The idleness of the nobles, the source of all seditious commotions, is there occupied by the opera, devotion, and cicisbéism.

Nevertheless, if they have lost all hope, they may have preserved some remembrance of what they were: Names still remain among them, which have reigned, have been free, or have heretofore conspired against their tyrants. These names are ever to be dreaded. How was Brutus roused to action? By being called on by name: *Brutus, thou sleepest!*

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Florence.

I HAVE just been to see a picture of Corregio. It surpasses all the pictures of Corregio. It is true, that it is the portrait of his master, of Love.

It is Love, not in his childhood and innocence, but in youth, and adorned with every grace. He does not merely move, he charms. He is not, I believe, sixteen : though there is little doubt but he is more than fourteen.

With his back turned, (he is naked, and is evidently Love), his foot rested on a pile of books, which certainly are not the poets, he is bending a bow and taking aim ; between his legs, however, are two little children ; they are his ; they are embracing each other ; one of them is laughing, the other crying, while Love himself smiles. Delicious allegory !

What a happy idea, tender Corregio, presented itself at the end of thy pencil ! for, *it was at the end of thy pencil*, saidst thou, *that thy ideas came*. Thy pencil, if I may so say, derived its sentiment from thy heart, as it did its colouring from Nature.

Adieu, delightful Love, son of Venus and Corregio.

LETTER XL.

Florence.

I AM just returned from the palace Pitty, the residence of the grand duke.

What solidity! What elevation! What an extent of buildings! Yet this elevation, this solidity, and this extent, can only excite our attention at a first view. The eye glides over this prodigious surface without meeting with any ornament, without finding a single resting-place: the whole palace appears to be of one stone.

It is necessary, no doubt, in every work of art, that the principal idea should shine conspicuous; but the accessories also ought, at least, to appear.

However this may be, the imagination wandering amid the immensity of the palace Pitty, every where feels itself in the habitation of kings.

It contains so many paintings, that only one is discovered. It would take a month to discriminate and study them; but they are run over in an hour.

What a terrible and sublime composition are the deaths of the rich and poor man; represented by

by the side of each other, in the saloon of *the four ends of man*.

In the midst of a superb apartment, on a bed glittering with gold, surrounded by priests who pray, physicians who consult, friends who are anxious, children who are sobbing, and a woman who is in despair; amid confusion, consternation and tears, a man is exhaling, on silk and purple, the last breath of life. This is the rich man. Whilst in the corner of a hovel, in the shade, on a truckle bed, on straw, under rags mixed with straw, something livid, bloody, and misshapen hangs in tatters to the ground, half gnawed by dogs who abandon it and fly. This is the poor man.

What a distance has society placed between the poor and the rich! and should the poor have the audacity to wish to overstep it, to attempt to approach the rich, the whole phalanx of the laws is drawn up against him to drive him back to his original wretchedness, or hasten his death.

Death alone is just with respect to the rich and the poor; beneath his scythe all alike indiscriminately fall: Death knows only one species of mortals.

I was reflecting on society, on what is called justice, which, for the most part, is at present only injustice hallowed by custom; my imagination

tion had passed in review all the miseries which are the result of civilization, and was entering the forests of Canada to enquire of the savage in what happiness consisted, when I found myself in the beautiful gardens of the palace Pitty, amid the earliest flowers of the spring, fanned by the breath of Zephyr, at the hour when the nightingale chaunts forth her most tender and amorous complaints. How delightful was the evening! It seemed as if the day quitted Nature with regret. I cannot express with what pleasure I indulged my mind, harrowed by so many gloomy images, in all the charms of the season and the place. I determined to enjoy the Spring, Nature, and Life; that Life which I beheld on all sides bursting forth, the offspring of Love, on every branch, on every leaf, on every flower around me. Oh! how superior are the beauties of Nature to those of Art!

L E T T E R X L I.

Florence.

A FEW years ago there were four academies at Florence; they produced nothing; they were four academies.

The grand duke has united them in one, under the title of the Florentine Academy; but he has in vain created two hundred places, unless he could have created at the same time two hundred men of abilities.

The constitution of the academy is not calculated to give birth to great talents, still less to make them productive; for it is monarchical. It has a perpetual president nominated by the prince, two secretaries nominated by the prince, and two censors likewise nominated by the prince. A democracy alone is suited to an academy, because liberty alone is favourable to talents.

They have two meetings weekly, which are public. The members open the assembly, alternately, by a discourse, the subject of which they are at liberty to chuse. The secretary then invites the other academicians to read, and even strangers.

I

I was

I was present at one of these meetings; it began by a collection of common-place remarks on the life and works of Galileo, which was recited in a kind of chanting tone, from one end to the other.

This *psalmodizing*, if I may so call it, of the Italians, is extremely disagreeable; the monotony of it is insupportable. These relics of the singing tongue, produce a most unhappy effect in language when spoken. The Italians and the partizans of their language, are ignorant, no doubt, that the feelings alone, according to the sentiments to be expressed, should modulate the discourse. All these artificial inflexions oppose those of Nature, and prevent all possibility of their being heard. Speech, in this case, originates merely in, and proceeds only from the lips.

After the common-place observations on Galileo, a youth availed himself of the secretary's invitation, to sing out a sonnet on the soul:

He was a Jew: the only remarkable circumstance attending his sonnet.

An improvifatress then got up, and sang some verses, on the death of one of her female friends, at which every body laughed.

The business of the meeting was concluded by the comte de . . . , who very modestly read an idyl, which he had published. He was not so much

much to blame, for the idyl appeared to be new.

He did not confine himself to the reading of his idyl, he acted it.—What grimaces for a shepherdess!

None of the academicians have particular places allotted them at these meetings; except the president, the secretaries, and the censors; a reason, perhaps, why they occupy none in the world of letters.

Every thinking man in this academy blushes, and laments their situation.

The grand duke wished them to continue the Italian dictionary, begun by the academy Della Crusca. They declined it, and they were to be commended. It is rash to endeavour to fix a language not yet formed, nay, perhaps, even when it is formed.

The formation of a language is the work of great writers, of whom Italy has too few; not more than half of the human heart and judgment has yet passed under the pen of the Italians, nor, consequently, into their language.

There is neither sense nor truth in the assertion, that Sienna is the country of good Italian.

That language has hitherto no country, no home; it is a wanderer; it is still begging on all sides, especially in France.

The various languages of great writers constitute so many different provinces, which the general language of any country unites under its sceptre, and which compose its empire.

There exists in Italy a language of Ariosto, a language of Tasso, a language of Boccace, a language of Machiavel; but there does not yet exist, in Italy, an Italian language.

Count Alfieri, in some admirable tragedies, which often breathe the true spirit of Sophocles, has lately endeavoured to revive the Italian language of the age of Leo X: but this attempt has not succeeded either at Naples or Rome. In these two cities, they can endure only *frenchified*, that is to say, degenerate Italian.

The Italians, in general, admit that they know not how to make a book; that this is only known in France. They therefore would willingly read nothing but our writings; but the half of these escapes them. Every thing that is graceful, refined or delicate, in a word, every thing that can escape, is lost to them.

LETTER XLII.

Florence.

I HAVE been to see the Academy of Arts, which the grand duke has restored.

I visited the different halls for drawing nudities and plaster figures, for the sculptor and the painter.

The hall for the plaster figures is immense; models of all the finest statues at this day in Italy are here to be seen arranged in two lines.

In the midst of the most beautiful human forms, produced in the happiest climates, selected by the purest taste, expressed by the most sublime genius, the imaginations of a hundred young artists, continually wander, emulating each other in their endeavours, to comprehend, to feel, or imitate their perfections.

The grand duke supplies them with every thing but genius, which Nature alone can furnish.

I was out of patience in the school of painting.

In Italy, at Florence, the master was making his pupils copy one of his pictures!

At Florence, as throughout Italy, all the fine arts are again beginning: they continue to sketch in the presence of the great master-pieces of ancient genius.

This is in some measure the fault of the grand duke : the grand duke invites the arts, and has banished luxury !

He wishes for architecture, yet builds no palaces. He would have rigid morals, yet preserve his statues !

The arts, like Nature, produce only in proportion to the consumption.

Leopold, it is impossible to unite Athens and Sparta ; you cannot at once be Pericles and Lycurgus.

LETTER XLIII.

Florence.

THE palace Ricardi merits to be seen: it was the residence of the first Medici.

In this palace the Liberty of Florence expired, and the fine Arts were born. The tomb of Liberty was the cradle of the fine Arts.

The gallery of the palace Ricardi is admirable. The pencil of Jordano, as fertile and brilliant as that of Ovid, assisted by the finest imaginations of the age he lived in, by philosophers and poets, painted and peopled the ceiling. It may be said to be a poem the subject of which is the destiny of man.

The first subject is the birth of man. Destiny, Time, the Fatal Sisters, and Nature are in expectation; Destiny makes a sign to Time, who repeats the signal to the Fatal Sisters; they at the same moment turn their spindle, and an infant is seen in the arms of Nature. Prometheus approaches the child, and shakes over him his torch; this is the spark of life. Already the infant crawls at the feet of Nature, he gets up, he walks, and tries to leave her. In vain does Nature strive to retain him, in vain does she shed tears; he is quickly

quickly at a considerable distance, and soon loses himself. After the youth has wandered some time, two paths open before him; the one, beset with flints, thorns, and every thing which can render it rugged: the other, on the contrary, level, and enamelled with flowers. On the side of each of these two roads is seen a company of men and women. Those, beside the first, have a mild, but serious air, without either dress or ornament, except a few leaves of laurel in their hair. They remain upon the edge of the road, from whence, without endeavouring to seduce the traveller, they accost, and seem merely to say to him: *Young man, behold the road of happiness.* These are the talents and the virtues. The company by the side of the level road, infinitely more numerous than the other, present the most striking figures. Their countenances are animated; they laugh; they sing, and play a thousand wanton tricks. How luxurious are their dresses! They have flowers in their hair, on their foreheads, and in their hands. From their manner of smiling, you would imagine them to be the Loves and Graces; yet, on looking at them behind, a light ribbon which binds their heads, discovers that these charming faces are but masks, and through some openings in those masks you get a glimpse of hideous countenances. This troop press forward to meet the traveller; they smile
at

at him, they caress, they flatter him, they take him by the hand: *Charming stranger*, say they, *this is the road of pleasure, then follow us*. He follows them the unfortunate man is entangled in the snares of vice and vicious habits.

Ingenious allegory! Never did Truth assume a more splendid or more transparent veil!

Oh! for the pencil of Jordano! Oh! for the talent, which this painter possessed, of imprinting, in a moment, his imagination on the canvas!

L E T T E R XLIV.

Rome.

HOW different is the road from Florence to Rome, from that of Leghorn to Florence!

After you leave Leghorn, whence Tuscany once embraced the whole world with the outstretched arms of commerce, you proceed along a magnificent road, through fields, woods, and vallies, and arrive at Pisa and the Arno.

You then follow the Arno through a vast plain, amid the richest cultivation, under a moderate temperature, which knows neither the rigour of winter nor the heats of summer.

I was extremely delighted to meet, at every step, with fields enamelled with flowers, and women, blooming with health, happiness, and innocence, scattered over the fields. They seemed rather to be celebrating games and festivals, than occupied in rustic labours: they reminded me of those charming nymphs with which fable and the poets have peopled the rural shades.

But let us leave, in their beautiful fields, those beautiful females, whom every painter should come in search of, and whom every traveller should fly. Let us enter with the Arno into Florence.

What

What a situation is that of Florence! The plain, in the middle of which it is seated, is covered with trees of every kind, and above all, with fruit trees. In the spring, Florence stands in the midst of a garden of flowers, and merits the name it bears.

But, in proportion as you remove from it, the ground becomes unequal, the culture unvaried, the land sterile, the men few, the women ugly, the flocks meagre; all nature, in short, degenerates.

Advancing into Tuscany, I came to Sienna, which has nothing remarkable but the groupe of the *Three Graces*, placed in the middle of the sacristy of the cathedral, between a *dying Christ* and a *Resurrection*.

At their feet the priest prepares himself for mass; and they are quite naked!

On leaving Sienna, the country assumes a totally different aspect. We find no more cultivation, no flocks, no habitations, no men. The reign of Nature and of Leopold seems here to terminate.

Gaining, after a journey of three hours march, from hill to hill, from rock to rock, the rugged summit of Redico-Fani, I found myself in the midst of chaos, all around was a silent desert; it was then night; but the next day, in descending to Ronciglione, I found the dawn,

dawn, the song of the nightingale, the first shoot of the hawthorn, vallies cleathed with verdure, and the celebrated lake of Thrasimenus and city of Viterbo all in flower : and in an instant, by a new contrast, as if traversing the enchanted abodes of Armida, under the finest sky, all motion seems to cease, and you meet with neither life nor vegetation. At a distance, you have a view of Rome : the moment after every thing disappears.

On these roads, which in ancient times were thronged by kings and nations from every corner of the universe, over which rolled triumphal cars, in which the Roman armies raised clouds of dust, and where the traveller met Cæsar, Cicero, and Augustus ; I met only with pilgrims and with beggars.

At length, by continually proceeding through this desert, through solitude and silence, I found myself among some houses, I could not refrain from dropping a tear : I was in Rome.

What ! Is this Rome ? Rome, that once spread her terrors to the extremities of Asia ; and is it now this desert, announced only by the tomb of Nero !

No, this is not Rome ; it is merely the dead body of that illustrious city ; the country round is her tomb ; and the wretched populace, that swarm within her walls, the worms that devour the carcases.

LETTER XLV.

Rome.

I ARRIVED yesterday evening very late.

I could not close my eyes all night. The whole night the reflection continually recurred to my mind, *Thou art at Rome*. Ages, emperors, nations, every thing great, interesting, and awful, which the great name of Rome must for ever suggest, occupied my whole soul.

I was impatient till the first dawn of day should exhibit to my eyes the ancient capital of the world.

At length I behold Rome.

I behold that theatre where human nature has been all that it ever can be, has performed every thing that it ever can perform, has displayed all the virtues, exhibited all the vices, brought forth the sublimest heroes, and the most execrable monsters, has been elevated to a Brutus; degraded to a Nero, and re-ascended to a Marcus-Aurelius.

The air in which I am now breathing is that in which Cicero enchanted all ears with his eloquence: the Cæsars uttered so many terrible commands, and the popes pronounced their mysterious and superstitious enchantments.

What

What rivers of blood have moistened this earth !
How many tears have flowed within these walls !
Horace and Virgil here recited their immortal
verses !

Let us go ; but whither ? I am in the midst of
Rome, as in the middle of the ocean. Three
Romes, like three quarters of the world, present
themselves to me at the same time ; the Rome of
Augustus, the Rome of Leo X. and the Rome
of the reigning pope.

Which shall I first visit ? They all at once in-
vite me. Where is the capitol ? Where the
Museum of Clement XIV ? Lead me to the Arch-
bishop of Tivoli. Let me view the Pantheon. Shew
me Saint Mary Major. I would see the Transfi-
guration of Raphael. Where is the Apollo of
Belvidere ? How is it possible to fix the attention
or give a preference to any object at Rome.

I must begin by straying without choice amid
these venerable ruins to wear off that first impati-
ence of seeing, which would always prevent me
from seeing well.

I am at Rome then ! I am in that city which
excites the attention of the whole world !

There is not a stone here but conceals some
valuable knowledge ; which might not serve to
complete the history of Rome, and of the arts ;
Let us learn to interrogate them, for they speak.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Rome.

I EMPLOYED yesterday afternoon in searching, in the modern city, for the most interesting remains of ancient Rome; those which the scythe of time, the axe of the barbarians, or the torch of fanaticism have not destroyed; for they have respected none.

How little of this prodigious city now remains entire!

The Pantheon and the Coliseum form the two principal remains, mutilated and ruined as they are; but retaining, even in this state, something so noble and so Roman, that the fame of Rome astonishes no more, and that Rome still astonishes.

I first directed my steps towards the Pantheon, dedicated by Agrippa to all the gods, and since, I know not by what pope, to all the saints.

This consecration has preserved the Pantheon from the general pillage and destruction which the other temples have undergone.

It has been despoiled of every thing that made it rich; but they have left all that made it great. It has lost its marbles, its porphyry, its alabaster, its bronzes; but it has preserved its dome, its peristyle, and its columns.

How

How magnificent is this peristyle! The eye is first attracted by eight Corinthian columns, on which rests the pediment of this immortal monument.

These columns are beautiful from the harmony of the most perfect proportions, the most exquisite workmanship, and the lapse of twenty centuries, which adds to their grandeur and the awe they inspire.

The eye can never tire with mounting with them in the air, and following their descent.

They present, I know not what appearance of animated life, that creates a pleasing illusion; an elegant shape, a noble stature, and a majestic head, round which the acanthus, with leaves at once so flexible and so superb, forms a crown, which, like that of kings, serves the double purpose of decorating the august head to which it gives a splendor, and disguising the immense weight that loads it.

How richly does architecture, which creates such monuments, merit a place among the fine arts!

Architecture has here composed an harmonious concert to the eye.

Purity of forms is to the eye, what purity of sounds is to the ear.

How simple, and at the same time how grand, is the idea of that pediment and those eight columns!

lums! The mind catches and retains it like one of the fine verses of Corneille.

It was not by the confusion of a multitude of different and single impressions, that the Greeks sought to excite, to move, to satisfy the sensibility of our nature: they employed but one: but they knew that should be great; they repeated it often, and modified it with all those fugitive shades of insensible gradation of which it was susceptible.

By this means they gratified two singular caprices of our senses, which, at once indolent and grasping, are desirous at the same time to preserve the first sensation, and receive a new impression.

We find this system of the beautiful *Ideal*, constantly realized in their architecture, their sculpture, their painting, their music, their eloquence, their poetry, and even in the dress and ornaments of their women.

There exists, in fact, but one species of the Beautiful, as there is only one kind of poetry or logic, whether it be produced by sounds, colours, or forms, or with those combinations of forms, colours and sounds, so complicated and so astonishing, which are called sentiments and ideas.

The Greeks were fortunate in having discovered so early the true principle of this beautiful

Ideal; they have scarcely produced any thing but what is a master-piece.

The moderns have not been so happy: whenever therefore they forsake the path traced out by the Greeks, they seldom make three steps together without stumbling or losing their way.

This has been the case with the Berninis and the Borrominis, who, by the side of monuments that display the finest taste have erected others in a style equally depraved and ridiculous.

Let us only compare our modern artists, in general, with those of Greece.

The Grecian artists were all of them more or less initiated in philosophy, poetry, and eloquence: It was genius, and not necessity, that put into their hand the chisel, the pencil, or the pen.

They selected from among these different instruments that which was best adapted to their abilities and genius. Not unfrequently they made use of them alternately. The fine arts, to them, were but different dialects of the same language, of the sacred language of the Beautiful. They knew how to extract the Beautiful, even from brass and stone, as Gesner and Haller have known how to produce it from the German language.

I am

I am throwing together here, without order, all the ideas that suggested themselves to me yesterday while meditating on the Pantheon.

While admiring the propriety and truth with which this edifice is embellished, I could perceive that the Greeks, with reason, thought that not even ornaments are exempted from their utility, that decoration should be bestowed only on the surface and extremities of the necessary parts; and, in a word, that the basis of every ornament should be utility.

This is the source likewise of a most sensible pleasure; for it is matter of astonishment, that what is so necessary, should be at the same time so agreeable.

I am never weary of contemplating, in imagination, this beautiful peristyle. All those stones lay in one block in the quarries: the hand of man divides them, draws them forth, and hews them; the passenger tramples them under foot: But genius comes; he takes these stones, he places, he disposes them; at length behold them in the air; and my eye, my whole soul, now pauses before them, seized with an emotion, a respect, a pleasure, which at once astonishes and charms.

Thus does music act, in composing from all the simple sounds and accents of the human voice

those admirable airs, which the heart accompanies with the voice, and dwells on after the song is ended.

I do not regret the marbles which once formed the coating of the Pantheon.

The dusky hue of time, with which it now is tinged, is well worth the splendid colours of the marble, that gave it such brilliancy in former days.

We pardon time for insensibly carrying off something from the surface of these columns; it substitutes years in recompence: There is a wonderful magnificence in duration!

But it is impossible to pardon Bernini, who placed those two steeples between the peristyle and the rotunda.

The gate of the rotunda is, indeed, the gate of a temple! It is indeed that of the Pantheon. That through which multitudes of all nations must incessantly have thronged, continually impelled thither by every species of superstition.

As I advance toward the temple, my imagination progressively anticipates the presence of all the gods. But I enter The gods are no longer there The Pantheon is a desert!

Here was it, that the universal cause was represented complete in the collection of all the symbols

symbols of his different influences, allegorized, personified, and denominated gods.

The allegorical veil which covered them was so fine, time and custom had so fitted it to the bodies, that the human eye could no longer distinguish it from those bodies.

These influences of one only cause were soon converted into real beings : Afterward these beings became gods ; those gods, men ; and those men, monsters ; until exposed to the searching light of philosophy, these monsters have dwindled into phantoms.

What a revolution ! Where Venus was once the object of worship, they now adore the Virgin. A God upon a cross has taken the place of a god wielding thunder.

The design of the Pantheon is simple and grand. Its circular form is happy. Its circumference is majestically vaulted with a vast cupola. But why all those gewgaws of gold and marble ? It is difficult to determine who has done the most injury to this ancient edifice. the barbarians who despoiled, or the popes who have ornamented it.

This then is the Pantheon, which astonished the Roman imagination, but did not astonish that of Michael Angelo ! That Pantheon, which had been a thought of the Augustan age, and was, eventually, but one of the ideas of Michael

Angelo ; the dome of his church of Saint Peter ! You admire, said he, to the gazing nations, the enormous mass of the Pantheon, and are astonished that the earth can support it : I will place it in the air.

The genius of Michael Angelo conceived such things, and his hand executed them.

What a pity that modern taste should have whitened the dome of the Pantheon ! This colour has brought it nearer to the earth. To whiten an antient edifice, is worse than to blacken a modern one. Yet Benedict XIV. committed this outrage on the dome of the Pantheon !

I leave to others the task of enumerating all the marbles, all the porphyry, and all the granite which enrich the inside of the Pantheon. It possesses a much more precious treasure, the ashes of Raphael.

Carlo Maratti has erected a monument to Raphael, where Agrippa would have erected to him an altar.

This great man died in 1520, at the age of thirty-seven. Let us approach his tomb, and read :

*Ille hic est Raphaël, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*

Cardinal Bembo has given us wit in these verses, in which he only should have expressed grief.

grief. Why did he not content himself with saying : *Hic est Raphaël!* Here lies Raphaël.

I had been to see some of Raphaël's pictures in the morning. Alas ! when we have just seen the works of a great man, how much more are we affected by his tomb !

L E T T E R XLVII.

Rome.

YESTERDAY was the feast of Saint Louis de Gonzago, a Jesuit, consequently a high festival in the church of Saint Ignatius.

I followed the crowd, and went to hear *the opera of the Vespers*, and to see the *illumination of the Salut*. These expressions are perfectly expressive of what passes here, in the celebration of such solemnities.

The whole service is performed to music ; there is nothing but walking about, chatting, laughing, and crowding round the orchestras.

Not a day in the year, but there are two or three of these exhibitions, and all equally run after.

On

On coming from the *Salut* you repair to the street of *Il Corso*, to eat ice, sup with ladies at a tavern, or be present at a ball and fire-work near the church, at the house of some devotee of the parish, or protector of the convent. The particular friends of the saint illuminate.

The feast of St. Louis de Gonzago, is celebrated with a very peculiar pomp. Though the Jesuits are suppressed, no change has taken place in the ceremonies customary in their churches: all their riches likewise are preserved.

The chapel of the Saint exhibits a magnificence, not entirely Roman, but Jesuitical. The altar is of silver, chased with admirable art, and on it are a great number of chandeliers of lapis lazuli.

In the fore part of the altar is an aperture, into which, in the time of the Jesuits, the people threw, and still continue to throw, letters addressed to the Saint, containing a request to him to present such and such petitions to God, and to second them with his good offices.

The Jesuits had persuaded the Italians that St. Louis de Gonzago was very ready so to do, and that he was in such favour with God, that he seldom missed his aim.

The Jesuits did not miss theirs: they penetrated by this artifice the most hidden secrets of every family.

As

As the fore part of the altar was removed on account of the festival, I could see, in the box, a great number of letters.

One was put into the post while I was standing there ; it was addressed, *To Saint Louis de Gonzago*. The writer had forgot to add, *to be left till called for*.

The music, partly produced by those instruments, called *Castrati*, with which delicate ears are so much charmed, but which give so much pain to hearts of sensibility, did not prevent me from examining the church.

The ceiling represents St. Ignatius in heaven, at the feet of Christ. He appears surrounded by a multitude of his disciples. Below him are the four quarters of the globe, and companies of Jesuits, conducted by angels, and each holding a flambeau and a sword, are rushing forward on every side, to convince infidels, and propagate the gospel.

On each of the four compartments of the dome, is a massacre, chosen from the Old Testament.

But the most remarkable circumstance is the inscription, in large characters, above the high altar : *Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero.—I will be propitious to you at Rome.*

The order of the Jesuits has been abolished at Rome, yet this inscription still remains.

The

The statue of St. Louis de Gonzago, by le Gros, is a master-piece, the saint himself is very handsome.

The Jesuits have not omitted this source of attraction in their pictures and statues.

Their St. Stanislaus is charming.

They could not fail to remark, that the prayer of a young man was longer and more fervent at the feet of a handsome virgin.—They knew every avenue to the heart.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Rome.

THIS morning, as I was passing quietly along the streets, in my way to the capitol, I met a coach, in which were two Recollet Friars, the one seated backwards, the other forwards, holding between their legs something I could not distinguish.

Every body stopped, and saluted, with profound respect.

I asked to whom this reverence was addressed. It is, answered one of the standers by, to the *Bambino*, which these good fathers are carrying to a prelate, who is very ill, and given over by his physicians.

I afterwards procured an explanation what this *Bambino* was.

The *Bambino* is a little wooden Jesus richly dressed.

The convent, which has the good fortune to possess this image, neither has nor needs any other patrimony.

As soon as any person is seriously ill, they send for the *Bambino*, and always in a coach, for he never goes on foot. Two Recollets conduct,
and

and place him by the sick man, where they remain, at his expence, until he be either dead or recovers.

The *Bambino* is constantly running about ; they sometimes fight who shall have him, at the gate of the convent, and tear him from each other : In the summer especially, he has extraordinary business, though he makes them pay dearer for his visits, on account of the demand, and the hot weather. This is but fair.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Rome.

ON coming out of the Pantheon yesterday, I went to the capitol.

This place, which gave law to the universe; where Jupiter had his temple, and Rome her senate; from whence of old the Roman eagles were continually flying into every quarter of the globe, and from every quarter of the globe continually winging their way back with victories; whence a single word from the mouth of Scipio, of Pompey, or of Cæsar, quickly reached the most distant nations, menacing their liberty, and deciding on the fate of kings; where the greatest men of the republic, in short, still continued to live after their death, in statues, and still to govern the world with the authority of Romans: this place so renowned has lost its statues, its senate, its citadel, its temples; it has retained nothing but its name, so cemented by the blood and tears of nations, that time has not yet been able to disjoin the immortal syllables of which it is composed. It is still called the Capitol.

At the capitol, we perceive in the strongest light, the insignificance of all human things, and the power of fortune.

I seek

I seek the place where stood the citadel.

The Tarpeian rock is more than three-fourths buried.

The traveller cannot console himself for the ravages which have destroyed so many noble monuments, but in a museum, at a little distance, where the popes have collected some of their fragments, and with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

This statue is of brass, and is the finest of the ancient statues which have come down to us: Michael Angelo made a pedestal for it.

The critics have found great fault with this statue, and not without reason.

That horse, I admit, is short, heavy, and thick; but he lives, he moves.

L E T T E R L.

Rome.

I YESTERDAY took a very interesting walk.

I took my way toward the *Via Appia*, without the gates of the city.

In my way I passed through one of the suburbs, formerly the most populous but now the most deserted : It was once even the most brilliant quarter of Rome. It was then, and is still called the *Velabrum*.

This quarter has almost fallen back into the state represented by Tibullus, in one of his elegies, you will not, perhaps, be displeased at my reminding you of this description : It is very short :

Sed tunc pascabant herbosa palatia vaccæ,

Et stabant humiles in Jovis arce case.

Lacte madens illic fuberat Pan ilicis umbræ,

Et facta agresti lignea falce Pales ;

Pendebatque vagi pastoris in arbore votum

Garrula silvestri fistula sacra Deo.

Fistula, cui semper decrescit arundinis ordo ;

Nam calamus cera jungitur usque minor.

At qua *Velabri* regio patet, ire solebat

Exiguus pulsa per vada linter aqua

Illa

Illa sæpe gregis diti placitura magistro,
 Ad juvenem festa est vecta puella die.
 Cum qua fœcundi redierunt munera ruris
 Caseus, & nivæ candidus agnis ovis.

TIBULLUS, Lib. ii. Eleg. 5.

*Là même, où le Velabre, étalant ses portiques,
 Fait briller dans les airs vingt palais magnifiques,
 La jeune villageoise, en voguant sur les Eaux,
 Au fils du possesseur de ses riches troupeaux
 Portoit, les jours de fête, attentive à lui plaire,
 Du lait et des agneaux, doux tribut de leur mère :
 La colonnade monte, où l'humble toit rampoit.
 Formé d'un bois grossier, que, sans art, on coupoit,
 Pan, la flute à la bouche, y régnoit sous un bête.
 Les pâtres, en offrande, aux pieds du dieu champêtre,
 Répandoient un lait pur, et les branches d'un pin
 Balançoient les pipeaux qu'y suspendit leur main.*

Where now Jove's temple swells, low hamlets stood,
 And domes ascend where heifers crop'd their food.
 Sprinkled with milk, Pan grac'd an oak's dun shade,
 And scythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the mossy glade ;
 For help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry bough
 Pipes hung, the grateful shepherd's vocal vow,
 Of reeds, still lessening, was the gift compos'd,
 And friendly wax th' unequal junctures clos'd,
 So where Velabrian streets like cities seem,
 One little wherry plied the lazy stream,
 O'er which the wealthy shepherd's fav'rite maid
 Was to her swain, on holidays convey'd ;
 The swain, his truth of passion to declare,
 Or lamb or cheese, presented to the fair.

GRAINGER.

At

At the end of the *Velabrum*, I found myself on the Appian way, and walked along it for some time.

I there found the tomb of *Cecilia Metella*, the daughter of that *Craffus* whose wealth was a counterpoise to the name of *Pompey*, and the fortune of *Cæsar*.

This celebrated monument, dedicated by an affectionate father, to the memory of his daughter, is a round tower, of a very extensive circumference; all the upper part of it is destroyed. It long served as a fortress during the civil wars of Italy, and is still surrounded by barracks now in ruins.

I entered the tomb of *Cecilia Metella*, and sat myself down on the grass.

The flowers which displayed their brilliant colours, in the corner of a tomb, and as I may say amid the shades of death; the noise of a swarm of bees, who were depositing their honey between two rows of bricks; while the surrounding silence rendered their pleasing humming more audible; the azure of the sky forming, over my head, a magnificent dome, decorated alternately by flying clouds of silver and of purple; the name of *Cecilia Metella*, who, perhaps, was beautiful and possessed of the tenderest sensibility, and who most certainly was unfortunate; the memory of *Craffus*; the image of a distracted father, who

L

strives

strives, by piling up stones, to immortalize his sorrow; the soldiers, whom my imagination still beheld combating from the height of his tower; all these, and a thousand other impressions that I am neither able to explain or to express, gradually plunged my soul into a delicious reverie, and it was with difficulty I could leave the place.

L E T T E R II.

Rome.

I HAVE not time this evening to enter the Museum. I am impatient to be in *the Forum*.

It should be near where I now am. It lay between the Mons Palatinus, where Rome was born, and the Mons Capitolinus, where Rome is buried.

What! *The Forum*, formerly filled with temples, palaces, and triumphal arches, heretofore the centre of Rome, and consequently of the world, the theatre of so many revolutions, can that be it!

With my back to the wall to which the tables of the laws were affixed; standing on the prison where the accomplices of Catiline were lead to death

death, when Cicero had concluded his harangue; leaning on the trunk of a column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, I look around me ~~and~~ and my eye, wandering through a vast space, perceives nothing but fragments of capitals, entablatures, and pilasters, which in general have lost both their form and name; it glances over six pillars of the temple of Concord, the pediment of the temple of Jupiter Stator, the portico of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the walls of the public treasury, the arch of Septimius Severus, and ranging under the vaulted roofs of the temple of Peace, crosses the ruins of the splendid house of Nero, and at length fixes on a Corinthian column of white marble, which rises singly in the middle of what was the ancient *Forum*.

What a change! Cattle now low in the place where Cicero harangued! What was celebrated throughout the world by the name of the *Forum Romanum*, is now called, at Rome, the Field of Cows! *

I could never tire with examining the *Forum*; I wandered from one ruin to another, from an entablature to a column, from the arch of Septimius Severus to that of Titus. Here I sat down on a shaft, there on a pediment, and further on,

* Campo Vaccino.

on a pilaster. I took a pleasure in trampling under foot the Roman grandeur : I enjoyed walking upon Rome.

L E T T E R LII.

Tivoli.

I AM this instant arrived at Tivoli; but it is night. No matter; here I am arrived; I shall awake to-morrow at Tivoli.

Already the moon shews me, near the chamber in which I am to pass the night, the temples of Vesta and the Sibyl. It discovers to me, opposite my windows, that *Anio*, which will eternally resound in the verses of Horace.

I am impatient till the sun himself shall shew me both these temples and that cascade.

I love that noise, which agitates my soul, at the same time that it shakes the mountain. I love to listen to the *Anio*. It roars, it falls, it thunders. Night here knows no silence.

How does that river, as it precipitates its waters, dash entirely into foam! How does it reflect the rays of the moon on those trees, on those hills, on that abyfs, on yon beautiful Corinthian columns

lumns of the temple of Vesta, clothing them with the softest and the purest light!

Where are the painters and the poets!

L E T T E R LIII.

Tivoli.

AS it is impossible for me to close my eyes, I shall give you an account of my journey.

I left Rome about four in the afternoon, with a Polish nobleman, who for ten years has been numbering leagues in Europe, and a French physician, who has been ten years travelling in it.

The first fourteen miles are through solitude, dust and tombs, that is to say, through *il campagna di Roma*.

I am now on the Roman way called *Tiburtina*.

On a sudden a smell of fulpher is perceived; we proceed a few paces, and find ourselves enveloped in it. The earth is already black: the verdure of the shrubs and plants, which the spring forces to vegetate here, is half withered: the wild rose blossoms and dies.

Following this sulphureous smell, we arrive at a lake of bluish water.

This water boils up as soon as the smallest stone is thrown into it.

Several little islands covered with reeds are seen floating on the lake, which are masses of earth undermined by the water.

The noxious vapour which rises from the lake is fatal to birds; they die and fall down in attempting to fly over.

Yet two wretches dwell on the *Sol-fatarra*, for thus the lake is called.

The curiosity of travellers furnishes them with the means of eating, sleeping, and getting drunk; they are wan, meagre, and languishing; but they do not think.

We quit, as soon as possible, the banks of the *Sol-fatarra*, and proceed toward Tivoli.

At the foot of the mountains we meet with several ruins, amongst which a tomb is the most conspicuous.

It is a square tower, in very excellent preservation; on one of its faces it presents a triumphal monument, erected to *Plautia*.

This proximity of a triumphal monument to a tomb, erected by the side of each other, for the same man, is a subject for meditation. Glory by the side of Death!

At length I am arrived at Tivoli!

Alas! what matters it to me that there is a bishop, eight curates, and eighteen hundred inhabitants

bitants at Tivoli ! Where is the Anio and its cascades ? Is the temple of Vesta still to be seen ?

I ask where dwelt Propertius, where Cynthia, Zenobia, Lesbia, and thou, O, Horace !—They shew me where the camaldules, the capuchins, and the vicar of the parish live.

Adieu, till to-morrow.

LETTER LIV.

THERE is the lun ; let us hasten to the falls.

The Anio arrives slowly, on a smooth and level bed, washing on one side a town scattered along its banks ; and on the other, large elm trees, which suspend over it their lofty branches ; thus does he advance, calm, majestic, and peaceable ; but on a sudden, raging with inexpressible fury, he dashes his waters on the rocks, foams, flies up, and falls again in impetuous surges, which clash together, and mingle, and rebound ; he fills for a moment a vast rock, but quickly forces a passage, and precipitates his turbulent stream with a thundering noise.

I am

I am at the distance of two hundred yards, and the spray of those broken waves bedew and deluge me; it falls in a kind of continual rain for more than two hundred yards round, in every direction.

But I still hear the roaring of these waves: I desire to have another look at them, and am conducted to *the Grotto of Neptune*.

There a mountain of hollow and vaulted rock projects over a tremendous gulph, and boldly supports itself on two enormous arches. Through these arches, through those constant rainbows so wonderfully formed by these waters, through various plants and mosses pendent in festoons from their tops, I perceive anew those furious waves, still falling on points of rocks, where they continually break, rebound, contend, and at length disappear in the abyfs.

But hark! how those bounding waves roll thunder; listen to that universal echo; and all around, what silence!

Those surges, that elevation, that abyfs, that din, the pendent precipices of those rocks, some blackened by time, or verdant with luxuriant mosses, others covered with brambles and wild plants of every species; those straggling sunbeams which break, and play upon the rock, in the waters, and among the flowers; those birds which the roaring and wind of the cataract frighten
and

and drive away, whose voice it is impossible to hear; how do all these affect and enchant me!

Horace, thou camest hither, surely, more than once, to kindle thy imagination and tune thy lyre.

LETTER LV.

Tivoli.

I WRITE to you, at this moment, from before the lesser falls, near which I have been seated for the last hour, under an ancient olive, employed in contemplating, and listening to these beauteous waters.

The road leading to the lesser falls is charming.

It lies under the finest trees, through groves of mulberries, figs, poplars, and planes; and is enamelled with the most verdant turf, and the sweetest scented flowers; you hear in the adjacent woods the concerts of a thousand birds; horses are descending from the mountains, the summits of which are whitened by the flocks that are feeding on them; and the silver sound of the little bells, if I may so express myself, sparkles in the air. On a sudden the temple of Vesta and the Sibyl open to your view. With what pleasure does the eye embrace those beautiful columns! But you would
with

with to push them back, for they hang too much over the abyss. How picturesque is the effect of those brambles, that ivy, and all those plants which dispute the crowning of these columns with the Corinthian acanthus !

At length you arrive at the lesser falls.

I prefer them to the great cascade, to the grotto of Neptune, and all the waters I can remember.

These hills crown happily that town ! that town again, crowns happily this hillock ! How beautiful is the gentle slope of that hill side loaded with harvests of every kind ! Here a field of corn, there an orchard, further on, espaliers covered with vines. All at once, from the midst of all this variegated verdure, rushes forth an impetuous stream and divides itself into five rivulets, which gush, flow, and precipitate themselves by as many channels ; lower down they meet with other waters, which run from every side to unite with them on a carpeting of emerald.

Hither doubtless, was it that Propertius repaired to meditate and compose his verses ; hither he accompanied, towards the close of day, his beautiful Cynthia.

Here, doubtless, whilst the youthful Cynthia languishing hung upon his arm, Propertius delighted in pointing out to her all the scenes ; in guiding her wandering eyes to those waters which rise in the air in the form of fumes, or those waves which

which flow in flakes of silver; to yon eternal rainbow, those mosses, nourished by a humid dust, or the numerous plants perpetually agitated by the motion of the rushing waters.

Was it not at these falls, and enchanted with this same beauteous scenery, O, Horace! that thy muse hath celebrated, in such charming verses, the delights of Tivoli*.

And thou, Zenobia, and thou, O, Lefbia! was it not to this enchanting spot that ye sometimes repaired to console yourselves for having lost, thou great Zenobia, thy crown; and thou, fond Lefbia, thy bird.

What coolness! What a calm! What solitude, and at the same time how fine a day! A fine day is a real banquet given to the earth by heaven.

My wife, my children;—all who are most dear to me, why are you not here at this moment!—They would be happy, I am certain.

* *Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,*

Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,

Quam domus Albunæ resonantis,

Et præceps Anio & Tiburni lucus, & uda

Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Hor. lib. i. od. 7.

But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,

Nor fair Larissæ with such transport warms,

As pure Albunæ's far-resounding source,

And rapid Anio, headlong in his course,

Or Tibur, fenc'd by groves from solar beams,

And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile streams.

FRANCIS.

It

It would not be possible for Fanny, for Adela, for Adrian, or Eleonora to trample down all those grass plots, to pluck half those flowers.

Adieu, thou valley, adieu, ye water-falls, adieu, ye pendent rocks, ye wild flowers, shrubs and moss, adieu : in vain would ye detain me ; I am a stranger ; I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy ; I shall never behold you more : but perhaps my children, some at least of my children, will one day come to visit you ; appear but as charming in their eyes as you have to their father.

My children, you must come and seat yourselves under this ancient olive-tree beneath which I am now sitting. It is that which advances the nearest to the precipice ; it is opposite to a rock. Under that tree, my children, you will best enjoy the whole of this enchanting prospect.

Adieu, once more, ye beauteous waters. Your foam, your murmur, your coolness, the agitation and tranquillity with which you affect at once all my senses ; all that I have seen, heard, and felt on your banks I shall still continue to regret in the bosom of my family and friends. You I shall regret ; not all those marbles, those bronzes, those paintings, and those so much boasted monuments. For ye, ye are Nature, and they—they are but art.

L E T T E R LVI.

Tivoli.

THIS morning, after leaving the lesser falls, as I was returning to Tivoli, I met with some husbandmen driving their ploughs amid the mutilated trunks of ancient columns.

I stepped aside for a moment to see the remains of porticoes, which had borne palaces of marbles, and now supported fields of olive-trees.

At length my companions and myself got safe back to Tivoli, where dinner was waiting for us, in a temple of the Sibyl.

A good appetite, wholesome victuals, the recollection perpetually present of the place in which we were; on the right, hill sides clad with verdure; on the left, hills beset with rocks; before us the Anio falling in one vast sheet of foam; above our heads a sky of the purest azure, resting, as it were, its dome on a circular range of Corinthian pillars of white marble, whilst silver and purple clouds were continually passing beneath and decorating the majestic arch; verses of Horace and Propertius, suggested by the scene, which we all successively repeated; the unexpected arrival of a lovely Tivolian girl, toward
the

the end of our repast, who brought us milk, white and pure as her own ivory teeth, and strawberries, red as her youthful lips, whose modest blushes were excited by our smiles and looks ; the roaring of the river, which often drowned our voices ; the cutting of our names in the stone, which we addressed to our friends, should they chance one day to visit the same spot : all these pleasing circumstances combined, rendered this rural dinner one of the sweetest moments of my life.

Pleasure is followed by pain : we must leave Tivoli.

L E T T E R L V H.

Rome.

A FIRE broke out last night in the square of St. Peter, near the Vatican. It was first discovered at the hour when aged persons and children are already asleep, and the unfortunate and mothers still waking.

Never was conflagration more furious: it threatened to destroy all Rome. Irritated by an impetuous wind, it broke forth instantly into flames. The darkness of one of the gloomiest of nights seemed to add to the brightness of the fire.

What horrid scenes shone dreadfully by its light!—I see, I hear every thing. The cries of mothers still rend my heart.

I had passed the evening in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, and was returning to my lodgings in the *Piazza di Spagna*. On entering the square of St. Peter, I perceived the flames, which bursting forth from the roof of the poor man's house, which they had already devoured, were mounting along twenty marble columns, to the summit of the Vatican.

I was alone, and must confess, that supposing myself merely viewing a magnificent spectacle, I
was

was enjoying the fight. But at the same moment a youth passed, about twenty paces from me, carrying an old man on his shoulders. By the manner of his looking round him, and the care he took to chuse his way, for the ease of the aged man on his back, I easily discovered that it was his father. This old man, snatched suddenly from sleep and from the flames, knowing neither where he is, whence he comes, whither he is going, or what is passing, appeared to give himself up for lost: a little child, however, preceded them, who notwithstanding his distress and terror, cast a look at them from time to time, and an aged woman, almost naked, with an air of indifference, carrying the old man's cloaths, brought up the rear.

I was following them with a tearful eye, when I discovered at a little distance, another young man, who, entirely naked, and pressed by the fire, which was pursuing him, was hanging by his hands on the outside of a window all in flames, and chusing the least dangerous part of the pavement on which to fall.

The strongest light for discovering all a mother's heart, is certainly that of a conflagration! How does that woman from the top of that terrace, reach out to her husband, below, the dear pledge of their union! She advances, she leans forward, she leans still further for-

forward: the child in her arms clinging either to her bosom or her lips: but at length, between the extended arms of the mother, and the extended arms of the father, the child just taken sleeping from its cradle I turned away my eyes and fled.

I had already traversed the square when I met, escaping from a burning palace, a tall woman of majestic beauty and stature, full dressed and in tears, magnificently habited, and holding before her by the hand two naked children. The smallest of these children, seeing her mother lament and weep, was weeping and lamenting also. The sister, who had a charming face, benumbed with cold, was striving to cover, and even to veil her youthful and tender body with her arms and hands. Unhappy mother! she surely had lost a child; she had two which she held by the hand, and she was weeping.

In the mean while, old men, children, soldiers, priests, rich and poor, were continually swelling the multitude which rolled from one end of the square to the other, like the ocean agitated by a tempest. I see them now enter St. Peter's, now come out of it, then return to the church, then rush headlong forward, and fall. I beheld a young girl who had fainted away pass by me, carried by four soldiers, on their crossed sabres. She was beautiful: the brightness of the fire was

M

reflected

reflected from her pale forehead and colourless cheeks, and glittering in the tears escaping from her eyelids.

But, in all this dreadful scene, what made me shudder most with horror, was the silence in those intervals when the wind was hushed. Then issued from all parts smothered sighs, profound groans, the roaring of the flames as they destroyed; the crash of the buildings, falling every moment, and the heart-rendering cries of mothers.

I was at length about to leave the place, when suddenly, at a window of the Vatican, by the very side of the flames, I beheld a crucifix, priests, and the sovereign pontiff in his sacred robes!

In an instant the multitude utter a cry, in an instant they are on their knees; the tearful eyes of the wretched people are all directed to the venerable pontiff, and thousands of extended arms lifted up in prayer. He raises his eyes to heaven and prays—Imagine the storm, the conflagration, and the prayers mingling their murmurs as if in concert, amidst this profound and awful silence.

How shall I paint a scene which presented itself at this moment to my eyes!

On one of the steps of the church, single, and separated from the multitude, a mother was pressing together the little hands of her child upon its knees beside her, joining them with complacency,
and

and putting them in the attitude of prayer. Behind them stood a young girl, with dishevelled hair, and lost in tears, stretching with all her grief (and doubtless with all her love) the most pathetic hands towards the pontiff; whilst at the feet of this girl, on the contrary, seated with her back to the Vatican and the pontiff, a woman neither weeping nor praying, surveyed her with an air of astonishment Her child, indeed, was playing in her bosom.

In the mean time the pontiff has ended his prayer, and rises; the people observing him with unutterable expectation.

With a voice full of hope, and a serene countenance, the pontiff now sheds over the prostrate multitude, the holy words of benediction, when on a sudden by a miracle, or as if by a miracle, ere the last words of the benediction are pronounced, the winds have ceased; the flame falls; the smoke rises in a black whirlwind, envelops, and smothers the conflagration, and restores to the night all its original obscurity.

Ah! how admirable is this picture, by Raphael, at the Vatican!

L E T T E R LVIII.

Frascati.

FRASCATI is the ancient *Tusculum*.

On my arrival, it was proposed to conduct me to the Villas Pamphili, Mondragone, and Ludovisi.

No, said I, shew me the Villa of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*.

But that, unfortunately, is no longer to be seen, nor is even the spot on which it stood now known.

I was reduced therefore to visit the villas Pamphili, Mondragone and Ludovisi.

I saw their waters, their trees, their palaces; but I do not wish to see them a second time.

I can easily conceive that the modern Romans esteem these places delightful, for they have no other.

But neither these waters, woods, nor lawns can satisfy for a moment the traveller who has once breathed the pure air of the valley of Maupertuis, wandered in the meadows of Ermenonville, meditated in the paths of *the Desert*; or visited any of those delicious retreats which the Seine, the Loire, the Saone, the Dordogne,

dogne, and twenty other rivers in France present and rival each other in displaying on their banks.

The *villas* of Frascati are immense palaces; but they are merely heaps of stones. They have been successively despoiled of those statues and paintings which rendered them valuable.

The gardens are in a wretched condition.

Numerous streams still roll their limpid waters from all the surrounding hills; but scarcely do they arrive at the gardens, before, instead of suffering them to run from rock to rock, from lawn to lawn, to murmur and play, as Nature intended, the hand of art imprisons them in canals and basins, whence they can only escape in cascades, *jets d'eau*, or fountains which, distributing them wave by wave, measure every bound, and seem to regulate their very murmurs. To form fantastic toys, in short, fit only to divert children, they degrade those beautiful rills, destined by Nature to inspire the genius of the poet, the reverie of the man of sensibility, and the gentle slumbers of voluptuous indolence.

But whatever the Italians may have done, they have not been able to destroy those charming situations, or veil those romantic prospects: they have not been able to dry up the source that clothes all those hillocks with ever-springing verdure. These beautiful retirements still remain open to all the zephyrs, to the rays of the

vivifying god of day, and the amorous inhabitants of the grove.

The prospect that appeared to me most striking is that from the terrace of the villa Mondragone.

To the left, the eye rests on an eminence, which entirely intersects the horizon, and advances into the middle of the landscape, the half of which it conceals like a curtain. This hill, which rises and descends with a declivity the most pleasing to the eye, displays, in the form of an amphitheatre, the collected treasures of the richest vegetation; its sides are clad with every species of flower and foliage: at its feet, innumerable families of shrubs shoot up, and hang in purple and golden clusters and festoons; whilst the brilliant summit is crowned with the bending branches of the pale olive, sable cypresses, and verdant pyramidal pines.

To the right of the terrace, a very different picture presents itself: Lake Regillus, on the borders of which, Rome gained the first of all her victories; the rising grounds of Tivoli, once the walks of Catullus and of Lesbia; the fields cultivated by the venerable Cato; marshes, formerly the gardens of Lucullus, and eminences on which Cicero thought.

Such were the rich prospects I enjoyed, while at the same time I surveyed beneath me, the
Campagna

Campagna di Roma, above the expanse of heaven; and before me, the horizon bounded by Rome, the Appenines, and the sea.

L E T T E R L I X.

Rome.

THE ancient artists had greatly the advantage of the modern, with respect to the representation of their heroes and gods. They lived in the midst of fable, and familiarized from their infancy with all the fancied beings of mythology, they knew each of them by their veil, and called each by his name. They were perfectly acquainted with the highly expressive language of allegory; which having been early habituated to speak, it afterwards cost them little trouble, to write correctly with the chisel, the pencil, or the pen, on paper, on canvass, or on brass.

Modern artists, on the contrary, separated from the extraordinary beings of fable by so many prejudices and centuries, and by manners so different, are unable to distinguish, at such a distance,

tance, the habit proper to each, or to discern them from the naked.

What difficulties then must they encounter, when they attempt to understand or imitate fabulous antiquity! What the ancients had before their eyes, the moderns must derive from their ingenuity; what the former learnt, the latter can only imagine: the moderns, in short, are under the necessity of repairing, with their own hands, the tattered veil of allegory.

Nor had the ancient artists less advantage over the moderns, in imitating the nudity of nature, than in exhibiting the veil of fable.

For, the naked body of man was continually exposed to their view, in their games, festivals, and combats, while with us, on the contrary, nudity, obliged by climate, or by manners, at all times to fly the eye, seldom suffers itself to be surprized, except by stealth.

Were not the ancient artists too, more happily situated than the moderns, for representing beauty; they who existed in a climate the most favourable to beauty, whose religion made it an object of worship, and amid whose voluptuous manners it was required from all the fine arts; they in short, who exalted beauty into a merit, and honoured and rewarded a handsome woman, as they would honour and reward a great man?

These

These reflections occurred to me yesterday, while considering two designs of Hercules by two young artists.

To one of them I said, Because you have formed a huge statue with great arms, great legs, and a large head, you imagine you have produced a Hercules, whereas you have only formed a Colossus.

To the other : Because you have expressed an attitude full of power, an action full of energy, and the most manly and vigorous form of body, you suppose that you have made a Hercules ; though you have only given us a wrestler.

In what manner then, said they, must we represent Hercules ?

In the first place, replied I, the thing most necessary, and in fact simple, though at the same time universally neglected, is to know what you intend to express, to know what is a Hercules.

For my own part, when on the subject of Hercules, I consult fable, and the mythological history of the gods and heroes, it is impossible for me to mistake, in the birth, labours, exploits, death and immortality of Hercules, in Hercules the son of Jupiter, the vanquisher of tyrants and monsters, sustaining the world on his shoulders, spinning at the feet of Omphale, and espousing Hebe ; it is impossible, I say, for me to mistake Force : Force, that grand principle of active nature,

ture, which vivifies the universe, which yields only to beauty, and unites itself alone with youth.

If I then interrogate the genius of allegory, and ask, what, in her language, are the expressions calculated to exhibit this abstract being to our eyes; the genius of allegory points out, in the first place, the most sublime degree of strength of which the human form is capable, the symbols of which consist not in largeness, nor in that thickness of limbs, which betokens weight and mass, nor in that rudeness of features which bespeaks ferocity, nor even in the energetic tension of the muscles, which far from painting force, expresses effort: but in the clear distinct expression of all the united signs of an extensive, universal, abundant, and active life, that is to say, in the development, suppleness, and prominence of all the veins, in which life flows, and circulates through the whole human body.

If therefore I intend to form a statue of Hercules, I begin by shaping out from this block of marble, a body neither young nor old, but ripe, and in full virility: not colossal, but tall; not massy, but robust. Behold this effected. But we see not yet either the beauty of the hero, or the divinity of the god.

Quitting Nature then for the present, and taking for my guide the beautiful *Ideal*, I dispose, I adjust,

just, I proportion all the members of this body : I give a pliancy to all those muscles which project from it ; I level all those veins that furrow it, and by a succession of insensible gradations, I conduct over its whole superficies, a prominent yet undulating line, which whenever it rests, gives a certain determinateness of form, and where it escapes, delineates the contour.

But the most difficult part of the task still remains ; to chuse a proper action.

An embarrassing choice, indeed, exclaimed the youngest artist, amid so many labours and exploits of which the life of Hercules is composed ! Whether he destroys a hydra, or tramples on a giant, or tears asunder a lion, each of these acts of strength will equally evince a Hercules.

Far should I be, young man, said I, from representing Hercules in any of his heroic labours. Has not the very appearance of his body sufficiently announced them ? Do not you anticipate them ? At sight of this arm alone, do you not perceive that every tyrant and every monster must instantly feel the arm of Hercules and death ?

Do not you comprehend, in short, that every positive act might render the strength of Hercules suspected of effort, and the God of human imperfection ?

But, if it be beyond the possibility of art to add any power to this body, it still remains to make
you

you feel how natural, that is to say, how divine the force here exhibited is.

Now, this effect is not to be produced either by the expression of the limbs, or acts of exertion, but by contrast.

Contrasts alone display what has but just appeared, and objects which would otherwise barely discover themselves to us: they alone detach the multitude of beings, from the uniform ground of space, and separate, terminate, and distinctly illuminate them.

Without contrasts, the whole universe would be merely one single existence.

I shall therefore next endeavour to place the whole of this sublime body in the most distinguished point of contrast, and by the following attitude render the marble animate.

The god shall be seen erect, with every vein, every muscle, and every member at rest, his chest composed, and even his legs crossed negligently before him, his left arm resting on a club, holding behind his back, in his right hand, which has just strangled the dragon of the Hesperides, three golden apples. His neck nervous, yet flexible, shall firmly sustain his noble head loftily raised towards heaven, and gracefully inclined toward the earth; serenity shall be seated on his forehead, majesty in every feature, the tranquillity of his soul at the reflection of that he has procured the world

world shall appear in his downcast eye-brows, meditation in his eyes, and a smile upon his lips. Chisel labour no more, this marble is Hercules.

This is the Hercules of the palace of Farnese, exclaimed both the young artists. You are right, replied I, it is the Farnesian Hercules.

The Farnesian Hercules is one of the immortal miracles of Grecian Sculpture.

What judgment, what sensibility, what genius must the artist, the poet, the man of letters, the philosopher, have combined, who could conceive and execute so bold a design as that of uniting to beauty, the essential object of all the fine arts, not only some of those sympathetic qualities which court, in some measure, its alliance; such as tenderness, which seems to constitute a second beauty; or youth, which is its flower; or innocence, which is its ornament; or loftiness, which ennobles it; or sorrow, which renders it sublime; but force; force which should seem to be the natural enemy of beauty.

Is it possible to have understood force better than this sublime artist, to have more clearly distinguished it from effort, and even from vigour which so much resembles it?

For, let us only observe, the swell of each of those muscles accurately designed, yet none of them is on the strain. That body does not rest, it is only at rest; it does not support itself, it is only supported,

supported, the head is of the usual size, the arms alone are powerful.

But what appears to me most admirable, is the profound science, and happy choice of contrasts. The artist perfectly understood that the contrast, best calculated to give force its full effect, was serenity, gentleness, the best back ground for power, and for majesty a smile.

There is not, in fine, in this whole marble, a single stroke of the chisel that does not bear the stamp of genius.

L E T T E R L X.

Rome.

WHY should I not say something of the state of female beauty at Rome ; beauty, which is so highly estimated in every country in the world, before which the heart of youth begins to palpitate, the imagination of the mature man is still inflamed when nothing else can warm him, and the memory of which still melts, or makes the old man smile.

Beauty is rare here, as it is every where else. Nature here, in the composition of women, is often deficient in that charming combination of colours and form which the eye of man demands when it contemplates the softer sex.

Nature seldom attains beauty here, except in the outline of the countenance, and the hand. She gives a rough sketch of the shape, but seldom finishes : the bosom and the foot especially escape her. Nor indeed, does she form with equal beauty, every species of flower, in every country in the world.

She is said, however, to compensate for this negligence, or want of industry, with respect to the Roman women, by the perfection of their shoulders ; but I am in reality of opinion, that if
the

the shoulders of the Roman women appear more beautiful, it is because they are more seen; possibly too the *embonpoint* that begins to take place very early, does in fact contribute to embellish them.

Be this as it may, Nature could not place more happily, nor accord with more effect, the forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears and neck, than in the Roman women; she could not possibly employ purer, softer, or more correct forms; all the distinct parts are finished, and the whole is compleat. How charming a complexion! It is impregnated with roses and with lilies. What carnation! You would think that fair one perpetually blushing.

A fine Roman head never fails to astonish, and, taken altogether, affects the heart: its beauties are perceived at the first glance, and the slightest recollection brings it full into the memory.

But, as every excellence in this world is counterbalanced by its defects; if a Roman woman receives from Nature that beauty which astonishes and excites admiration, she does not obtain from her that grace which charms and inspires love. If she possesses those never-failing attractions which form, of a fine woman, but one beauty, she is wanting in those fugitive graces, which, of one amiable person, form twenty. You may contemplate that countenance a whole day

day in vain, those fine eyes will have only one look, that pretty mouth only one smile; never will you discover either pain or pleasure passing over that unvaried brow; nor those accomplished features gently undulating, like water, by the insensible motion of a tender sentiment, or a delicate idea.

It may be observed, indeed, that it is difficult for a woman of much sensibility to be perfectly handsome. Sensibility necessarily deranges, by its delicate motions, the proportions of the face; but, then, it substitutes features expressive of mind, for beauty.

Nothing is more rare than to meet with a face here that moves, or interests; that bespeaks a soul.

But what lovely hands! and beautiful hands are indeed a beauty they are so rare!

Beauty among the Roman women, fades very rapidly, and at once. Here it is a rose without a bud. A Roman girl of fifteen, is in full beauty; and as she does not cultivate it by any exercise, as she overwhelms it with sleep, and takes no method to preserve it, her features are soon surcharged with too great plumpness, and her whole form becomes disproportionate: but it is to this very indolence, which, in so short a time, will disguise all the delicacy of her face, that she is

indebted for those handsome shoulders, which she displays to view with so much pride.

There is another reason why the beauty of the Roman women decays so rapidly: it is always kept shut up; it is always in the shade. The bud of beauty, like other flowers, requires the rays of the sun.

I must say a word or two of the voice of the Roman women, for the voice is an essential part of the sex. That of the Roman women, like their faces, is fine, but it has no soul: it expresses, at times, the bursts of passion, but hardly ever its true accents. Let a Roman woman, in short, sing before you, her voice will not originate from her heart, nor will it expire in yours.

There are exceptions, however, among the Roman ladies, to all I have been saying. I am myself acquainted with at least three; *Theresa, Rosalinda and Palmira P.*

It is true, that by passing their lives with foreigners, in their father's house, the coquetry natural to their sex and to themselves is continually kept in action.

Theresa is Armida in miniature, Palmira would have resembled Erminia, in the days of Erminia. Rosalinda has something of whatever is pleasing in woman in every country in the world. Each motion of her eye-lid, and of her lip is a grace.

These

These three sisters possess accomplishments. They dance—with delicacy—with expression!

But I have said sufficient on the subject of Roman beauty; the delicate bloom of a flower must be carefully touched, and its perfumes sparingly inhaled.

LETTER LXI.

I ENTER a church, and read on a column, ^{Rome.}
this bull of the pope:

*Ten years indulgence for whoever shall pray for
the king of France.*

Louis XI. was, no doubt, then on the throne.

L E T T E R LXII.

Rome.

I HAVE this morning been wandering, in modern Rome, to seek the remains of the ancient city.

Every thing that could be dug out of ancient Rome has been found mutilated either by the barbarians, fanaticism, or time.

The Italians, however, preserve these few remains with the greatest care; not from taste, not from respect for antiquity, but from mere avarice. These ruins, in fact, attract from every corner of the world, that crowd of strangers, whose curiosity has long furnished a maintenance to three-fourths of Italy.

The Italians preserve their ruins, as beggars keep open their sores.

I cannot express the sensation I experienced, on entering and walking in the mausoleum of Augustus.

The magnificent palace of the dead contained a great number of apartments; each member of the family of Augustus had his own.

I took a pleasure in trampling under foot the particles of that vain and cold dust, which, united
for

for a moment, about two thousand years ago composed Octavius.

A theatre is built on this mausoleum, in which combats of beasts are given from time to time : The roaring of lions is heard amid this awful silence of the grave.

That celebrated obelisk, transported with so much labour and expence, under the Cæsars, from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tiber, covered with hieroglyphic characters, of which the alphabet is lost, which, rearing its majestic head amid the seven hills, reflected the rays of the sun, and shewed all Rome the hour of the day, now lies in a corner, mutilated like a dead body, covered with dust and dirt, and consumed by time.

It is separated from its base, which is lying also at some distance, and on which we read : *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, and immediately after : *Urbanus Pontifex Maximus*. Monstrous combination ! How many ages does it annihilate !

Of all the forum of Trajan, nothing now remains but the column, which presented to the adoration of the world the image of that emperor.

It is still erect, and untouched, except that instead of Trajan, it now bears St. Peter.

This column is admirable for its proportions, form and sculpture. The whole military life of Trajan is there written in triumphs. This column presents, perhaps, a thousand figures, from among which, the attentive artist may still select new expressions and new attitudes.

Its base is magnificent; it is covered with helmets, cuirasses, swords, and innumerable implements of war. But the circumstance which confers the greatest value on this superb monument is, that it bears thy name, O, Trajan! . . . It is called Trajan's Pillar.

How shall I describe the two horses of marble which we see in the square of Monte Cavallo, opposite the palace of the pope, and the two slaves who are guiding them?

These two groupes are sublime both in the thought and execution.

You read on the base of one, *The work of Phidias*; on that of the other, *The work of Praxiteles*; inscriptions which are evidently modern, yet do not offend.

For these horses, are indeed horses, though of a particular species. They are horses of marble.

And then those slaves! What bodies! What heads! What legs! What arms!

But how does this slave hold in that fierce courser, free from the bridle and the bit; who chafes, rears up and bounds?—He looks at him.

L E T T E R L X I I I .

Rome.

WHAT is love among the Roman women? Such as it inevitably must be in a climate and amid manners where it seldom or ever meets with obstacles to fortify it; prejudices to enhance its value; moral ideas to embellish it; restraints to keep it alive; or any of the various circumstances, in short, which consistently with our manners, often render it a happiness, a triumph, and a virtue.

Love, with the Roman women, is an amusement, a matter of business, or caprice, and but of short duration as a want; for they soon wear it out: Their heart loves, the instant it arrives at maturity.

To talk of love should constitute one of its mysteries; but love here forms a common-place topic of conversation, together with those of rain and fine weather, the arrival of a stranger, the promotions of the morning, and the processions of the evening.

You talk of it to daughters before their mothers; and mothers even talk of it before their daughters.

A mo-

A mother says, without any ceremony, my daughter does not eat, she does not sleep *she has a fit of love* ; as if she was telling you she had got a fever.

I have seen priests dancing with young ladies ; and it was not thought either scandalous or ridiculous ; for here, sexes, dignities, and ages are not discriminated and separated by any distinctive marks of dress, pre-eminence, or decorum.

An old man, an officer, and a cardinal will talk of love with a girl in a dark corner.

The language is as dissolute as the climate : the moment you are allowed to say some things to a woman, you may say every thing.

The girls in general, however, are tolerably prudent : all of them carry their virginity with them to the altar, not indeed the virginity of the heart, but of the body, which the Italians hold in high estimation.

The girls employ their early youth in practising, under the eyes of their mothers, the lessons they have received from them, on the art of catching a husband ; but, as the men are on their guard, they spread their nets twenty times before they prove successful once. They neglect nothing however to succeed, except it be to neglect nothing.

The most notorious gallantry does not affect their reputation : A woman here is as prudent as she

she is ugly; and as gallant as she is beautiful. What then? She is in love.

The women never renounce love here, that is to say, the men, but when they can no longer pay them.

Look not here, among the women, for that tenderness of heart which penetrates, satisfies, and enchants; that intimate and secret life, the mutual bliss of two lovers; that tenderness which forms a pleasure of pain, which delights in sacrifices, and increases by enjoyment; that moral love, in short, which, if it does not enchain or govern the physical passion, at least decorates and veils it.

Nor will you find here, those two delightful kinds of friendship between the sexes, the one of which succeeds to love, the other imitates it, and which both of them so closely resemble love, as to be often mistaken for it,

L E T T E R LXIV.

Rome.

BEHOLD that fountain so celebrated in the history of Rome; on whose banks the sage Numa pretended to converse with his Naiad; and in which the chaste vestals bathed themselves, many ages after, under the Cæsars.

What is become of the dark and religious wood that overshadowed and defended it from the winds, from animals and men?

Egeria was not the divinity that spoke to Numa. It was your divinity, ye beauteous waters, your pleasing murmur, your refreshing coolness, and all the charms of that mysterious silence which surrounds you.

And I, also, I feel myself inspired by you; my heart is tranquil, my mind serene, my senses unagitated: I am happy. Yet, charming fountain, when instead of this marble dome, the moss, the turf, the violet, the honey-suckle, and the virgin hawthorn alone covered and ornamented thy waters, they must have been infinitely more eloquent.

With what pleasure have I listened to all those beauteous streams, which now free and unconfined,

finer, obedient alone to Nature, gush through the moss, spread themselves over the sand, or bound upon the marble, among the trunks of columns! They have held converse with me on all the objects nearest to my heart; they have presented them to my imagination; till I seemed to behold them present.

How delightful is that canopy of briars, ivy, and the wild vine, which now occupy one half of that marble dome, and curtain round the fountain, with their soft and pleasing shades, continually waving with the zephyr!

Those Corinthian capitals, which displaying their massy ornaments in the air, once seemed to crush under their weight the earth that bore them, are now lying on the ground! The delicate foliage of the acanthus is now covered by the leaves of noisome weeds!—Let every thing that creeps console itself; for every thing that is elevated falls!

Must I then leave thee, charming fountain! What pity that thou shouldest still stream through that mute and desert country! Thou shouldest flow through the midst of Arcadia; through a country, at least, where thou mightest find flocks to water in thy course, shepherds to repose upon thy banks, and where shepherdesses might indulge the reveries of fancy inspired by thy murmurs.

Such are the walks that you may take at Rome.

Others

Others may bring home from Rome, paintings, marbles, medals, and productions of natural history ; as for me, I will bring back feelings, sentiments and ideas : and above all those ideas, sentiments and feelings which arise in the mind and in the heart, at the foot of antique columns, on the top of triumphal arches, in the depths of ruined tombs, and on the mossy banks of fountains,

LETTER LXV.

Rome.

WHAT riches, what beauties are displayed in the palace of the villa *Borghese*!

It is a vast assemblage of columns, pilasters, vases, and ornaments, in alabaster, marble, bronze and porphyry; and in porphyry, bronze, marble and alabaster.

But so much magnificence is a fault.—Too great richness of ornament hides beauty.

If you wish me to judge whether that woman be handsome, take away those diamonds and that drapery; let me at least see her.

But through all that gold, porphyry and marble, I have at length been able to discover a *Curtius* throwing himself into the gulph.

The hero and the fiery courser are really falling: you turn aside your eyes.

How does that horse struggle with all his strength against the weight that is impelling him! How does he recoil from the abyss! *Curtius*, on the contrary, resigns himself to death with a devoted air; he pushes forward to the precipice; he plunges into the gulph.

Admirable contrast of the weakness of physical, and of the triumph of moral powers!

A more

A more pleasing object is yon bust of Marcus Aurelius.

Let us seek his character, his mind, his soul, in his features. Yes, Marcus Aurelius must have had that melancholy air: he loved mankind, he wished to make them happy, and was acquainted with the human heart.

This is a finished bust; the instrument of the artist has taken a pleasure in representing Marcus Aurelius; it has dwelt on every part.

What delight does the soul experience in contemplating the features of good princes! It becomes intoxicated with their image. We imagine ourselves, for a moment, in the presence of divinities.

I must say a word concerning the celebrated Gladiator.

In the Hercules of the palace Farnese, art has exhibited all the power the human body is capable of; and in the Gladiator of the palace Borghese, has displayed all its vigor.

You feel that the victorious blow is already delivered from the Gladiator's hand. You feel the death of the adversary in that look.

How learned are the three lines of marble, on which this whole Gladiator is collected and exerted!

That groupe of Apollo pursuing Daphne, does honour to the chisel of Bernini.

Apollo

Apollo comes up with Daphne, who suddenly is transformed into a laurel. Already her dishevelled locks are leaves; the toes of her delicate feet, roots; and her beautiful bosom is concealed beneath the investing bark; her youthful arms have shot out into young branches.

The hair of Apollo waves in the wind.

You cannot but recollect the natural and delicate exclamation put by Ovid in the mouth of Apollo: *Lovely Daphne, run not at least among those plants. Ah! fly slower, cruel nymph; I will slacken my pursuit.* I seem to hear the entreaties of the god.

I can no longer either admire, look round me, or even see: my feelings are overpowered: I take my leave.

M. de la Harpe
M. de la Harpe

M. de la Harpe
M. de la Harpe

M. de la Harpe
M. de la Harpe

M. de la Harpe

poem

L E T T E R LXVI

Rome.

I WENT, this morning, to a bookseller's shop.

I there found several of our best modern authors.

The magnificent portrait of Nature, painted by Buffon.—That work of ancient and modern astronomy, in which science and genius have confided to eloquence the secrets of the sun *.

—The humane and philosophic history of the Rivalry of France and England †.—The translation of the history of Charles V. by a writer capable of the original ‡.—The pathetic drama of Melanie which restores us Racine, and that of Philoctetes, worthy of Sophocles §.—The eloquent Belifarius, which teaches nations to commiserate kings; and kings, to have pity upon nations ||.—The poem on English gardening, written by French taste **.—The poem, entitled *the Months*, which must at all times charm the lovers of nature and of poetry ††.—The

* By M. Bailli.

† M. Gaillard.

‡ M. Suard.

§ M. de la Harpe.

|| M. de Marmontel.

** The Abbé

Delille.

†† M. de Fontanes.

poem

poem on the Seasons, which so perfectly images the seasons *.—In fine, that invaluable present made to empires, *The Administration of the Finances* †.

I have seen the P. J. justly celebrated for his wit, learning, and goodness of heart. If you wish to be well received by him, as well as by all learned men in Europe, present him a letter of recommendation from the secretary of the sciences, the illustrious Marquis de Condorcet.

I here read beneath the portrait of M. de Condorcet, this inscription :

D'un Sage, voici le modele,
En même temps que le portrait.
La verité, jamais, eut-elle
De secretaire plus fidele,
Et de confident moins discret ?

The P. J. is the object of much envy, and fortunately he merits it. What then is envy ? It is, in the little, impatience of superiority ; in the great, of equality.

One word on the academy of the *Arcades*. It is a name.

* The Translation of Thompson.

† M. Necker.

LETTER LXVII.

Rome.

IT was propos'd to me to go and see a picture of Guerchini, representing the unexpected arrival of Erminia among the shepherds.

I have been to see it, for I wish'd to compare the painting on this subject by Guerchini, with that given us by Tasso.

But how different the one from the other !

First read Tasso. Erminia, agitated by love and terror, has been long wandering in a forest, during the night ; till overcome by affliction and fatigue, she stops and falls asleep. At day break she is awakened by the singing of birds ; she listens, and weeps ; when on a sudden she hears sounds, that penetrate her very soul : these are songs of shepherds, accompanied by a pipe. Her tears cease to flow ; she rises, and advances slowly, through the trees, towards this pastoral music. In the midst of a grove she perceives an old man seated under a plane-tree, with his flock near him, weaving a wicker basket, whilst two young shepherds and a shepherdess are singing together a rustic heir to their father. At sight of a warrior with arms and a helmet, the shepherds are alarmed and cease to sing ; but Erminia, instantly
takes

takes off her helmet, and the shepherds no longer are afraid. Erminia approaches smiling, and says to them: "Happy family, shepherds, the favourites of heaven, continue to work and sing; certainly these arms are not intended to disturb your tranquillity; I come not to interrupt your labours or your songs." A tear then drops from the beautiful eyes of Erminia upon her beauteous bosom.

Now let us look at the design of Guerchini. Erminia is in the middle of a forest; she has taken off her helmet, and two little children, at twenty paces distance, perceive her, and are flying in dismay; a third is hiding himself in the arms of an old man, seated under a tree; while, at a little distance, the wife of the old man, who was drawing water from a well, stops, and is looking with an air of astonishment.

How ridiculous the composition!

What! has Erminia taken off her helmet, and are these shepherds still afraid! Has Erminia been drawn to this place by a concert of pastoral voices, and the music of a pipe; and are these shepherds little children! The scene besides should be a copse, and we find a well there! What too is become of the rivulet?

But observe the truth of this colouring! How harmonious are those tints! How happily has the painter managed the *clair obscure*!

This is not now the question, I sought for a poem.

How charming the idea of the poet! Erminia has taken off her helmet, not with a premeditated design, but by instinct, by a sort of natural coquetry; she loves; she is unhappy; they are shepherds that she fees; but she is a woman.

L E T T E R LXVIII

Rome.

POLYDORE, a young sculptor of Athens, came to be present at the olympic games at Elis.

He had seen the statues of the heroes and the gods, which, placed round the stadium, were exposed to the eyes of all Greece.

He had seen the youth intoxicated with the Venus of Praxiteles, and the tender Virgin blush with modesty at the sight of the Mercury of Terminus: he had read, in the countenance of a disciple of Socrates, religious awe motionless before the Jupiter of Phidias.

The thirst of fame and emulation, that noble emulation which ever accompanies great talents, take entire possession of the heart of Polydore.

He

He quits the circle of the games, and repairs to the sea-side. There solitary, pensive, and in silence, he is deaf to the noise of the surge which breaks upon the beach; he hears only the voice of Fame, proclaiming and immortalizing the names of his rivals.

Yes, exclaimed he, Fame shall proclaim mine also, I will force her to publish it, I too will make the world say, on seeing me, *That is he*. I, in my turn, will force my rivals to hear my name with uneasiness. I will oblige the proud and haughty glance of great men to behold me from a less height, and teach the most disdainful beauties no longer to neglect Polydore. The eye of my dear Ephina shall meet mine with more complacency.

Might I but conceive a master-piece, superior to all that Grecian sculpture has hitherto produced!

I will endeavour to combine in one single work, at once the true, the beautiful, and the sublime.

To effect this happy union, I shall choose the model from among the gods, the form in ideal beauty; the charms of the age between adolescence and virility; and the action, among those which require only that moderate expression, in which the true admits the beautiful, and where the beautiful does not exclude the true.

The imagination of Polydore then mounted to Olympus, and passed all the deities in review.

He did not stop at Mars; he passed by Mercury; he disdained Adonis, whom Venus alone had made a god.

I see none but Apollo, said he, which can suit my design: I see no other than the god of day, the master of the lyre, the son of Jupiter, and the vanquisher of the serpent Pytho. Polydore chose Apollo.

The day drew near the close; Polydore returns home, and goes to rest; but he cannot sleep; he dreams, he meditates, he imagines.

There he is, cried he. He walks with majestic step; he espies the monster; he bends his bow, the monster is dead, and the god smiles with indignation. The arm which had bent the bow is still suspended; the other is at rest.

At the first dawn of day Polydore flies to his workshop.

He fixes his eyes upon a block of marble. He is there, says he, I see him (his genius had already conveyed him thither); it is now time to bring him forth to view.

Already the chisels of his pupils have taken possession of the block. But as soon as Polydore thinks he has discovered the god, he stops them, and takes up his own.

Every

Every stroke he gives, detaches and throws at his feet part of the veil that hides from him Apollo.

Already is discovered the brilliant surface of the noblest, the most harmonious body, a body at once the least virile, and the least adolescent, limbs purified from all the dross of humanity, and originating one from the other.

But the head yet remains hidden; and if the body is to be a god, the head must be Apollo. The head, above every part, should distinguish the god of day and of the lyre, the vanquisher of the serpent Pytho.

The chisel of Polydore trembles in approaching this divine head, and hesitates to unveil it; but at length, emboldened, doubtless by Apollo himself, he slightly touches over the forehead, which instantaneously thinks; he lays a greater stress below the eyebrows, and a glance escapes from the eye, which outstrips the arrow: he then passes his tool over the lips, and they breathe forth indignation.

This is that Apollo of Belvidere; This is the marble made a god by one of those creative chisels, which by selecting, combining, or imitating Nature, have surpassed Nature!

How beautiful is this divine figure! How noble! How commanding, and at the same time how attractive!

How

How perfectly is the body designed! In running over it, the eye is forced to follow its admirable outline. It can stop no where.

How great an artist was this Polydore *!

We are forced to recollect that this Apollo is of marble, to believe it to be the work of man.

How fortunate is it that time should have respected this astonishing combination of the most perfect human forms!

I come continually to see it, continually do I come to study it; I come to elevate my imagination and my heart towards that beautiful *Idea*, of which this statue is perhaps the master-piece.

* Polydore is a supposed name.

LETTER LXIX.

Rome.

I WENT yesterday to see the catacombs of the convent of St. Sebastian. The Jacobine who served me as a guide, appeared to be a man of understanding, and much warmth of imagination.

After entering the first street of this immense subterraneous cavity, you see, said my conductor, on each side in this rock, the place where so many bodies lay piled one upon another: it is said that upwards of one hundred thousand of them were found here; these were all the bodies of martyrs.

There are some instruments of punishment, altars, and a statue of St. Sebastian in marble, by Bernini: and here the earth has fallen in.

Such accidents happen, added he, from time to time; it is necessary therefore to advance with great precaution, in these dangerous caverns: unfortunate strangers have more than once entered them, and never returned.

About forty years ago, a young man and his wife had the curiosity to penetrate into them. They entered, preceded by a guide carrying a torch, when on a sudden the rock fell in behind them.

Night

Night had now come on. The guide who was missing, was sought for through the whole convent, and at length, in passing before the catacombs, O, horror! it was observed that the gate was open.

The alarm was general, they run for lights, they descend, search every where, and, at length, arrive where the earth had newly fallen in.

They call, and are answered by cries.—But how might it be possible to move and raise this massy rock and effect an opening?

They soon heard nothing but confused groans; and even these an instant after were no longer heard: they listened, and listened several times, but hearing no more, they gave over listening and fled.—How did I shudder at this dreadful narrative!

What a scene did my imagination paint behind this crumbled rock, when the light was ready to extinguish!—When it actually did extinguish! When the wife no longer could discern her husband; and the guide no longer knew his way; when the darkness in which they were suddenly plunged, became to them, the eternal darkness of death!—When they both found themselves inclosed in their tombs!

As we continued our way, my conductor gave me the history of these catacombs. He spoke of them

them with an earnestness which proved his imagination and his faith.

Here was it, said he to me with a zealous warmth, that the Christians, persecuted by the Cæsars, repaired towards evening to celebrate their mysteries. Women, children, old men, rich and poor, all flocked hither to the worship of God.

Here was it that the prayer of the venerable pontiff, resounded from one end of the cavern to the other, and issued forth to heaven. How admirable was the concert of so many voices and hearts joined in prayer! At this sacred moment the faithful frequently brought, into the midst of the assembly, the dead bodies of their brethren, who had just suffered under the hand of the executioner. Not a groan was uttered; not a lamentation escaped them; not a tear was shed; not even by mothers: all still continued to pray.

One evening, while they were praying, on a sudden an unusual noise was heard, and a great light seen. A band of merciless soldiers, who had at length discovered the subterraneous passages, broke in like savage beasts, who have surprized their prey. They enter; they search every part of the cavern, and massacre the unhappy multitude stretching out their necks to slaughter: A few women and children only take to flight, and they are followed by the barbarians, sword

in

in hand, and all murdered. The soldiers then return to continue their researches, but the frightful silence their cruelty had caused chills them with horror, and they are unable to enter.—They quit the cavern, and seal up for ever this immense tomb with enormous rocks.

But I mistake; in vain have massy rocks and revolving ages conspired to conceal this sepulcher; the pety of the faithful suspects, discovers, and forcing its way, enters and collects all these bones, that dust, and those dead bodies which had been sealed up within these prodigious rocks.

On arriving at a certain distance, my conductor stopped; a circumstance I regretted, for I wished to have thrown a few rays of the pale light that guided by steps, into the depth of this antique and hallowed darkness.

I then sat down upon a stone, with the permission of my guide; who thus concluded his discourse, "I often take a delight, in repairing to this cavern, to anticipate the night, the solitude and the coldness of death.

Into such caverns, into the bowels of the earth, should we descend to reflect on every thing passing on it, on every thing mankind are doing, or imagine they are doing. How little should we there perceive the march of the armies that make it tremble, the wheel of the triumphal cars that
fur-

furrow its surface, and the fall of the cities and empires it bears; the noise of these is there no longer heard.

I love subterraneous abodes; there detached from every sense, and wrapt in solitude, the soul expands her powers; she rises to heights unknown. We are almost ready to say, that the way to heaven lies under the earth.

Thither should men of groveling minds frequently retire, to heal the wounds of love, envy, or ingratitude. There it would be impossible for ambition to live."

We came out of the catacombs, and I could have wished again to have entered them.

L E T T E R LXX.

THE imagination of Michael Angelo was truly Roman; its views were always above the common standard, as it is impossible for a giant not to stride. It conceived at once, in the three great arts, the Basilic of Saint Peter, the picture of the last judgment, and the statue of Moses.

Moses appears seated, holding the tables of the law under one arm; while the other is rested with an air of majesty on the breast, the breast indeed of a prophet.

How sublime is his look!

That august brow seems but a transparent veil, which scarcely covers an immense mind.

How are we astonished at the waving amplitude of his beard, which descends, or rather flows down to his waste: but the first glance beholds nothing but Moses.

That beard is not in Nature, I admit it; but it exists in the ideal perfection of beauty.

The mouth is full of expression; thought is there waiting for utterance.

Homer, Bossuet, Michael Angelo, seem to have possessed successively the same imagination—Is it extinct?

L E T T E R LXXI.

Rome.

THE *villa Adriana* comprehends a space of about ten miles, at the foot of the mountains of Tivoli, within which the emperor Adrian, after travelling six years, in the different kingdoms of the Roman empire, that is to say the world, had caused the arts to imitate all the monuments the magnificence or splendour of which had excited his admiration. Within this circle was seen, here the lyceum; there the academy; further on, the prytaneum; in this plain, the portico; on the declivity of that hill, the temple of Theffalia; in the middle of yon wood, the Pecilium of Athens; baths, libraries, naumachiæ, and theatres. There, were the Elyfian fields; there, too, the infernal shades.

The palace of the emperor rose amid these imitative monuments, embellished with all the ornaments architecture could lavish on the residence of the master of the world.

There it was that Adrian passed seven whole years, in the enjoyment of himself, Nature, and the Arts; consoling himself with them, for the cares of empire; and disburthening,
from

from time to time, the head of a philosopher, of the crown of the universe.

Estimating like a philosopher, he reduced the time he had lived to these seven years.

Never did Roman thought, or power, or will, conceive or execute any thing so grand, as the villa Adriana : it was, at it were, a selection from every age, all the arts, and the whole globe.

Imagine the moment when Adrian, environed with artists, philosophers, and poets, within this space of ten miles, said to all the fine arts : Here, raise the Lyceum ; there the portico ; there the temple of Canopus ; in this valley, I would see the Elysian fields : Take what gold you want, one year, and fifty thousand of my slaves !

But what a moment also was that, when the barbarians entered, and conjunctively with time began their ravages !—I discovered time there also.

How shall I describe what I felt at the first sight of this spot, when a poor peasant opened to me the half rotten gate of wood, which at present is the entrance to its precincts.

I proceeded, for three hours, with a heart wrung with sorrow, alone, through grass and weeds, amid the trunks of columns and ruined walks. I passed over this profound solitude from one end to the other.

Caracalla,

Caracalla, the Italians, and time, have spared neither the Lyceum, nor the portico, nor the academy ! They have effaced even their very traces !

I set about going over the remains which were still distinguishable, and hastened to examine them, as if they were no longer to subsist the next day : as if Caracalla was expected to return at night. What joy, when amidst the brambles, under the branches of a fig-tree or of ivy, I was so fortunate as to perceive the fragments of some column !

I wandered about ; I stopt ; and then wandered about again ; I was never tired with contemplating these ruins, of violet colour, scattered, under an azure sky, on lawns of the tenderest verdure.

I went likewise to visit the hundred chambers, where the Pretorian guards were lodged. A fig-tree, growing in the Pozzalara, has penetrated the roof of one of these chambers, and extended its branches in the middle of it, the rays of the sun, insinuating themselves through the wall, were assiduously ripening the fruit ; and the bees buzzing all around.

It began to be late, the sun was near setting ; when, wading among the briars, near a temple of Jupiter, which is every moment falling to ruin, I met with a menagery.

P

There

There I rested myself under a pine-tree, whilst opposite to me, on a den where a lion formerly had roared, a nightingale was singing : her song seemed accompanied by a brook, which bubbled in soft murmurs through the verdure.

I listened alternately to the stream, the nightingale, and the silence :—I was enchanted !

But night at length overshadowed the desert, and compelled me to retire.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Rome!

I CANNOT give you a better account of the Laocoon of *Belvidere*, than by repeating a conversation I had, concerning this admirable groupe, with a young artist.

I had been employed near an hour, in alternately studying and admiring its beauties.

How, said I to myself, could M. de write, that the death of Laocoon is represented on this marble, as in the verses of Virgil? Either M. de has not read the passage of Virgil, or he has not seen this groupe. In Virgil, the action is successive; here, it is simultaneous. In Virgil, the serpents have already torn the two children, when their father flies to their aid; here, the children and their father are attacked at the same time. In Virgil, Laocoon utters the most fearful cries, and on this marble he is silent. Virgil, in a word, confines himself to the expression of physical suffering; while Agasias * has given us moral pain. He has done more; amid these distinct species of suffering he has depicted courage combating and vanquishing both. Of these two

* A supposed name.

men of genius, the artist certainly is Virgil, and Agasias the poet. The former has given us a narrative, the latter a poem. Virgil's main object was to move; Agasias wished to please. Agasias therefore has surpassed Virgil.

I was finishing this parallel in my mind, and thinking of what utility a thorough explanation of it might prove for the instruction of young artists; how it might serve to enable them to comprehend the difference there is, in all the fine arts, between mechanism that imitates, and genius that composes; when at the very moment I cast my eyes on a young man near me, who was busy taking a drawing of the Laocoon.

I found his drawing wretched, but held my tongue.

What do you think of it, says the young artist to me, in Italian?

Why, answered I, you are still far from the original.

I think with you, said he; I am by no means satisfied. This is the tenth time I have copied this groupe, and I never get beyond the whole effect: yet, I cannot help thinking, that I copy with the greatest fidelity.

If you had copied, said I, with the greatest fidelity, your drawing would reflect your model as faithfully as a mirror, but depend upon it your translation is very far from literal. It is full of
weighty

weighty omissions, and palpable mistakes. It would be unfair, it is true, to reproach you with your copy not being literal, for it is not possible it should be so. You cannot, in so small a compass, collect all the parts of your model, even in miniature. A great number of them are only points which cannot be abridged : you are compelled therefore to select some, and to suppose the rest ; but you have made a bad choice, and have supposed ill. You have selected the particulars which define the body, and rejected those which express the soul. I see nothing beneath your pencil, but the body of an old man, hideous from age and pain ; while the chisel of Agasias, presents to me the tender heart of a father, and the firm mind of the sage. The Laocoon of Agasias therefore inspires me with a lively admiration that attaches me to his sufferings, whilst yours, on the contrary, offends and disgusts me.

But, replied the young artist, is not the effect I produce more natural ?

Unquestionably, the effect you produce is much more natural ; but the object of the fine arts is not simply to imitate nature, but to imitate the beautiful in nature ; not merely to affect sensibility, but to affect it happily. The unskilful artist knows not how to chuse. In a disgusting
P 31 subject,

subject, he will adopt precisely its most disgusting part.

Explain to me then, said the youth, in what consists the genius and judgment which appears to you so conspicuous in the choice of the attitude to which the artist has here given the preference.

Young man, I replied, Agasias undertook to represent, on marble, the misfortune of Laocoon. He said, no doubt, to himself: should I make choice of the aspect, under which it at first view presents itself, it will certainly excite horror, and that the more the better it shall be executed. These two children and that old man torn by two serpents! who will be able to bear such a sight? Yet what I mean to represent must be rendered not only supportable, but attractive. He muses, he meditates, he descends into his heart, and interrogates by turns his sensibility and his judgment. "I have discovered the secret," exclaims he, "the horror of the principal action must be made to disappear, under the interest I communicate to the accessories. I will therefore resign the body of the old man to the bite of the serpent; but this body at least shall be perfect; and beneath the pressure of years, his wounds, and sufferings, the spectator shall discover, at intervals, the splendour of a majestic

“ jestic beauty. I will express likewise, through
“ the whole body of Laocoon, the pain he en-
“ dures ; but as this would be too horrid, were
“ it wholly to appear, I will retain a part of it in
“ the soul, and mingle what I shall suffer to
“ manifest itself, with the affliction of a father.
“ But these, his two sons, embarrass me. Shall I
“ display them both torn to pieces by the ser-
“ pents ? What a disgusting sameness ! I shall
“ sink beneath pity. No, I must shew these
“ two children running, at the same time, to
“ their father, from two different sides ; the ser-
“ pents shall seize them both, before they reach
“ him ; but one only shall be their victim, and he
“ shall be the youngest, that his fate may be the
“ more affecting. The other shall be simply
“ entwined in the folds of the monster ; and his
“ sacrifice shall be deferred. I will endeavour to
“ render both these episodes extremely affecting,
“ in order still more to diminish, by the compas-
“ sion these children shall inspire, the horror ex-
“ cited by the father ; I will endeavour, in a
“ word, to render pity the predominant passion
“ excited by my work.”

Observe now, said I to the young man, how well Agasias has executed this sublime and just conception.

Yes, said he, we see the workings of all the muscles distorted by excruciating pain.

Alas !

Alas! replied I, we are not talking about the working of the muscles! You artists hardly ever see any thing but the mere mechanical execution. You seldom or ever admire any thing but what is the production of the hand; the work of genius escapes you. Commend with all my heart, the mechanical execution; but in its proper turn, that is to say, after all the rest. For what would it signify to the general effect of the whole, if the artist had neglected to express the suffering of some veins, and represented, indifferently, some part of the flesh? How trivial must his work be, did it leave the eye of a man of sensibility so soon free to quit the whole, and descend to the particulars. How insignificant must it be, did the soul so readily recollect that the figures are of marble, and the work of the chisel! Ill betide the artist who exhibits his talents before his work. To approach perfection, his performance ought to be such, that our feelings should first experience all the effect, and our reflection next discover all the merit.

For my own part, what makes the greatest impression on me when viewing the Laocoon, are the feelings of the unhappy father; the firm soul of the sage; the wretched fate of the aged man; and finally, (for this is the last thing that appears) the dreadful sufferings of the man; all these present themselves at once. Admirable combination!

How

How is my whole attention fixed on a scene, which differently represented, would never have engaged me to bestow on it a single glance.

When I next proceed to form a judgment on the merit of the artist ; what understanding, what knowledge, what genius, in a word, do I every where discover !

Agasias wished to exhibit pain, tenderness and courage, struggling together in the body of Laocoon. For this purpose he chooses an attitude which may lay open, and expose the whole body to those three contending passions. And how wonderfully has he imagined this extraordinary attitude ! He first makes the attack on Laocoon to be on the side, so that the whole trunk is forced to project to avoid the tooth of the exasperated serpent ; he then disposes one fold of the serpent above the shoulders, which compels him, in order to break it, to open both his arms and stretch forward his head.

The convulsions of pain, however, will derange this attitude : but the artist conceives the idea of rendering it fixed by binding all the lower part of the body within the double wreaths of the serpent.

Now let us contemplate the combat between pain and courage.

The cry of sufferance is ready to force a passage from those half opened lips ! But courage again

again closes them. They will not allow it to escape. The whole surface of that body, a prey to agony, resembles the surface of an agitated and foaming sea. But do you not remark, among those plaintive looks of pain, the still more plaintive looks of paternal tenderness?

Agasias has had the art too, wonderfully to interest us in the death of the youngest of the two children! He was running to take refuge in the bosom of his father, when a serpent darts forth, overtakes him, and in a knot, with which he binds his legs, lifts him up, and holds him in the air; whilst with another of his folds, he deprives of motion one of his feeble arms. The serpent then, with the weight of one only of his folds, which glides over the bosom of the child, presses, entwines and strangles him; he expires, looking at his father. How affecting is this look! To die so young! To die by such a death! That delicate and tender body to be strangled by a serpent!—But at least he has not suffered much.

The tragedy is not yet concluded. The fate of the eldest is not decided. What, will no man, no deity come to untwist those abominable serpents from around the legs of this child! In vain does he look up to his father; in vain do his little hands attempt to break those knots. His hands, alas! are too feeble. But perhaps the serpents will be satiated, when they shall have devoured Laocoon,

coon, and sucked out the life of his young brother? Unfortunate child! What a hope! How sublime an artist was Agafias, who forces all these thoughts upon me.

As I continued talking thus, and giving a loole to my enthusiasm, the young artist became animated.

This will do, cried I to myself; Fly to your pencil, you begin to feel.

Cold blood, added I, has never imitated any thing but the productions of cold blood, that is to say, cold things. Ye artists, who have only eyes, copy inanimate matter, and dead bodies. It is the exclusive province of imagination, of sensibility, to copy life, motion and passion.

But I do not conceive, said the young painter, why it is necessary, in order to copy well, to possess genius, sentiment, and enthusiasm; it seems to me as if eyes were sufficient, nay I cannot but think, that too much emotion would prevent me from seeing well.

My friend, the eyes of the body alone are necessary to see and copy what the eyes of the body have seen; but it is with the eye of genius only, that you can perceive and copy what the eye of genius has discovered. It is only with the same emotion, the same sentiment, that has inspired such and such traits, that we are able to recognize those traits. The characteristic

istic features of the soul are visible only to the soul.

How is it possible for an artist, who has never entered into the design of Agassias, who has not comprehended, for instance, that his intention in the play of this or that muscle, was to express at once, the force of the pain which irritates and impels, and the effort of the courage which resists and retains it, ever to conceive that complicated movement; and if he does not conceive it, how would you have him render it? He will omit precisely the decisive trait; he will even imagine that he comes nearer anatomical accuracy by omitting it: He will not be far from converting that into a defect, which, in the original, is a beauty.

Young artists, copy much, but imitate still more. Do you not feel, that whilst your hand only is at work, your genius sleeps? you lose the moment for contracting the habit of enthusiasm; you despair of yourselves.

You will say, that you are copying the greatest works of genius. No: you are copying, in these works, precisely what is not so. Were it otherwise, would you copy so long?

But do you know what it is you ought to copy? The elements of the beautiful. When you have once made yourselves masters of them, you may then form, according to your fancy, combinations

tions of them which will be original, and indeed your own. Copy the naked, under all its forms, in all its aspects; copy the tranquil nature of antique marble and canvass; with all my heart: and then, when you wish to give passion to your figures, instead of borrowing from other pictures, compose for yourselves; and compose suitable to the place, the occasion, the action; every borrowed countenance of passion will ever be at best a mask. This is the reason why, in almost all historical paintings, the personages are so extravagant and so cold; they are but indifferent comedians.

The employment of copying is, I believe, seducing: it flatters the young pupil with the hopes of equalling his model, and requires from him, in return, nothing but time, patience, colours, and the pencil; it dispenses with all study.

You have judged rightly, said the young man: this is exactly what we all think when we set about copying.

But how shall I then become a great painter?

My friend, by first becoming a poet, an historian, a moral and experimental philosopher; for, as for the mechanism of the art, which is the last part of it, it ought likewise to occupy the last place. Without the others it is useless. When a man knows neither how to think, to reason, or to feel, of what service is it to him to know how to speak? And, in fact, three-fourths of

our

our artists attempt only to speak : They labour, foolish men, only for the eyes. If you wish to direct your labours to the mind and heart, pursue another path. Begin by cultivating both your understanding and your heart : Feel *.

The arts have been ruined by treating them like trades, and making young men embrace them like mechanical professions.

Artists are astonished and complain of the little taste of men of learning and understanding for the productions of the fine arts ; but why, artists do you imitate none but objects superfluous in nature, or which are too common. Present to us a nature which shall be novel, and above all, let it be well selected. Shew us the three sons of the aged Horatius, swearing, at the command of their father, the ruin of Alba, and the preservation of Rome. Shew us Socrates chained in his prison, and, with the fatal cup in his hand, conversing with his disciples, as if seated at a banquet and crowned with flowers. Or if so you chuse, happily rivalling Corregio, let us again behold the God of Love, who eternally will please, especially if represented with the features of the young *Lubormiski* †, and armed, not with his torch or bow, but only with his nudity, and offering a crown of

* The counsel I here give, is amply justified by the Greuzes, the Vernets, the Davids, the Houdons, and the Le Bruns.

† Prince Lubormiski, a young Polish prince, lately returned from England with his mother, the most beautiful youth that imagination can conceive, who sat to Madame Le Brun for her celebrated Cupid.

laurel and of myrtle no doubt to the artist †, whose pencil gave him birth.

But all with the favour of the multitude, and the multitude are easily contented. The taste of the vulgar ends, where that of connoisseurs begins. The vulgar condemn and neglect works of art, the moment colours disappear, and thoughts begin to shew themselves ; they are a kind of idolators, to whom the image is the god.

When I had ended, the young painter thanked me, and said, with an affecting ingenuity : It is too late for me, I am too far advanced, and above all too much pressed by necessity, to think of quitting the path I have entered for that you point out to me. He sighed and asked my name.

I will not tell you, replied I, but Homer, Virgil, and still more, the love of glory, these are what it is important for you to know.

Yes, without the love of glory we can never perform any thing that is great : for we never make any effort.

Alexander only overturned kingdoms in Asia, that the noise of their downfall might be echoed in the public places of Athens.

† The French reader will perceive that all this paragraph has been added, since the author's return, by his illusions to the celebrated paintings of the Horatii and the death of Socrates, by Mr. David, lately presented to the public at the exhibition of the Louvre. This picture of Cupid, by Madame Le Brun, in which she has surpassed herself, rivals Titian for truth, and Corregio for grace.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Rome.

I HAVE seen the Coliseo.

While passing under the arch of Titus, in my way to it, I stopped a moment and amused myself with admiring the pomp of the triumph, the spoils of the Jews, the slaves who drag the car, the mild majesty of the conqueror, the crowd of Romans of whom he was the delight, and whose eyes are fixed upon him; a thousand beauties, in short, of the Grecian chisel, each still more exquisite than the other, and still living on the marble.

But nothing gave me greater pleasure than to recollect that I was contemplating a monument erected by Trajan to Titus.

On quitting the arch of Titus, you discover, to the right, the arch of Constantine; to the left, the Coliseo; in the middle, the celebrated *Meta Sudans*.

This arch, which was erected to commemorate the first victory of Constantine over Maxentius, now no longer commemorates any thing but the decline of the arts under Constantine.

To decorate it, they were reduced to strip an arch of Trajan of its bas reliefs. What sacrilege!

I soon

I soon quitted this arch, and, as I passed on, cast an eye on the remains of that *Meta Sudans* which has lost all the attractions it once possessed in the coolness and murmur of those abundant waters, it poured forth in ancient times. I advanced, at length, towards the Coliseo.

The Coliseo is unquestionably the most admirable monument of the Roman power under the Cæsars.

From its vast circuit, from the multitude of stones of which it is formed, from that union of columns of every order, which rise up, one above the other, in a circular form, to support three rows of porticoes, from all the dimensions, in a word, of this prodigious edifice, we instantly recognize the work of a people, sovereigns of the universe, and slaves of an emperor.

I wandered long round the Coliseo, without venturing, if I may so say, to enter it: my eyes surveyed it with admiration and awe.

Not more than one-half of this vast edifice at present is standing; yet the imagination may still add what has been destroyed, and compleat the whole.

At length I entered within its precincts.

What an astonishing scene! What contrasts! What a display of ruins, and of all the parts of the monument, of every form, every age, and, as I may say, every year, some bearing the marks

of the hand of time, and others of the hand of the barbarian; these crumbled down yesterday, those a few days before, a great number on the point of falling, and some, in short, which are falling from one moment to another: Here we see a tottering portico, there a falling entablament, and further on, a feat: while in the meanwhile, the ivy, the bramble, the moss, and various plants, creep amongst these ruins, grow, and insinuate themselves, and taking root in the cement, are continually detaching, separating, and reducing to powder these enormous masses; the work of ages, piled on each other by the will of an emperor, and the labour of a hundred thousand slaves.

There was it then that gladiators, martyrs, and slaves combated on the Roman festivals, only to make the blood circulate a little quicker in the veins of a hundred thousand idle spectators.

I thought I still heard the roaring of the lions the sighs of the dying, the voice of the executioners, and what would strike my ear with still greater horror, the applauses of the Romans.

I thought I heard them, by these applauses, encouraging and demanding carnage; the men requiring still more blood from the combatants; and the women, more mercy for the dying.

I imagined I beheld one of these women, young and beautiful, on the fall of a gladiator, rise from
her

her feat, and with an eye which had just caressed a lover, welcome, or repel, find fault with, or applaud the last sigh of the vanquished, as if she had paid for it.

How ferocious was the very indolence of the Romans! It could find no amusement but in blood.

The idea of the conquest of the world had so excited the sensibility of the Romans, as to force it beyond the bounds of nature and humanity: insomuch that at last it could no longer find emotions powerful enough, but in the conquest of kingdoms, the combats of gladiators and of lions, colossal and golden statues, and the atrocious cruelties of Neros and Caligulas.

But what a change has taken place in this Arena! In the middle stands a crucifix, and all around this crucifix, at equal distances, fourteen altars, consecrated to different saints, are erected on the dens which once contained the wild beasts. Here, almost every day, monks deal out sermons, and hold their brotherhoods.

The Coliseo was daily hastening to destruction; the stones were carrying off, and it was constantly disfigured; and made the receptacle of filth, when Benedict, and made the receptacle of filth, when noble monument by consecrating it; by defending it with altars, and protecting it with indulgences.

These walls, these columns, and these porticoes have now no other support but the names of those very martyrs with whose blood they were formerly stained.

I walked through every part of the Coliseo; I ascended into all its different stories; and sat down in the box of the emperors.

I shall long remember the silence and solitude that reigned through these galleries, along these ranges of seats, and under these vaulted porticoes.

I stopped from time to time to listen to the echo of my feet in walking.

I was delighted too with attending to a certain faint rustling, more sensible to the soul than to the ear, occasioned by the hand of time, which is continually at work and undermining the Coliseo, on every side.

What pleasure did I not enjoy too, in observing how the day gradually retired, and the night as gradually advanced over the arcades, spreading her lengthening shadows.

By the last glimmerings of day, intermingled with the first shades of night, I perceived, on a sudden, a young woman crossing the Coliseo. She was handsome, and gracefully dressed! Her hair and drapery were gently agitated by the breeze. With one hand she was holding to her bosom a little infant; in the other, she carried
a bunch

a bunch of roses; and, on her head, a basket of strawberries. I no longer saw the Coliseo.

Recovering from this slight agitation, I descended into the Arena. My eyes long endeavoured to snatch these picturesque ruins from the darkness of the evening. They were fixed on that solitary stone which rears up its head the highest, and on which the last ray of the sun was expiring.

At length I was obliged to retire, with my mind, however, filled with and absorbed in a thousand ideas, a thousand sensations, which can only arise among these ruins, and which these ruins, in some degree inspire.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

MADAME proposed accompanying me to Tivoli.

We arrived there betimes.

Whilst Madame and the rest of the company were employed in visiting the grand cascade, the grotto of Neptune, and the house of Mæcenas, I ran to the lesser falls.

I once more beheld this charming spot, as we should behold a beloved object we had feared never to see again.

After visiting every object anew; after strolling every where, I said to myself: The evening is fine; it is yet early; I am alone; let me here prepare an offering to the manes of Delia and Cynthia; and translate a few verses of Tibullus and Propertius, on the very spot, where, doubtless, they were made: This place may possibly inspire me.

I have thrown several elegies into one, and instead of copying, I have imitated. The following is an elegy of Propertius.

But first let me intreat the pardon of the chevaliers *Bertin* and *Parry*, the Propertius and Tibullus, of France.

Charm-

Charming poets, I have ventured to cull some flowers in your gardens, though, unfortunately, after you!

A C I N T H I E.

PEUT-ON être sensible, et rester à la ville?

Des amours, aujourd'hui, la campagne est l'Asyle;
Aujourd'hui, Junon même abandonne les cieux;
Et les vœux des mortels n'y trouvent plus les Dieux.
L'Amour s'est fait berger; Vénus s'est fait bergère:
En tous lieux, aujourd'hui l'on croit être à Cythère.
Salut, ô doux printemps! hommage à ton retour.

Oh! comme, dans le bois, dans les champs d'alentour,
Comme, dans nos vallons, rit la nature heureuse!
Le ciel semble amoureux de la terre amoureuse!
L'aquilon cependant n'a point quitté les airs:
L'Amour frissonne encor dans nos bois déjà verts:
Caché dans ses boutons, le jasmin, cher à Flore,
Doute encor du printemps, et n'ose point éclore;
Mais, parois, ma Cinthie, et tout va refleurir.

Dis-moi, loin de Tibur, qui te peut retenir?
Seroit-ce ta santé, qui languit, qui chancelle?
Vas! c'est en l'aimant bien qu'on guérit une belle.
Fuis donc les bords du Tibre, et viens incessamment,
Recouvrer la santé dans les bras d'un amant.

Que dis je! ô de l'amour illusion puissante!
Rien ne m'est si présent, que ma Cinthie absente.
Tous mes sens sont émus; je l'entends, je la vois;
Oui, c'est-là son souris, le doux son de sa voix.
Que ma Cinthie est belle! elle seroit, sans peine,
Des amours, à son choix, ou la sœur ou la reine.

Dryade,

Dryade, au fond des bois; Naiade, au bord des eaux;
Une nymphe bergère, au milieu des troupeaux.

Tout, dans Cinthie, est grace, et rien n'est imposture.
Elle n'est point parée, et c'est-là sa parure.

Quand Cinthie, au matin (j'en atteste l'amour)
Entrouvre ses beaux yeux, aussi purs que le jour.
C'est l'aurore—ou la rose : on croit la voir éclore.

Non, mortels, c'est Cinthie, et ce n'est point l'aurore :
C'est l'objet enchanteur qui me tient enflammé;
Si vous ne l'aimez point, vous n'avez point aimé.
Voulez-vous embaumer cet air que je respire ?
Laissez-là vos parfums, faites qu'elle y soupire.
Voulez-vous m'émouvoir ? priez-la de parler.
Elle marche ! tremblez elle peut s'envoler.....

Quoi ! vous peignez Cinthe ? êtes-vous donc Appelle !
Quoi, sans être Phœbus, vous chantez cette belle !
Viens, ma belle maîtresse ; oui, viens : ne tarde plus
A rendre à mes baisers tes appas attendus.

Aimons-nous, aimons bien ; qu'aimer nous soit la vie ;
Sans cesse resserons le doux nœud qui nous lie,
Et Puissions-nous enfin, à notre dernier jour,
Tous les deux à la fois, ne mourir que d'amour !

TO CYNTHIA.

WHO, yet alive to love's all sacred fire,
Would still the town's dull atmosphere respire ?
Imperial Juno now forsakes her skies,
And suppliant mortals vainly sacrifice ;
The wanton Cupid takes a shepherd's dress,
And Venus trips a lovely shepherdess ;
Love o'er the world extends his gentle sway,
While to the spring all creatures homage pay.

How

How through these woods, these vallies, and these meads,
The face of Nature one sweet smile o'er spreads !
Heav'n seems enamour'd of the teeming earth,
And all her vernal beauties burst to birth :
Though yet the northern blast prevails, and Love,
Too oft, still shivers in th' half naked grove,
The tender jafmin, to Flora dear,
Hid in her bud, still dreads th' unripen'd year ;
Still doubts if it be spring, nor dares display
Her opening beauties to the golden day ;
But come, my Cynthia, and the magic power
Of thy sweet smiles shall animate the flower.

Oh, sweet illusion of almighty Love !
Amid these pleasing scenes where're I rove,
My absent Cynthia far more present seems
Than hills, or dales, or groves, or purling streams.
My ravish'd senses still her charms perceive,
In my fond ear her tuneful accents live,
And Fancy my delighted eyes beguiles,
With the mild radiance of her beaming smiles.
Oh, Cynthia ! haste to grace the rural scene,
Of love the sister, and of love the queen ;
The charming Dryad of the verdant woods,
The lovely Naiad of the silver floods.

In Nature's simplest grace alone array'd,
My Cynthia blooms, and all adore the maid ;
Art's utmost effort on her beauty's lost,
Neglect of ornament adorns her most.

When Cynthia's eyes first open on the day,
Aurora seems to beam with brighter ray,
Fond mortals, no ; 'tis not the morning breaks
With ray more lucid, but my Cynthia wakes ;

'Tis

'Tis the celestial maid to whom I bow;
 Who loves her not, no love can ever know.
 Would you embalm the air which I respire,
 Then let her sigh and fan my am'rous fire;
 Would you wake every nerve to thrilling joys,
 Then let me, raptur'd, hear her tuneful voice;
 Her charms Apelles' pencil would require
 To paint them, and to sing, Apollo's lyre.
 Come then, no more delay, oh, heavenly fair!
 To yield thy beauties to my ardent prayer;
 Still let us love while life supplies the power,
 Be love our life, till life's extremest hour;
 And when our joys shall end, as end they must,
 Love be the death that mingles us with dust;
 Still let us cherish the departing fire,
 And in each other's arms of love expire.

Do you discover in these verses any traces of that ingeniously amorous imagination which characterized Propertius? for we may love with the heart, wit, or imagination, as well as with the senses. For which reason, we can love equally well in many different ways.

L E T T E R LXXV.

Tivoli.

I NOW give you an imitation of Tibullus :

I wish to dedicate it to the manes of the president, Bouhier, the author of a treatise on the Common Law of Burgundy, and a translation of Catullus.

C O N S E I L S A U X A M A N S.

Venez tendres amans qui trouvez des cruelles ;
Vénus m'a révélé comment on plait aux belles.

Venez. La complaisance ouvre un cœur à l'amour ;
Qui toujours cherche à plaire est sûr de plaire un jour.
Que l'ingrate à tes vœux se montre inexorable,
Que son cœur soit armé d'un bronze impénétrable,
(Jamais un tendre amant ne se découragea ;)

Amuse, flatte, amuse... Eh bien, vous-tu déjà
Comme, insensiblement à tes vœux plus facile,
Elle-même à ton joug présente un cou docile.

Le temps peut tout : Le tigre à la fin obéit ;
L'eau parvient à creuser le roc qu'elle amollit.

Tu te plains qu'on diffère ; attends : le lys superbe,
Pour briller quelques jours, se cache un an sous l'herbe.

Il faut, sur cette plaine, où jaunira le blé,
Que d'un an révolu tout le cercle ait roulé.

Tu le fais, ô jeune homme ! un cœur tendre est crédule,
Jures donc hardiment ; jures donc sans scrupule :

Tu peux même attester, sans les bleffer jamais,
Pallas par ses cheveux, Apollon par ses traits.

Jupiter

Jupiter annulla, par un bienfait suprême,
Tout serment, qu'à l'amour arracha l'amour-même.

Il est d'heureux momens, des momens où le cœur
Est ouvert, sans défense, et n'attend qu'un vainqueur.
Mais il faut les saisir, il faut qu'on les épie ;
L'occasion est nue, et veut être ravie.

Ah ! comme des beaux jours le vol est prompt ! hélas !
On n'en vit jamais un revenir sur ses pas !
Destin tout-à-la-fois et sévère et bisarrie !

Hérissé de frimats, armé d'un sceptre avare,
L'hiver, cinq mois entiers, règne en paix dans nos champs ;
Et son jeune héritier, l'aimable et doux printemps,
Revient, en fugitif, visiter son domaine,

Où son peuple de fleurs ne l'entrevoit qu'à peine !
Jouis donc, ô jeune homme ! hâte-toi. Ce courfier,
Qui, dans nos derniers jeux, s'élança le premier,
Il languit. Tu connois le frère de Delie ;
Il négligeoit l'amour, le traitoit de folie.
Il rioit ; l'âge vint ; je le vis ; il pleuroit.
Mais inutiles pleurs, inutile regret !

Hélas ! le serpent seul peut tromper la vieillesse ;
Seul dépouiller les ans, et garder la jeunesse.

Quoique Iris ait déjà, dans les airs orageux,
De ses riches couleurs peint la moitié des cieux ;
Et qu'au penchant des monts, dans le milieu des plaines,
La soif de Syrius ait tari les fontaines ;

Si ta Chloé, pourtant, veut hasarder soudain

Un voyage peu sûr en un climat lointain ;

Pars. Ou veut-elle errer sur la mer infidelle ?

Prends la rame et fends l'onde, et fais voile avec elle.

Veut-elle, au bord des eaux, séduire le poisson ?

Va déployer la ligne et jeter l'hameçon ;

Enfin

Enfin veut-elle, un soir, dans la plaine fleurie,
Vaincre, d'un pied léger, ton pied qu'elle défie ?
Accepte : elle s'élance ; et toi, vole : soudain,
Que ton pas ralenti lui cède le chemin ;
Et vainqueur en effet, prête-lui ta victoire.
Alors, mets à profit l'ivresse de sa gloire.
Heureusement vaincu, tu peux alors ôser ;
Tu peux impunément cueillir plus d'un baiser,
Qu'elle défend d'abord, et puis qu'elle abandonne.
Oui, d'abord tu les prends ; ensuite, on te les donne ;
Après, on te les offre ; et la coquette enfin
Les ravit sur ta bouche, en dépit de ta main.

Il est d'autres secrets, un art plus sûr encore,
Mais que n'apprend Vénus qu'à l'amant qui l'implore.
Sois simple, sois modeste : on est toujours ému
D'une rougeur candide, et d'un rire ingénu.
Sache encore avec grace et parler et te taire :
Avec timidité te montrer téméraire.
Oh ! puisse, dans tes yeux, une larme rouler,
Qui brillera d'amour et n'osera couler !
Enfin, que te dirai-je ? Une aimable tristesse,
Un regard attendri qui conjure et caresse,
Un soupir, un silence est souvent écouté :
C'est un rien ; mais un rien peut tout sur la beauté.
Il le pouvoit jadis : mais dans ce temps barbare,
Où l'or plaît, où l'or règne, où Vénus est avare,
On vend l'amour ! ô honte ! On préfère, à présent,
Un coupable artifice à mon art innocent.
Des vers, des fleurs, des soins prenoient une coquette.
On pouvoit la séduire ; à présent on l'achète.

Belles, quittez Plutus, et suivez les neuf sœurs.
Et, pour leurs favoris, réservez vos faveurs.
Belles, aimez les vers, les vers immortalisent ;
Vos appas, dans les vers, avec eux, s'éternisent :

Et

Et vos noms y vivront, tant qu'Hébé, dans les cieuz,
 Versera l'ambrosie au monarque des dieux;
 Que Vénus fourira; que la reine de l'onde
 De son écharpe humide embrassera le monde.
 Tout périt sans les vers. Sans cet art immortel,
 Que de dieux oubliés n'auroient point eu d'autel!
 Et toi-même, ô Vénus! il t'en souvient: Homère,
 A ta belle ceinture attacha l'art de plaire *.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

[Ye swains whose suit the rigid fair refuse
 Attend the precepts Venus taught the mule]
 Take no repulse—at first what though they fly,
 O'ercome at last, reluctance will comply.
 The vine in time full ripen'd clusters bears,
 And circling time brings back the rolling spheres;
 In time soft rains through marble sap their way,
 And time taught man to tame fierce beasts of prey,
 Nor aw'd by conscience meanly dread to swear;
 Love oaths, unratify'd, wild tempests bear!
 Banish then scruples, if you'd gain a heart
 Swear, swear by Pallas' locks, Diana's dart;
 By all that's most rever'd—if they require:
 Oaths bind not eager love, thank Heaven's good Sire!
 Nor be too slow; your slowness you'll deplore;
 Time passes; and oh! Youth's raptures soon are o'er:

* These verses are taken from a translation in verse of the Elegies of Tibullus, and part of the Elegies of Propertius, by the author of these letters, which has not yet been published. The English translation of the Elegy of Tibullus, is from Dr. Grainger, the lines between brackets excepted, which have been added to preserve the connection, and keep closer to the French, which is rather an imitation than a translation.

Nor

Nor forests bloom, and purple earth looks gay ;
 Bleak winter blows and all her charms decay :
 How soon the steed to age's stiffness yields,
 So late a victor in the Olympic fields ?
 I've seen the aged oft lament their fate,
 That senseless they had learnt to live too late.
 Ye partial gods, and can the snake renew,
 His youthful vigour and his burnish'd hue ?
 But youth and beauty past, is art in vain
 To bring the coy deserters back again.

Yield prompt compliance to the maid's desires ;
 A prompt compliance fans the lovers fires ;
 Go pleased where'er she goes, tho' long the way,
 Tho' the fierce dog-star dart his sultry ray ;
 Tho' painted Iris gird the bluish sky,
 And sure portends that rattling storms are nigh ;
 Or if the fair one pant for sylvan fame,
 Gay drag the meshes, and provoke the game ;
 Nay, should she chuse to risk the driving gale ;
 Ply, ply an oar, and agile hand the sail :
 No toil, tho' weak, tho' fearful, thou forbear ;
 No toils should tire you, and no dangers scare :
 Occasion smiles, then snatch an ardent kiss ;
 The coy may struggle, but will grant the bliss :
 The bliss obtained, the fictitious struggle past ;
 Unbid, they'll clasp you in their arms at last.

[Still other secrets and more certain art,
 Will Venus to the suppliant swain impart ;
 The feeling modest blush, the downcast eye,
 The starting tear, the ever-ready sigh,
 Persuasive words the ardent wish to paint,
 Or silence eloquent in sad complaint ;

Th'

Th' imploring glance, the melancholy air,
 These trifles seem, yet trifles win the fair]
 But, ah! in such degenerate days as these,
 No more love's gentle wiles the beauteous please,
 If poor, all gentle stratagems are vain!
 The fair-ones languish now alone for gain!
 O may dishonour be the wretch's share,
 Who first with hateful gold seduced the fair!

Ye charming dames, prefer the tuneful choir,
 Nor meanly barter heavenly charms for hire.
 What cannot song? The purple locks that glow'd
 On Nisus' head, harmonious song bestow'd,
 What cannot strains? By tuneful strains alone
 Fair iv'ry, Pelops, on thy shoulders shone!
 While stars with nightly radiance gild the pole,
 Earth boasts her oaks, or mighty waters roll,
 The fair, whose beauties poets deign to praise,
 Shall bloom uninjured in poetic lays.

GRAINGER.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

Rome.

THE following are a few of my remarks on the ecclesiastical state, and the inhabitants of Rome.

At Rome, properly speaking, there are but three classes of persons: the pope, the clergy, and the people.

All the clergy are hurried away by one universal attraction, towards the supreme dignities, not excepting even the Tiara.

All who are not clergy, remain in their original station: Princes, marquisses, advocates, farmers, artists, merchants, servants, and beggars; these are the people.

The nobility at Rome possess little more than the importance and splendour they derive from the antiquity of their families; they do not here, as in other countries, load the people with the accretary and enormous weight of claiming every office or employment in aspiring to which they may rivaleach other, nor have they that inconceivable multitude of opportunities for oppression.

All honour and power are united in the clergy; and it is from connections more or less intimate, with the more or less considerable members of

R

that

that body, that all secondary importance and subaltern authority flow.

The greatest portion of wealth is possessed by them; the price of that heaven they formerly put up to sale.

Of the six and thirty thousand houses, Rome is estimated to contain, twenty thousand are possessed in mortmain. For a number of ages, mortmain has been continually inheriting, and having no heirs, must in the end acquire, that is to say, usurp all property.

The territorial wealth is very inconsiderable in the ecclesiastical state, and certainly would not suffice to maintain its inhabitants. But Rome has her bulls, her ceremonies, her ruins; she has her name, which is the richest of all her ruins.

Rome therefore, is unable to export any part of her productions, or manufactures, to the general market of Europe; she consumes them: She can only pay Europe, in short, with gold, for indulgences have no longer currency.

Not but this city, if agriculture and the arts were here more flourishing, might also become commercial, but these are in a most deplorable state.

Take the following as a specimen of the manner in which the culture of the little land, that

is cultivated in the environs of Rome, is conducted.

At the seasons for tillage and harvest, a number of persons repair to a public place, near Rome, with one, two, or three hundred pair of oxen : the land owners then appear, hire a certain number of them, and send them to their estates, frequently at the distance of eight or ten miles. There in the course of a single day, they finish all the labours of the season. In one and the same day, they plow, sow, and in the same manner, at the proper season, reap and get in their harvest in one day : these works of agriculture resemble so many *coups de main*, to be performed in the country,

The soil, however is eager to produce. Very little art and labour would obtain every species of grain or fruit, from the salts of that earth, and the rays of that sun, which now generate nothing but distempers.

The number of inhabitants at Rome is estimated at one hundred and seventy thousand souls.

They reckon near ten thousand mendicants or poor.

Menial servants are still more numerous.

The secular or regular clergy may be estimated at a sixth part of the whole.

Such is the state of professional celibacy, that upwards of five women are reckoned to one man: This may, perhaps, serve to enable us to judge of the libertinism of Rome.

The cultivation of the mind is here as much neglected as that of the earth, the mind therefore hardly produces any thing at Rome but jurisprudence, medicine, theology and sonnets.

The best education of the girls is to have received none.

The multitude at Rome, possess little reason, a tolerable share of wit, and a great deal of imagination: Years beget habits here, but do not bestow experience.

I remark only the leading features.

LETTER LXXVII.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

EVERY body knows that the tiara is placed on the pope's head by election.

There is not a sovereign in Europe whose authority is less limited by the laws. His word admits of no contradiction. His commands form at the same time a civil law and a religious precept; head of the church and of the state; his will is sanctioned at once by the dread of the executioner and the devil.

But the pope's authority at Rome is far from possessing all its plenitude of power; it does not enjoy half of it.

The temporal power is limited to a very moderate revenue; it is only supported by a handful of soldiers, who form only a ridiculous representation of military state; a band of sbirres, despised and detested by the people, and who consequently are infamous; a shadow of police exercised by the curates; and very numerous tribunals, which consequently have little weight.

These resources, which are to maintain the temporal power, already so feeble in themselves, are still further weakened by deficiencies and abuses.

With respect to the administration of the finances, there is neither judgment or œconomy in the application of the public money, and scarcely any responsibility. The administration of the finances therefore is a scene of fraud and rapine.

As for the military power; the shadow of an army obeys the shadow of a commander. There is neither military spirit, nor discipline. The sbirres are privileged robbers, who wage war with robbers who are not privileged. Their chief is obliged to maintain a coach and two horses for the cardinal vicar. This single word contains a volume.

The tribunals are composed of prelates, who, in general, are ignorant of the laws, and employ themselves in various different ways. But they have secretaries.

The *Rotta*, however, which is a tribunal of appeal, is respectable. It is obliged to assign and publish immediately the motives for its sentences; but its decisions are not final; they may continually be set aside; a word from the pope is sufficient; and this word is to be obtained or purchased.

As for the penal power, the multitude of asylums, of which there are near seven hundred in Rome, the inability or the connivance of the sbirres, the power and protection of individuals, the little severity used in, and the want of a proper

per guard for, the gallies, reduce it to a mere bugbear.

I forgot to observe that every house, on which a cardinal has placed his arms, becomes a place of refuge for creditors against judicial executions. These asylums are very numerous; some cardinals make a traffic of them. Impunity is a revenue at Rome.

The power derived from religion has preserved rather more authority: but it has greatly suffered by three causes equally powerful, the multitude of indulgences, the facility of obtaining absolutions, and habit.

From this picture of the government of Rome it should seem as if Rome, as a political state, must be on the brink of ruin; as a social state, be continually agitated by a thousand disorders; and as a civil state become a prey to every kind of wretchedness; but true it is, however incredible, that Rome is, perhaps, as a political state, the most secure; as a social state, the most peaceable; and as a civil state, the least wretched of almost any with which we are acquainted.

But how shall we explain this phenomenon? By the preponderance of the power of the moral or hidden causes which tend to peace, security and happiness, over the power of the physical or apparent causes, which tend to dissolution, disorder and misfortune.

I will endeavour to explain this to-morrow.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE ecclesiastical state, without troops, without money, and almost without subjects; without the means of attack or defence, and surrounded by states which cast a longing eye on its possessions, should seem a ready prey for the first invader.

But observe how moral causes seem to co-operate with each other to sustain, or repair the edifice. Observe the jealousy of those neighbouring states, which withholds them all from the attack, remark those religious opinions, which furnish Rome with soldiers, from every nation of the world; observe, lastly, the political interest of the catholic princes watching over the preservation of a despotism, on which every other depends, which by deriving all authority from heaven, spares them both troops and gold, which possesses, in short, and lends or sells to every sovereign that maxim, which is alone worth armies; *authority proceeds from God.*

They are mistaken who pretend that the spiritual power of the pope might be separated from his temporal authority.

It

It is incontestible that it is the crown of the monarch which supports the tiara of the pontiff: to separate them would be to destroy both.

Physical force is the necessary basis of all the moral powers, which are themselves also, to say the truth, no more than physical powers, only more complicated and hidden.

The temporal authority of the pope will probably never be lost till no religion shall exist, but one free from superstition.

What a duration does this menace nevertheless assure to it, for it will be perhaps impossible for reason or philosophy ever to purge the catholic religion of all superstition.

The natural weakness of the human mind, the invincible ignorance of the lower classes of society, the power of habit, and the interest of various passions, will always prevent the christian religion from attaining a state of perfect purity, from elevating itself to heaven, whence it descended, and from returning to those simple and sublime ideas, to which vulgar minds can never rise.

But, it will be said, the ecclesiastical state is at this day very feeble!—It has never been so stable as since it has been feeble. Henceforward it has nothing to fear, for it is no longer formidable.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE tranquillity which reigns at Rome may be easily explained.

Though the pope is in possession of absolute power, he is not much in the way of abusing it; he is not born a prince; the crown is to him the gift of good fortune, an accessory of the tiara; one of the functions of the papacy, a deposit rather than a property; and in general, he is old: besides, that no man instantaneously acquires new wants, or habits, talents, or ideas; these can only be gained, with difficulty, and at a certain age.

Another powerful reason still further restrains the popes, who might be tempted to become oppressors: to make themselves respected as pontiffs, they must be beloved as kings.

The despotism of the popes consists much more in not exerting their power, than in abusing their authority.

Weakness is almost the only tyranny of the popes.

Now this can never occasion much trouble; it gives the nation time to gain a new pontificate.

Nor

Nor have the higher clergy any interest in disturbing the established order,

The pope's authority, mild and light in itself, hardly weighs at all on them.

The persuasion, that it is sacred, necessary, and in duration but momentary, likewise contributes greatly to its support.

Ambition, in a word, and the hope of exercising some portion of this authority in the present moment, and of exercising it one day entirely, compleatly removes from it all its pressure, leaving it all its weight.

And how is it possible the cardinals should be tempted to limit the tiara? They are of no importance in the state, with the pope, the clergy the sovereign power, nor even with all Europe, from what they actually are, but, solely, from what they may be: they will never diminish, therefore the power at which they may arrive: they will never restrict the papal prerogative.

With respect to the people, an infinity of moral causes bends their obedience, like their faith, under the pontifical yoke. They have an absolute master, but they have but one. His authority, they believe, derived from God; they change him often: the tiara besides is too remote from them.

If the people, at Rome, live in peace, though neither kept in order by the police, nor restrained

by

by justice; it is because the absence of the causes of disorder there supplies the place of the usual means of preserving order.

Nothing is more rare, at Rome, than daring robberies, house-breaking, and popular commotions; but assassinations are frequent.

These never occasion either horror or disturbance; the inhabitants of Rome coolly see them committed before their eyes, and relate them with the same indifference. The murderer is not looked upon as either wicked, dangerous, or infamous. No doubt, say they, he has had provocation.

The revenge of the stiletto is the duel of the populace.

It is looked upon as a part of the administration of justice left in the hands of the people. Besides that, it seldom exceeds that vengeance which is moderated even by the dread of vengeance.

Vengeance constitutes the police of Rome.

It would certainly be no difficult matter, if the government were so disposed, to take the stiletto from the people, by uniting to the justice of the laws, this stray-branch of criminal justice; it would suffice to suppress the asylums, to keep a strict watch over the galleys, and no longer to wrest from dying men, a few doubtful words of pardon; for here assassination with the dagger is so much considered as a private injury, that the
forgiveness

of forgiveness of the assassinated person absolutely disarms the law.

But would the people gain by this reformation?

The stiletto, it is true, makes some victims among the people, but it prevents oppressions, which would make many more. It accelerates some deaths, but it diminishes the number of misfortunes.

A great man who can oppress, and a mean man who can revenge himself, are nearly on equal terms.

I am far from approving, however, the use of the stiletto; I only give, what seems to me, the best excuse for what cannot be denied to be bad.

I return to the rarity of robberies.

The number of physical wants, which are the causes of robberies, is much less considerable here than in most other places.

The earth and industry enrich the Romans but little; but satiated and clad with the fecundity and warmth of the climate, they stand in little need of industry and the earth.

Mendicity, that degeneration of poverty, the precarious state of which, in every other country, is the ordinary source of robberies, has not that inconvenience at Rome; here it is a certain profession. There is not a beggar but is fed by his mendicity, or to whom it does not furnish,

not

not only at present, but the security of a future subsistence.

A man, a woman, or a child have only to hang out a few rags in the streets of Rome; or expose a sore; they instantly procure victuals. The pity of the Romans never reasons; and what does a mendicant require more? Degraded either by misery, infirmities, or idleness, animal life suffices for him; when he enjoys that he is happy—as his dog.

There are more beggars at Rome than any where; they swarm on all sides; pilgrimages leave there a great number.

Every place there is open to them; they are permitted to seek every where for charity, to pursue it to all places; they enter the coffee-houses, and go out of them like domestic animals. Delicacy suffers and murmurs at this; but humanity remonstrates, they are men.

Another reason which prevents the frequency of private or public robberies, is the absence of luxury, and especially of the most contagious species of it, that shameless luxury that dazzles and excites the emulation of vanity.

Less superfluity is necessary at Rome than in other cities.

Wealth affords but little aid here to ambitious projects, which must all pass through the ecclesiastical state, and there necessarily remain.

Besides,

Besides, every body here is known; there is less hope therefore of imposing on others by ostentation, less need consequently of such ostentation, and consequently less incitement to crimes.

Superfluity has been the cause of the commission of more crimes than necessity.

At Rome therefore, misery, indolence, ambition, and the desire of women do not excite to rob.

I say, the desire of the sex; for the climate and the manners of the country furnish women enough here, even for caprice.

Private debauchery is so great, that public debauchery is a stranger; it is unnecessary: thus, in certain countries, poverty is so general that there are no beggars.

Robberies however are committed, but they rather proceed from the temptation of the moment, than from a premeditated plan.

It is evident, that murders will seldom attend robberies at Rome; the motives for robbing, as we have seen, are neither active nor numerous, and the punishments are not severe.

Let us now ask, why a bad administration of justice, and the political œconomy of the state, never weary out the patience of the people?

We must distinguish the law-disputes of the populace, and the inferior citizens, from the

the judiciary contests of persons of higher condition.

The former turn generally on minutiae, and the true state of the case immediately appearing, obtain, for the most part, decisions, which are either tolerably equitable, or of which the injustice is so subtle, as to escape the eyes of the vulgar.

As for other disputes, their decision interests but very few; besides that the equity or iniquity of these judgments may easily remain concealed in the complication of interests and forms, or in the difficulty of the case.

The only part of the whole political administration that really affects the people, and which they immediately feel, is the price of necessaries.

When these grow dear the people murmur. But what then does the government? It listens; and if the murmur does not become an outrageous clamour, continues its course, only taking care not to pour in *the last drop*, which alone makes the vessels of iniquity overflow, as well as all others.

Do the people begin to clamour, the government lowers the price; but diminishes the measure, and the people of Rome are content.

Such are the people of Rome; the people of every nation; *the people.*

The

The former, however, are more patient, because the people of other countries hope only in futurity ; but the Roman people, in to-morrow. A pope is always to them a dying king.

The greatest fault therefore the popes can commit against the Romans, is to live too long, to retard the drawing of a lottery in which every one has tickets, and which contains prizes for every one. The cardinals have tickets of pope ; the prelates, tickets of cardinals ; the abbés, tickets of prelates ; the nobility, tickets of favour : certain persons, tickets of employments ; merchants, tickets of sales ; artizans, tickets of work ; beggars, tickets of alms ; and, every body, tickets of changes, shews, and festivals.—What is the cause of this joy, this madness, this intoxication from one end of Rome to the other ? Has Rome gained a victory ? Yes ; a pope is dead.

S

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXX.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

BUT how is it possible that this people can be happy, under the yoke of an absolute authority, under the influence of so many secondary powers, under the continual pressure of poverty, and a prey to the numerous defects and vices of a detestable species of government.

That they should obey is not surprizing; habit, patience, hope, and religion have at Rome placed a great distance between oppression and revolt.

But how strange that this people should obey cheerfully!

You have seen that the power of the pope cannot lie very heavy on the people; and that of the great is still less oppressive.

Throughout all the intercourse of the great with the great, and of the great with their inferiors, there reigns a certain ease, politeness, and universal flattery; this proceeds from the opportunities fortune here enjoys of exercising all her caprices, and this generally, in secret and in silence, by the means of valets, monks, secretaries, or women. Nobody therefore is perfectly acquainted

acquainted with whom he has to do, the consequence of the individual with whom he treats, the influence of the passer by whom he salutes. To-morrow, perhaps, that poor priest will be a prelate; that other poor devil, the valet or secretary of some man in place. In this state of doubt, every body is civil to every body; and from this uncertainty, they continually lavish mutual good wishes, smiles of protection, and friendly squeezes of the hand.

The Romans have a wonderful facility of changing faces, or rather, they have no occasion to change them; the best masks in the world are the Italian visages; their pantomime however *outrés* every thing, gestures, words, and looks, so that making it too expressive, they render it insignificant. The Italians, indeed, in their dealings with each other never give any credit to the countenance, the language, nor even the accent; they believe only in the event.

Would you wish to know the behaviour of a cardinal when he visits another, especially when the latter is in place?—On entering the first anti-chamber, where the servants are; he makes a bow; in the second, where the valets de chambre sit, he smiles; in the third, where the cardinal's gentlemen stay, he takes them by the hand; in the fourth, where he finds the introducer, he

bows, he smiles, he takes him by the hand, and chats with him; at length, he enters the apartment of his colleague: in appearance, you see two friends embracing each other, but they are, in fact, two rivals, who would cut each other's throat.

This necessary policy of mutual civility affords a protection to the lower classes of society against those oppressions, from which the laws themselves do not defend them.

At Rome, in a word, the mediocrity of fortunes brings individuals and conditions nearer to each other; almost every head touches another; despotism must be very adroit, therefore, to strike only one.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

Rome.

[[Continuation of the former.]]

LET us now conclude our explanation of the happy condition of the people of Rome, founded, as we have just seen, on an apparently political slavery, but on a very substantial liberty.

None of their physical wants have any superfluity; but they are all supplied with what is necessary, and that which is necessary is very trifling.

Hunger is not violent, one daily repast suffices; and fruits, vegetables, some fish, and a little meat, suffice for this one repast.

Thirst demands and consumes very little wine, but a great quantity of lemons and of ice.

As for clothing, the climate and the fashion reduce this to a mere covering: every body not naked is clothed.

The wants of the sexes find aliment in cicisbeism, facility of gratification in the manners, and sufficient indulgence in the religion of the country.

There is one particular want, perhaps the most imperious of all, not comprized in the list of human wants, which plays the greatest part in life, and which, notwithstanding, has been hi-

therto but little the object of legislation, or even of philosophy: it is the necessity man experiences of exhausting his activity, that is to say, of expending the superfluity of life, which still remains to him, after the gratification of his first necessities.

It is an undoubted fact, that this superflux of existence, if I may use the expression, compressed in us by constraint, or the want of exercise, never fails to produce that uneasy sensation, which the French call *Ennui*, or listlessness, and which becomes a dreadful torment.

To prevent or combat this painful feeling, to escape from his listlessness, civilized man makes various efforts, he invents and cultivates a multitude of arts, and labours for his improvement, or sinks into depravity. To shake off this he sets the world in commotion, and furnishes materials for history,

But this want is more or less imperious according to the different degrees of civilization, and under different temperatures.

At Rome, for instance, the climate moderates it greatly, as it does other wants.

Besides that political circumstances, far from nourishing, developing, and augmenting it, as in other nations, concur, on the contrary, with the climate still further in restraining it.

You

You see, in fact, that European policy is gradually withdrawing itself from the ecclesiastical state, like the sea retiring from its shores.

This state still remains, indeed, a part of Europe; but it can hardly be said to be any longer in its society; it no longer figures on the globe. It has no longer any part either in its general movement, or in its habitual intercourse, nor in the frequent shocks of those political hurricanes, which maintain, irritate, and develop the sensibility of nations.

The want therefore of filling up the measure of activity, diminished among the Romans, by these two causes, does not require that space for its exercise and gratification necessary to it in other places; it does not stand in need of the extensive and varied fields of philosophy, literature and politics.

The inconsiderable portion of this superfluity that remains to them, after the gratification of the most pressing demands of nature is expended in sleep, in love, in frivolities, and in theological disputes and processions.

From dinner they pass to sleep, which lasts till six in the evening; they then do nothing, or are employed in trifles which amount to nothing. Night arrives; all business is suspended, all the shops are shut up; men, women, and girls, every body takes flight till three in the morning; they
repair

repair to the public walks, to the *Corso*; to conversation in coteries; to collations in taverns. Even the most serious characters give themselves up to relaxation and amusement till the next day.

Every evening is a public festival, at which love, and that too not of the most refined sort, presides. The senses speak to the senses, and they soon make themselves understood; sometimes, indeed, vanity addresses vanity; but rarely do the heart and the imagination, appeal to the imagination and the heart.

Intrigues are so numerous at Rome, that nothing can be called an intrigue.

You do not find here, either in the manners of private or of public men, that morality, that decorum which distinguish the French manners.

The morally beautiful is absolutely unknown. What good there is, you are indebted for it merely to instinct, good sense, and custom. But it is to attain this moral beauty of every species that sensibility is most tormented. Hence arise all exertions of the understanding, all emulation of the soul, and scruples of conscience; to attain this do we labour with so much trouble and refinement, our writings, discourse, and passions, and all our public and private life.

Nothing of all this is to be found at Rome.

Life,

Life, with the greatest part of individuals here, knows only age and childhood, the other seasons are wanting.

Two circumstances contribute especially to the happiness of the Romans. Religion, by its absolutions, always throws a veil over the past, and, by its promises, gives a favourable colouring to the future. The common people are those who fear the least, and hope the most. They possess at once the blindest and most commodious religion. Let them but be present regularly at their religious ceremonies, that is to say, sacred theatrical exhibitions, and pronounce habitually certain words, and they have no doubt of heaven.

They have no occasion to endeavour to refine their sentiments and ideas, and struggle all their lives with passion. The temperature of their religion is as mild as that of their sky.

The Roman possessing but a moderate degree of sensibility, and that always of a very indeterminate nature, is very rarely unhappy, and never greatly so.

Not but that his sensibility may be carried to the greatest extremes, like that of women; his weakness even renders him susceptible of such; but to give durability to his suffering, all the springs that have forced him to that point must remain constantly in tension,

You

You know what happened at Rome two thousand years ago, when the ambition of subduing the world lost its power. Every thing relaxed at once; in a short time, the empire of the universe was dissolved. The world saw the last emperors and the popes!

Ancient Rome was only artificial. Modern Rome is the Rome of Nature.

Rome is now such as its climate and soil designed, such as these ever must make it when left at liberty to exert their influence.

Never will the modern Romans possess that degree of understanding and imagination, resulting from the tension of the fibres, which, in manners and the arts, is the source of the energetic, the impassioned, and the sublime. They will never rise to such a height, but confine their attainments solely to the abundant, the easy, and the fluent.

They will no more possess true genius, which in general, is the effect, if I may so say, of irritation. But should they ever attain it, it will be but by accident.

But let us not deceive ourselves; that which renders a people illustrious, in the eyes of other nations, does not always constitute their happiness.

It is with nations as with individuals, who are almost always miserable, from these very qualities,

ties, which give them their splendour and render them objects of envy.

To conclude: the Romans greatly resemble those moderate, peaceable and obscure men, whom nobody is tempted to envy, who are neither amiable, nor useful, whom you would be sorry to resemble, with whom you would not wish to live; but who nevertheless are happy.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Rome.

LET not those too susceptible souls, who dread every thing that may recall the ideas of love, ever enter the church di Vittoria at Rome; they would there see the statue of St. Theresa by Bernini.

Theresa is seen lying half inclined, exposing her whole body her hair, her features, her hands and feet especially are languishing

I feel within myself, if I may so say, a kind of mental blush; let us quit the subject.

And they call this church, the church of *Victory!*

If the peace of your soul has been disturbed by any passion, repair to the fountain of Moses, and contemplate those two lions, which are lying down, while two streams of water gush from their yawning mouths.

The attitude of repose, in which these noble animals are represented will calm you.

That is indeed the repose of a powerful being! the whole existence of that animal is perfectly at rest. That paw, folded in before him, appears to have lost its claws! it seems totally disarmed.

But

But what art, what genius, have animated into lions, these two blocks of black marble?

Art knows how to represent rest ; but it is usually that of death : this is the repose of life.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

Rome.

I HAVE said, in one of my preceding letters, that the curates or parish priests, are here one of the instruments of government.

There are ninety of these curates. Their functions render them in fact commissaries of the police.

On the complaint of a curate, you are seized and imprisoned ; I speak of the lower ranks of people ; for persons a little above the common class know how to defend themselves ; it is here, as every where else.

The common people have in their favour truth and the *stiletto*, with which they can and actually do keep in awe the too despotic curates. I have seen one of these, who, for fear of the dagger, dares not stir abroad.

The

The following is an example of the civil and religious despotism which these curates may exercise.

All the catholics are obliged to communicate at Easter. Under what penalty? Why of not communicating; that is, under pain of excommunication!

Some time after Easter, the curates draw up a list of all the refractory parishioners, which they deliver in to government; and on *St. Bartholomew's day*, all the lists are published, with a decree of excommunication fulminated by the pope.

A curate was exclaiming before me against the scandal of such a practice. "As for myself," added he, "I never transmit any list; but if any one of my parishioners neglects his duty, after warning him in private, and summoning him at the church gates, I send him to prison; he must necessarily then communicate; I kept one of them six weeks in prison last year, and he at last communicated."

This curate then related to me a religious anecdote worthy of remark. Two years ago the pope ordered a general mission in Rome, with a plentiful store of indulgences. It was for a thanksgiving for an extraordinary harvest. The number of non-communicants was so great that year, that the pope prudently forbade the publication

cation of the lists, and excommunicated no one. He dreaded the scandal so great a number might occasion, and was afraid of increasing it by making it known.

But why, said I to the curate, do you suffer all these gross superstitions which dishonour divine worship here, and expose it to the contempt and ridicule of other countries? "To make a little religion go down with it," answered he.

So then, said I to him, you act like Moliere, who wrote his *Medecin malgré lui* to pass off his *Misanthrope*. Our good curate burst into a laugh, and replied: "These people are incapable of regarding any thing but what is an object of their senses, a pure religion would not be substantial enough for them: they must touch it, they must handle it, they must see it; it must be mingled with superstition."

I then remonstrated to him on the extreme indulgence shewn to libertinism and debauchery. "If we are," said he, "so easy with respect to love, it is for the interest even of religion; were we more severe on that article, christianity itself would be abandoned. We have more than once made experiments of rigour which met with very bad success."

You are still a pagan, replied I, you sacrifice to the sun.

—"True,"

—“ True,” said he, “ to the fun, and to celibacy. Forced celibacy is so considerable here, that we cannot avoid shewing it a kind of respect; it would be dangerous to drive it to despair.”

I was a witness yesterday evening of a singular scene of devotion: I saw a prodigious number of people, mounting on their knees, the steps of the *Ara Cæli*; each muttering some prayers, one to gain a prize in the lottery, another to obtain a husband, and a third to move the heart of a mistress; for such, our good priest assured me, are the objects of these fervent petitions. I could not refrain from laughing aloud. “ Why, what is there in that,” said the curate? “ While thus employed, these people are doing no mischief, and religion subsists.”—As does also your income, my reverend friend, replied I.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

Rome.

ON the ceiling of the palace Rospigliosi there is a fine allegorical painting of the rising of Aurora, by Guido.

Ye beauties, who never rise early enough to see Aurora, lend an ear.

Whilst night still envelopes the vast ocean, which is enlightened however, at intervals, by the foam of the tumultuous waves : Aurora, young, beautiful, clad in veils of every colour, the ingenious and brilliant emblems of the clouds attendant on her, and holding flowers in both her hands, appears suddenly in the sky reddening by degrees around her. She advances, casting a tender glance behind her, at the sun, who, with an eye, equally tender, looks at her, as he follows : for Aurora and the sun never can overtake each other ; they scarcely exchange a glance, for a moment, in fine weather. In the mean time, four spirited couriers, bound lightly over the azure waves which take fire, and bear along the vermil car. The youngest daughters of Aurora, the first hours, so resembling their mother, and so like to each other, smiling, join their hands round the car, whilst, on the wing,

T

between

between the goddess and her horses, Love bears the flambeau of the sun: Love shakes it over the universe; and the glory of the day appears.

What a pity that time should be continually defacing this delightful picture! Aurora is becoming paler every day; her rosy fingers are no more; she will be reduced, ere long, to announce the days of winter.

But though this painting be beautiful, it is not without its blemishes. Aurora has too serious an air; she is not slender enough; the tears which stand trembling on the edges of her eye-lids, are not sufficiently amorous. She should be gliding through the air, and she is walking. Why these flowers bound up in a nosegay? All these roses in her hand are by no means necessary; not a single one escapes her.

La Fontaine had indeed seen Aurora, when he thus described a young beauty:

*La tête sur un bras, et son bras sur la nue;
Laisant tomber des fleurs, et ne les sement pas.*

Do we not here discover both the picture of Aurora and the genius of la Fontaine?

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

Rome.

TO-DAY I have left statues, paintings, palaces, and obelisks, to give some rest to my admiration in the gardens of the Villa Borghese.

Three hours have I passed with Nature in these gardens.

I have just seen a charming herd of deer, straying like myself, in this inclosure. At sight of me they stopped short; they all turned their beautiful heads together, and then suddenly, resuming their speed, shewed me a thousand delicate and rapid feet, which seemed, if I may so venture to express myself, to take their flight over the unbending stalks of flowers and blades of grass.

Let us ascend that eminence. How admirable the prospect! Before me I have the Campania of Rome.

How is it possible not to be delighted with beholding, in this vast picture, the union of every species of cultivation, the contrast of all the various shades of colours; that multitude of intermingled castles and cottages; the whole spring which is finishing, and the whole summer which is commencing its career; those back

grounds which unite the land and sky; those prospects so fugitive as to vary incessantly at every view; that bluish vapour which veils the declivity of the mountains; that dazzling snow which sparkles on their summits; and amidst all these objects, the pines, poplars, and cypresses, which rear their heads amid ruined tombs and aqueducts!

But I am still more pleased with this retired thicket, where I am now seated; alone, and sensible to all the charms of solitude; with paper and pen near me; the purest sky over my head; on each side at once the gayest and the gloomiest plants; whilst from amid these verdant groupings, the superb porphyry rising boldly up in columns bears, on its brilliant purple summit, statues of the brightest marble.

But I perceive a colonnade. Let us rise and walk.

These are antique statues of Venus, Apollo, and a Faun; and thou who concealest thyself among the myrtles, how is it possible to mistake thee, O Love!

Here too are funeral inscriptions, engraved on marble tablets fitted into the wall:

To a father and a mother who loved me.

To my child.

To a sister who was dear to me.

Charming

Charming retirement! How well are we concealed here in the very bosom of Nature!

But what is this soft and pleasing sound which insensibly pervades the surrounding silence? It is the enchanting concert of the evening: night-ingales are warbling their last accents, doves cooing their last kisses, birds flying before the night that threatens them, the zephyrs quitting the trembling flower bells, which they had opened in the day, and these are accompanied by the murmurs of all those waters which either flow in rivulets, or spout up, or fall upon the lawns and marbles in this immense garden.

Why cannot I see all my children appear before me at this moment; see them all running, followed by their amiable mother, beautiful in her virtues and her children, and filling all my heart at once with their chearful shouts of happiness and joy!

How delighted should I be to see *Emanuel, Augustus, Adrian, Fanny, Adela, Eleonora* dispersing themselves among these groves, striving to trample down these grass plots, hiding themselves in all these shades of the evening, and, in their wanton sports, on the moss and flowers, supplying the place of the zephyrs and the butterflies!

I would lead Charles to the statues of Brutus, Cato and Cicero, beneath the shade of those laurels, and there endeavour to inflame his young

mind, by talking to him before these marbles, of the heroic deeds of those great men.

Reverie alas, too pleasing! They are three hundred leagues from me, we are still separated by many months!

But already the night advances: there remains but one ray of day on the summit of that obelisk; it is expiring on the brow of that Venus.

Adieu, thou celebrated villa; Let others describe thy architecture, thy marbles, thy alabasters, thy bronzes, thy paintings, thy magnificence, and thy luxurious ornaments: I will only speak of thy birds, thy lawns, thy doves, thy herds of deer, but above all, the peace and silence of thy solitary gardens.

Amiable peace, dwell also in my heart, as you will remain within these precincts; be my companion amid the passions of mankind, amid the evils they endure, and the miseries they occasion: Chase far from me that secret chagrin and disquietude which must almost inevitably torment him, who has maturely reflected on men and things, on life and death.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

Rome.

IF I have not yet said any thing of the church of St. Peter, it is because no language can possibly furnish expressions to speak of it as it deserves.

The square which is before this church is one of the handsomest in Europe.

In the middle of an immense enclosure, surrounded by a vast portico, which supports on four hundred majestic columns, two hundred colossal statues; between two superb basons, blackened with bronze and time, whose waters, perpetually in motion, spout up, sparkle, fall down again and murmur night and day, a magnificent obelisk pompously rears its head.

This obelisk is of granite, and hewn in Egypt: it was erected here by Sextus V.

It is not astonishing that St. Peter's should have become so prodigious an edifice. It was projected by the vanity of Julius II, who desired that his tomb should be a temple; undertaken by the genius of Leo X, who was ambitious of forming one perfect work from the masterly productions of all the fine arts; and at the end of several centuries,

centuries, at length, finished by the character of Sextus V, who wished to finish every thing.

This is one of the most extensive edifices the world has seen. It divides the vatican mount into two parts; it covers the circus of Nero, on which it is founded; and closes up, between Rome and the world, the celebrated triumphal way.

It is impossible to give an idea of the sensations which fill the soul, on entering, for the first time, the church of St. Peter; at finding ourselves on that extensive pavement, amidst enormous pillars, before these columns of bronze; at the sight of all those paintings, of all those statues, of all those mausolea, of all those altars, and under that dome——within that vast circumference, in a word, where the pride of the most powerful pontiffs, and the ambition of all the fine arts, have unceasingly been adding for many centuries, ornaments of granite, gold, marble, bronze and canvas, increasing its grandeur, and magnificence and insuring its duration.

It is, no doubt, possible to pile up to a greater height, and on a more ample superficies, a greater number of stones; but from so many colossal parts to compose an edifice which shall appear only grand, from so many rich and brilliant materials to erect a building which shall appear only magnificent, and from so many parts to form one single

single whole; must be acknowledged a masterpiece of art, and this is, in part, the work of Michael Angelo!

The church of St. Peter contains the labour of eighteen whole years of the life of Michael Angelo.

But what faults there are, say they, in this edifice! None; to the feelings of the mind, at least, or even to the eye; they must be sought for by the compass, and discovered by reasoning.

Would you then take a rule to measure the grandeur of this temple! All the time I was in it I thought only on God—on eternity. In inspiring such conceptions consists its true grandeur.

It is impossible here to entertain ordinary sentiments or vulgar ideas.

What a theatre for the eloquence of religion! I could wish that one day, amidst all the splendor of religious pomp, in the depth of this profound silence, the voice of a Bossuet might thunder on a sudden, rolling from tomb to tomb, re-echoed by all these vaulted roofs, and denouncing to an audience of kings, the sovereign word of the almighty King of Kings, demanding an account, from the awakened consciences of those pale and trembling monarchs, for all the blood and all the tears flowing, at this very moment, at their nod, over the surface of the earth,

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Rome.

I HAVE yet one word more to say respecting the Roman women; for in the history of civilized nations, the chapter of women is divided into three sections; beauty, gallantry, and dress; and I have not yet spoken of the dress of the Roman women.

The Roman women, like the Genoese, and Italian women in general, are still in a state of the grossest ignorance in an art so extensive and important as that of dress; in the art of adapting ornament to dress, and both to the shape, features, complexion, age, and the different hours of the morning or evening: in the art of softening by gradations, of adjusting by shades, of availing themselves of contrasts: in that art, in short, so scientific and so costly, of compleatly equipping a woman for vanity, coquetry or fashion.

But I feel that such an accusation, which tends so essentially to injure the reputation of the Roman women throughout France, and particularly at Paris, requires proofs. I shall produce them in a few words.

Shall

Shall I tell it? Will it be believed? All the women at Rome, not excepting the charming Rosalinda, yes, all the women at Rome wear *perukes*. It is a sacrifice made to indolence by their coquetry. Accustomed to lye down every day, after dinner, till six in the evening, to place a second night in the middle of the day, they have found it too troublesome to build up the edifice of a head-dress twice in the same day, and therefore calmly resign their locks to the scissars.

The Roman ladies are in the habit of putting on white paint, on the days they wear full dress. But, if the Italian lady wishes to be a lily, the French lady would be a rose. What! has not Nature made them women? They must have gauze, flowers and frizzled heads! Yet Nature has given them hair.—Rouge! Yet has she adorned them with the blush of modesty—White! though she has given them tenderness?

This affectation in dress, this ingratitude of the woman toward Nature, is very ancient. Propertius reproached Cynthia with it two thousand years ago. Let Propertius finish my censure; his charming verses may possibly make more converts than my prose.

A CINTHIE.

Sur son affectation à se parer.

POURQUOI donc, depuis peu, sous un tissu plus fin,
Sous un lin moins jaloux, voit-on briller ton sein ?
Pourquoi tous ces parfums ? cette tresse élégante ?
L'or qui luit sur l'azur de ta robe ondoyante ?
Enfin, pourquoi ce fard ? chaque ornement, hélas !
Te dérobe une grâce et te coûte un appas.

Va, crois-moi ; ta beauté pare assez ta figure.

L'Amour, qui va tout nud, n'aime pas la parure.
Aucun art dans les champs ; dans les champs tout est beau,
Le lierre a-t-il besoin qu'on l'unisse à l'ormeau ?
Au gré de nos pinceaux, la rose rougit-elle ?
Vois les jeux, vois les bonds de cette eau qui ruisselle.
L'arboisier, pour fleurir, demande les deserts ;
Le pin suit la nature, en montant dans les airs ;
Et l'oiseau des forêts, dont la voix nous enchante.
N'a point étudié ces doux airs qu'il nous chante.

Cinthie, oh ! sans atours, sans diamans, sans or,
Phœbé plut à Pollux, Elaire à Castor :
Idas, lorsqu' à Phœbus il disputoit Marpessé,
Disputoit la beauté, mais non pas la richesse :
Et Pélops, que charmoit la belle *Ænomaïs*.
Aimoit un front de vierge et des traits ingénus.
Ces beautés séduisoient, sans songer à séduire :
On les voyoit paroître ; on les voyoit sourire :
Point d'art : nul ornement : seulement la pudeur
A leurs simples attrait ajoutoit sa rougeur.

Laisse donc-là ton luxe, ô maîtresse adorée !
Plait-elle à son amant ? une Belle est parée,

TO CYNTHIA,

On her too great affectation of ornament.

DEAR Cynthia whence of late this studious care,
As fashion bids, to braid thy flowing hair ;
With costly veils to shade thy snowy breast,
And load with gorgeous fringe the sumptuous vest ?
Why these perfumes that scent the ambient air ?
Alas ! all art must render thee less fair.
Each ornament from that celestial face,
Detracts a charm, and banishes a grace ;
Who on the violet can sweets bestow ?
Or needs the rose with borrow'd colours glow ?
Great Nature's beauties ever reach the heart,
And spurn the trivial aids of needle's art.
No art directs the vernal bloom to blow,
No art assists the murmuring streams to flow,
And the sweet songsters of the vocal grove,
By art unaided swell their throats to love.
Phœbe and Elaira charmed of old
Fair Helen's brothers, not with gems or gold ;
Idas with Phœbus for Marpessa vied,
But for her beauties, not her wealth, he sigh'd.
When godlike Pelops Hippodamia won,
He panted for her virgin charms alone,
With native grace these nymphs inflam'd the heart,
Unskill'd in ornament, devoid of art.
In the sweet blush of modesty alone,
And smiles of innocence attir'd, they shone.
Then, needless artifice, dear maid, forbear,
What charms the lover best adorns the fair.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

Rome.

I PROPOSE setting out to-morrow for Naples, but I shall return to take my farewell of Rome.

I can no longer, however, defer saying a word of the cardinal de Bernis, and then of the pope: for it is in that order they are named here.

Cardinal de Bernis has been every where in his proper place, and almost always fortunate: on Parnassus with the Muses; at court with kings; at the toilet with the Graces; at the vatican with the popes; in his palace Albano with himself.

He has always possessed, in his understanding and his heart, the precise talents, and virtues necessary to him.

His house is open to all travellers, from all parts of the world: he keeps, as he says himself, the tavern of France at the cross-roads of Europe. You seldom or never meet with cardinals but at his table. These cardinals carry their avarice so far as even to pardon him his magnificence.

I had heard it said, that you gave him pain by reminding him of his verses: this may have been true,

true, before he was a cardinal. For my own part I can bear witness that he neither did that injustice to the Muses nor posterity. I have heard the cardinal de Bernis speak of the author of the *Four Seasons*, and of the abbé de Bernis with a very good grace, and even with gratitude.

The cardinal de Bernis receives his visitor with the most graceful ease, and possesses the most polished manners. He relates much, but rapidly; and never imagines himself the author of the happy turns of wit he repeats.

It is pretended that his wit is rather on the decline, or at least that it has lost its colour; I am not of that opinion: I think he only avails himself, sometimes, of the privilege annexed to the merited reputation of possessing wit; and that he dispenses with the trouble, the vanity, or ridiculousness of displaying it; something like those bravoës, who, after they have given proof of their courage, frequently refuse to fight.

He appears to have no prejudices, and makes no pretensions. His birth, his successes, his hat, seem to be considered by him as merely the favours of fortune.

It is difficult to be more beloved at Rome, tho' singularly esteemed. Every body who approaches him retires contented; he is so just! Every creature around him is happy; he is so good!

As

As to the pope, he goes every day to kiss the feet of St. Peter ; he has been in person at Vienna, to plead, at the knees of the emperor, the cause of the monks ; he is draining the pontine marshes ; he is enriching the museum of Clement XIV. he is reforming the criminal legislation ; his nephew, though his nephew, has lost a lawsuit of the utmost importance ; jealous of governing of himself, jealous above every thing that it should be thought he governs so, he has just taken, for his first minister, a man of the first merit. Such is Pius VI.

This pope is so handsome, that the people always see him with complacency. A fine countenance is no indifferent advantage for sovereigns. Their persons reign.

L E T T E R X C.

Rome.

I AM just come from the church of the convent of St. Onuphrius.—And what have you been doing at St. Onuphrius? Viewing glory in all its non-entity, fortune in all its caprice, genius in all its wretchedness; that is to say, contemplating the ashes of that immortal poet, whom Nature impelled to compose verses at seven years old, to finish his *Jerusalem Delivered* at thirty, and to love even to the tomb: who, after passing the greatest part of his life at court, in exile, or in irons, treated, alternately, as a man of genius, or as a madman, saw himself, of a sudden, towards the end of his days, called, as if by a caprice of fortune, to have his grey hairs crowned at the capitol, but who, by another caprice of fortune, was buried the very day before this his intended coronation, in the convent of St. Onuphrius.

The following inscription is worthy of *Tasso*.

TORQUATI TASSI
OSSA HIC JACENT.

Here lie the bones of *Tasso*.

U

The

The conclusion does honour to the monks who raised this monument,

HOC NE NESCIUS ESSET HOSPES,
FRATRES HUIUS ECCLESIAE POSUERUNT.

*That none might be ignorant where Tasso lies,
The brethren of this convent erected this memorial.*

They knew then the value of a great man!

It has been pretended, that Tasso became insane; but never had he any other insanity than an excessive sensibility, and a superior genius. At all times there have existed among the great, and among ordinary men, envious slanderers, who, that they may not witness the admiration and respect due to great men, dare to give the name of madness to sensibility, and to call genius, phrenzy.

Imagination can scarcely conceive a greater degree of misery than that to which fortune reduced Tasso. That hand which had traced the portraits of Armida, Erminia, Clorinda, Godfrey and Tancred, wrote by stealth in the depth of a dungeon, and loaded with irons: "*It is not enough to be exiled, banished, nay even imprisoned; to be delivered over to disease, solitude and silence; but they have even forbidden me to write.*" How affecting is this complaint of Tasso!—How dreadful such barbarous rigour!—Tasso was prohibited from writing!

Vulgar men; such was the fate of Tasso! Can you not then pardon genius?

L E T T E R XCI.

Rome.

I SHALL now proceed to say a word on the condition of the Jews at Rome, which is still more miserable here than in other parts of christendom.

They are in number about seven thousand, and are only allowed to inhabit one particular quarter of the city, in which every night they are shut up.

These wretches are condemned, once a week, to hear a sermon, in which a missionary loads them with insults; and, for the slightest inattention, a birrre, bestows on them a caning.

Every Jew who is not present at this sermon must pay a fine.

If a Jew has ever suffered the words, "*I will turn Christian*," to escape his lips, he is instantly sent, for two years, to be instructed by the priest; and, should he, afterward shew ever so much regret, so much the worse for him; he must remain his time.

It may be well imagined that the condition of the Jews at Rome is truly wretched; their situation borders immediately on conversion, on the one hand, and death on the other.

How strange the reflection ! The Jews are persecuted to force them to embrace Christianity, to extend the religion of Christ ; yet, if the persecution succeeded, Christianity would be destroyed. The faith of the Christian requires the incredulity of the Jew.

It is asked : When will the Jews be converted to Christianity ? I ask : When will Christians be converted to toleration ?

When, O ye who call yourselves Christians, will you cease to substitute your capricious rigours in the place of divine justice.

Ye, who amid your misfortunes are perpetually complaining of fate, of heaven, of men and kings, think on the Jews.

L E T T E R X C I I.

Rome.

RELIGIOUS ceremonies are very frequent at Rome; but they are totally uninteresting: they are without dignity, propriety, or magnificence.

That of the procession of the *Fête Dieu* owes its only splendour to the pope and to the people.

All the monks, all the curates, all the prelates, all the cardinals, all the penitents, and all the collegiate bodies are now in Saint Peter's, and the procession is arranging. Whilst this is ordering, I walk in the church, and am carried about, with the crowd. What noise! What confusion! occasioned by the floods of people who are perpetually pouring in, and the floods perpetually rushing out; by devotees, who pressing around the feet of St. Peter, are contending for the happiness of kissing them; by persons, of every sex and age, kneeling before confessionals filled with monks, and receiving absolution for venial sins, dispensed at the end of a long switch, which the monks shake over their heads; by young men and girls, wandering from tomb to tomb, wantoning with each other, and talking of love. Here I see

Englishmen, gravely taking the dimensions of the pillars ; Frenchmen, skipping about and jesting ; Germans, astonished to find on the bronze gates of the first church in the world, the most lascivious pictures. On the other side of the church I perceive a row of Abbés bending their bodies to the earth, and flattering the cardinals, who, as they pass, assume state, and act the patron ; and a number of mendicants, who to impose on pity, or fatigue delicacy, are shocking every eye with nudities and fores. In the interim, the signal for the march is given: Behold now a numerous train of dirty penitents who file off, and make room for dirty monks, dirty curates, and a thousand dirty wretches of the populace, clad in dirty surplices, bearing each of them a flambeau, and exciting every where as they pass, by their grotesque accoutrements, an universal laugh. At length, behold the prelates, the cardinals, and the pope. At the bottom of the staircase of one of the galleries, the pope finds his military attendants, who receive him and the holy sacrament that is waiting for him. The union of the two powers now immediately takes place, to the sound of trumpets ; the pope and the sovereign are intermingled ; and the crown and the tiara united on the same head ; the pontiff king then mounts on a throne, and seats himself with the host before him ; yet by his posture, and the manner

manner in which his ornaments are arranged, appears to be on his knees ; while a dozen robust men concealed under the estrade, bear him along. The pope advances thus, truly majestic and venerable, holding the sacrament in his hands, his eyes lifted towards heaven and overflowing with pious tears: whilst a general murmur runs amongst the people, who whisper—*How handsome the pope is!*—All his military attendants follow on foot and horseback.—The procession has returned into the church—A thousand torches are ranged along the whole extent of the nave and round the high altar ; the pope descends, crosses the church, mounts, and, depositing the host, falls upon his knees, rises up, gives his benediction—and all is ended.

A procession of this sort in France has a better appearance: It at least makes some impression from the seriousness and attention of those present, or those who perform a part in it; here, in the whole crowd of prelates and cardinals, you scarcely meet with a few countenances which really inspire religion. This is, because opinion, among this people, raises up no model of ideal perfection, which imagination, reason and sentiment may study, and on which the different sexes, ranks, and classes may form their manners, conduct, and language.

What a contrast between the religious festivals of modern Rome, compared with those of the
ancient

ancient Romans, in which priests, crowned with laurels, priestesses with garlands of myrtles, young virgins decked with flowers, augurs, flamens, vestals, a band of virtuous and venerable old men, the flower of the Roman youth, the conquerors of the world, in long flowing robes, glittering with gold and purple, followed the sacred statues in ivory or gold, of Juno, Cybele, Ceres and Jupiter, which surrounded by the trophies and spoils of Asia, and borne on cars drawn by leopards and by lions, descended majestically from the capitol, and followed by the crowd of people, the sovereigns of Rome, among which kings themselves were confounded, advanced to the sound of clarions and cymbals, through the streets of the capital of the universe, under triumphal arches, before the statues of their great men, and the palaces of the Cæsars, either to the field of Mars, the Forum, or the Pantheon, and thus advancing, amidst all the splendour, all the magnificence, and all the religion of Rome, seemed to be the gods themselves, of whom they were the images, descending in person from Olympus to the earth, and alighting among men.

L E T T E R XCHL

Rome.

I AM not fond of allegorical paintings, unless the veil be transparent, and the ornaments few in number *. Truth should be so concealed, as the more effectually to draw attention. She may sometimes have recourse to ornament, but as a modest virgin, not as a courtizan or a coquette, solely to apprise or attract, but by no means to seduce the eye.

I have just seen two pictures in which these rules are observed.

In the first we see an old man, with his head muffled up in a black bonnet, and a sad and gloomy countenance, counting his money on a table : on his right, a man arrived at maturity, his brow covered with laurels, is reading and meditating with a serious air : on his left, a young man in a hat ornamented with feathers, smiles as he is playing the guittar ; whilst before them, by a window, an infant, with his head bare, gracefully

* This idea has been happily rendered by Monsieur le Mierre, to whom poetry is indebted for so many ingenious and elegant verses.

" L'Allégorie habite un palais diaphane."

Allegory dwells in a transparent palace.

smiling,

smiling, half opens a cage, and calls the birds as they fly by him.

Who can mistake, in these symbols, the four ages of the life of man?

The second picture, which serves as a companion to the former, represents a little girl, seated on the ground, and playing with a very serious air, with a doll that she is undressing; close by her stands a young beauty, viewing herself with complacency in a mirror, and adjusting her toilet; by her side, a middle aged woman with her head and the whole of her person modestly attired, seated with her frame before her, is attentively, but without hurry, busied in embroidering; a little further, half extended in a large arm chair, and near the chimney, an old woman, with a crabbed countenance, a pair of spectacles, and a book upon her knee, is coughing and grumbling.

How is it possible not to perceive in this the four ages of the life of woman?

L E T T E R XCIV.

Naples.

SEE Naples, say the Neapolitans, and then die, but I say, see Naples and then live.

Before you reach Naples, and at eighteen miles distance at sea, you discover the isle of Caprea.—What a monster was Tiberius!

Two chains of hills surround this arm of the sea, and seem to join Caprea purposely to close up the passage and prevent the entrance of vessels.

Each of these hills is equally favoured by Nature and the Arts; on one side we have Portici Herculaneum, Pompeia, and an infinity of country houses; and opposite a most beautiful ride, and the fine quay of Kiaia, the villa Reale, and a multitude of palaces.

On one side of this amphitheatre of hills, it is true, Vesuvius towers and shews his smoaky summit; but the laurel on the tomb of Virgil rears its verdant head on the other.

That castle which advances in the middle of the sea, those palaces which border it, those hills that over-top it, Vesuvius whose fires inflame it, those barks which plough it, the isle of Caprea which terminates it, the glorious
sun,

fun, in fine, who makes his daily journey from one shore to the other — all together form a scenery, a situation, an enchantment, which it is impossible to paint.

I arrive at Naples, and already it occurs to me, that it was at Naples Virgil composed his *Georgics*; that delicate and sensible minds comparing it to a beautiful virgin, called it *Parthenope*; I recollect too, that they bestowed on it the surname of *the Idle*; alas! What is to be done at Naples, but to live and enjoy life?

L E T T E R X C V.

Naples.

THE castle Capo-di-Monte merits less its celebrity than its name.

I know not what king of Naples forms the project of erecting a castle on the top of the mountain against which Naples is built. The workmen dig, they convey stones, they hew, they build, they cover in. When this is done, they perceive that all this vast edifice rests entirely on a quarry; and, to support it, they are obliged to have recourse to prodigious additional labours. At length, the building being able to stand erect, the discovery is made that there is no water in the environs; no practicable road for carriages; that the castle is far from every thing, and—it is abandoned. But before they quit it, they throw a number of books into the apartments; they fasten to the wall a few hundred pictures; a collection of medals are affixed in a hall; and the castle is transformed into a museum. You laugh, my countrymen, but have you finished *the* *Louvre*?

The castle Capo-di-Monte would hardly be worth the trouble strangers are obliged to take

to

to obtain permission to see it, but for the Danae of Titian, and a few pictures by Corregio.

Danae indeed is beautiful; but Titian always presents us with the same women, now under the name of Venus, then under that of Danae, and sometimes under another title. Had Titian then only seen one woman, or had he loved only one?

Be that as it may, this painter seems to me to have been the only one hitherto who has truly painted human nature; others have only designed it, more or less, indifferently, and coloured their drawings.

Nor is it the imagination alone which discovers human nature, in the pictures of Titian; it is the eye itself: and to make this discovery it is not necessary for the eye to be aided by memory or habit, for it feels conviction of the truth. The imitation is so exact it is impossible it should be illusion.

Had that learned pencil, which has succeeded in creating human nature, as other artists have in representing sky, water, or flowers, been subservient to an imagination of more sensibility, what pictures would it not have produced?

But Titian portrayed the body much more happily than the soul. He was but little versed in the language of the passions, and knew but little how to speak it.

Nature

Nature had reserved this gift for the incomparable Corregio. How profoundly did Corregio, especially, express tenderness! Over that amiable affection was it, if I may so say, that he diffused all the others; it constituted, as it were, his general ground. You would say, that all the personages he introduced into his pictures, either were in love or had been lovers.

How much in earnest is that laughing child! with what truth has he drawn that girl smiling! the cheeks and mouth of this charming girl (observe them well) are in their full bloom.

Do you not perceive in those brows at rest, a tenderness of soul, and an amorous disposition in those features in motion?

I could wish to kiss that pretty child, and take him on my knees.

The heart is melted with I know not what enchantment, with a kind of delicious complacency at sight of the pictures of Corregio; on quitting them you muse on all the objects that are dear to you.

Other painters have worked from imagination, from reason, from memory; they laboured from the head; but Corregio from the heart. He did not compose; he expressed. To paint, with him, was to love.

Never shall I forget his charming picture of St. Catharine, the Virgin, and the infant Jesus.

Is it possible to forget that delightful maid ! With what tender, but respectful complacency does she implore the divine infant ! You perceive that she is praying, only for the pleasure she finds in praying ; because to pray is to love. She is, indeed, voluntarily on her knees ! It is, indeed, her heart that joins her hands ! The infant smiling, looks up to his mother, who herself is looking at the child, and smiling at him. Is it possible to paint, in any language these smiles ?

By the side of this piece, are battles, conflagrations, and orgies ! These the eye passes over with disdain ; it can only stop at the Magdalen of Guido, or the Rachel of Albani.

How beautiful, how heavenly are these countenances ! What virginity is visible on the lips and brow of the youthful Rachel ! It would be dangerous for innocence too long to contemplate this portrait of innocence.

Beside it, you see a Cupid by Guido, who is naked, asleep, and most lovely ; and close to him, according to a practice of the ancients, a death's head and roses.

I saw likewise, with pleasure, several pictures of Schidoni, a pupil of Corregio. This painter has exhibited, in almost all his works, the spirit of his master, and in some of them, his soul.

That charming picture of Charity, by Schidoni, very near approaches Corregio.

What

What grace, what benevolence in the young woman who is distributing pieces of bread to those poor children ! What joy and what attention in the children !

I do not like that Venus of Carracci ; I do not like his death of Tancred ; I do not like his Armida, or his Rinaldo. Carracci treats these subjects as an historian, when he should have treated them as a poet.

In vain does he place Venus amidst all the Loves ; not one of them accompanies her.

How material is all this ! There are subjects which to render them happily should scarcely be thought ; they should be only the dream of the poet.

There is a collection of manuscripts, several of which are worthy, not of being read, but of being seen : one, especially, containing the service of the Virgin, written on vellum, and ornamented with miniature copies of the pictures of the greatest masters. It is the work of one Clovio. Nothing can be more perfect than the vignettes. Those strawberries and roses, though three hundred years old, still invite to pluck them : a child would attempt to catch those butterflies.

This Arabic manuscript is curious ; it is written on the leaves of trees.

I never saw a block of chrystal of so prodigious a size. It sparkles with the purest and richest fires of the sun.

I remarked several instruments of different arts in use at Otaheite, particularly a flute, on which the Otaheiteans play with their nose.

The collection of medals, in copper and gold, is considerable. It is said to equal that of Florence. It serves to confirm our imagination, or rather our reason, which finds more and more difficulty every day, in believing in the Greeks and Romans.

I took a pleasure in examining these medals, and in imagining between them, the years by which they are separated. These medals are like so many little points in time, and a kind of resting places for the memory.

One of them is particularly interesting: it shews us the famous Mithridates, to whom Nature had given so prodigious a body.

Nor is the collection of cameos of less value. These cameos are perfect miniatures. But how could the hand of man ever possibly attain such a degree of minuteness?—On the smallest of these cameos is a head of Alexander.

I ran over likewise with pleasure an interesting collection, in sixteen volumes in folio, of the designs of the greatest painters, and of sketches,
and

and rough draughts of their pictures. It is pleasing to see, and to examine these early shoots of the productions of genius.

L E T T E R X C V I.

Naples.

I YESTERDAY took a delightful ride.

I first went on pilgrimage to the tomb of Virgil, on the mountain of Pausilippo.

I found it falling to ruin; and buried amongst the weeds which are compleating its destruction.

A laurel however is growing in the midst of them.

I entered the tomb, and seated myself on some flowers; I repeated the eclogue, entitled *Gallus*; I read the beginning of the fourth book of the *Eneid*; I pronounced the names of Dido and Lycoris; I cut a branch from the laurel; and then descended, full of those sentiments with which such a place must necessarily inspire every soul, awake to Nature, Love, and Virgil.

Continuing my ride, I passed through the grotto of Pausilippo, that is to say, a road of five hundred toises in length, extremely high,

and very wide, dug through the mountain, to shorten the road from Naples to Puzzoli. What a prodigious effort of labour and perseverance! This road is paved with lava, and is the work of the Romans.

On coming out of the grotto, I proceeded through fields full of lofty poplars, united to each other by vines, which hang suspended to their branches, under which three or four different crops are reaped by turns in the same year.

On a sudden an enormous mountain opens its sides, and amidst eminences black with chesnuts and gloomy trees, I find myself in an enchanting valley.

Here are the sulphureous baths of St. Germain; there the ruins of antique castles; further on, the celebrated *Grotto del Cane*; on every side, alleys formed in woods of an immense extent and depth; and in the middle of the valley, in the mouth of an extinct volcano, the lake Agnano, one half of which is bordered with a double row of lofty poplars; lake Agnano, which rolls the purest waves, and which is continually peopled and ploughed by thousands of aquatic birds.

I first entered the hot baths of St Germain.

In a house, built for the purpose, sulphureous vapours, more or less powerful, rise up from the earth in different places. The patient remains amidst these vapours, a longer or shorter time, according

according to the nature and degree of the disorder. It is thus the dry bath is taken. It was with difficulty I could breathe in some of the chambers. The soles of my feet were burnt by the vapour. The walls are covered with sulphur.

A few paces from these stoves, you find the Grotto del Cane; it is an excavation in the rock, which may contain three persons.

My guide had brought a dog with him. Scarcely had he entered the grotto, before the poor creature tried to make his escape; but his master took him by his legs and laid him on his side. Within the space of a second, the vapour that exhales here from the earth, began to act upon the animal; he swelled, fell into convulsions, lost all motion, and was expiring. His master dragged him out of the grotto, and, on exposing him to the air, he soon found his legs and ran away.

The experiment of the pistol did not succeed; when fired, at two inches from the earth, it went off; at that distance, in general, it makes no explosion.

On coming out of the grotto I left my conductor, and made the tour of the lake alone on foot. I seated myself on its banks, I fixed my eyes on its waves, and was absorbed in meditation.

I sensibly felt the contrast of this happy calm, of this melodious murmur, of the insensible undulations

dulations of the waters of the lake, with the waves and roaring of the sea, which I had just quitted.

What delight I took in this delicious valley! The sky was perfectly beautiful, and its azure softened by the silver tints of a few flying clouds. I enjoyed seeing them pass over my head. How lovely the union of the colours of these waters, that sky, those mountains, and the lively rays of the setting sun, which were sparkling on the horizon.

I shall ever say to hearts of sensibility and melancholy who may visit Naples—"Fail not to go and seat yourselves on the banks of the lake Agnano,"

L E T T E R XCVII.

Portici.

EVERY traveller should visit Portici, not for the king's palace, which has nothing very remarkable in it either in point of architecture, or external ornaments; but for its picturesque situation.

Portici is seated on the ancient Herculaneum, amidst lawns and flowers, between Vesuvius, smoking over its head, and the sea boiling at its feet.

Herculaneum, Vesuvius and the sea, all threaten to swallow up Portici; Vesuvius in its lava; the sea in its waves; and Herculaneum among its ruins.

Portici deserves also to be seen for some marble statues which decorate its peristyle; especially for the equestrian statues of the two Balbuses, monuments of gratitude or flattery; for statues have been prostituted in every age. Not that I am so much an enthusiast, as many amateurs of that of the younger Balbus; he is naturally enough represented on horseback; but his figure is ignoble, he has the carriage of a peasant; and the horse, which is of marble, appears to be of marble.

The

The objects most worthy of curiosity are two cabinets, the one of antique paintings, and the other of vases, instruments and statues, equally antique.

A whole volume would not describe every thing interesting in the latter of these cabinets*.

Every thing it contains, in fact, is either invented with ingenuity, elegant in the workmanship, or formed of precious materials, and is besides antique and Roman.

The Romans bestowed remarkable pains on the ornaments of their lamps; they are all adorned with figures of men and animals, in the representation of which, taste has delighted to exert itself, and imagination had its full scope.

Amongst others, I remarked the following: at the extremity of a table of bronze, rises the trunk of an old tree; it has already lost its leaves, and its branches are on the point of falling; to all these branches are negligently attached by slight chains, which suspend them at different heights and intervals, seven or eight small lamps of bronze, all varied in their size and forms, and chased with the greatest art and admirable elegance.

* The Chevalier de Non, formerly *Chargé des affaires* of France at Naples, has also made a very valuable collection of antique vases. Every body is acquainted with the taste, talents, and knowledge of that lover of the arts.

This

This elegance and art are not less worthy of admiration in their chandeliers, their tripods, and *lectisternia*; more particularly in a tripod, formed by three satyrs, bearing on their shoulders a large bason; these figures breathe; this is truly *casting life in bronze*.

We find here almost all our instruments of agriculture and surgery. Necessity has dictated nearly the same arts and the same laws over the whole earth.

This collection of instruments of surgery, agriculture, cookery, music, war, and religion, presented together to the imagination and the eye, form a very whimsical picture.

The shape of the vases, and particularly of the cups, is inviting: you wish to drink out of them,

I sat down in a curule chair.

I had never before seen any of those *lacrymatories*, those little phials, in which were collected the tears that were shed over the tombs. They would not now be made so large; it is perhaps better to make none at all. The Romans had carried every thing to excess; Nature was too circumscribed for them; they tried to escape from it in every direction. The idea of the conquest of the world, which was the first of Roman ideas, had given the *ton* to all the rest; all their other ideas

ideas must necessarily be exaggerated, to accord with that.

Who would not be surprized, in visiting the ruins of Herculaneum, to find eggs in perfect preservation, as well as bread, corn, oil, and wine; and chafing-dishes with their coals and cinders,

The mind is delighted and astonished that any thing so perishable should have escaped during so many ages as have elapsed since the destruction of Herculaneum.

We feel a pleasure in contemplating a grain of corn, which has triumphed over time and shared in the eternity of the brazen statue.

But nothing perhaps can appear more astonishing than the burnt manuscripts, which preserve, in that state, the ideas intrusted to them. The fire stopt at them, and left just as much matter as was necessary to their existence. But how is it possible to draw them hence, or to restore that connexion which has been interrupted by the fire?

The method has been discovered; but it requires a more than imaginable degree of patience, extreme dexterity, and the labour of many years. Each bed of ashes is gradually unrolled, with infinite slowness and precaution; and by degrees, as they unrol it, a sheet of paper, thin as air, follows after, lays hold of it and adheres to it; it thus receives one line and then another,
and

and sometimes, at the end of a month, has got possession of a page.

What care is necessary to prevent all those ashes, when they are stirred, from mingling together, and to preserve the proper places of these symbols of thought, which constitute their whole existence!

The part of these manuscripts which is preserved; is that which has been burnt; the rest, which was not touched by the fire, has perished.

They have succeeded in restoring a Greek manuscript on music. The operation, possibly, would have been less tedious but that it depended on the government.

The busts and statues in bronze are for the most part in the best taste, and of the finest workmanship. Nothing is comparable, in particular, to a sleeping fawn. He is really asleep.

I admired also two young wrestlers; they are quite naked, and going to begin the conflict; you feel for them, for you forget that they are of bronze. I was tempted to address them in the following verse of M. Roucher:

Pour des combats plus doux, l'Amour forma vos charmes.

For softer combats Love has form'd your charms.

All the apartments of the cabinet are paved with fragments of Mosaic, found in Herculaneum.

But

But I must not omit one of the greatest curiosities in this celebrated cabinet : it consists in the fragments of a cement of cinders, which in one of the eruptions of Vesuvius, surprized a woman, and totally enveloped her. This cement compressed and hardened by time around her body, has become a compleat mould of it, and in the pieces here preserved we see a perfect impresson of the different parts to which it adhered. One represents half of her bosom, which is of exquisite beauty ; another a shoulder, a third a portion of her shape, and all concur in revealing to us that this woman was young, that she was tall and well made, and even that she had escaped in her shift ; for some pieces of the linen are still adhering to the ashes.

L E T T E R X C V I I I.

Salerno.

THE road from Pompeia to Salerno is delightful.

We begin the journey on a lava, which flowed some years ago from the summit of Vesuvius to the sea.

We afterwards find nothing on every side, particularly from a small town called *La Cave*, but alleys of trees continually winding through an enchanting country.

How verdant are those hills ! How well are they cultivated ! How delightful the houses scattered here and there ! The traveller cannot help believing that this is the abode of happiness, at least during the summer. He wishes every where to stop. A thousand rivulets lie hid and murmur in these mountains ; a thousand rivulets display themselves and murmur in these vallies ; nothing is heard but the gentle rippling of these numerous streams, and the wild notes of the birds. At noon we breathe the freshness of the evening ; the summer only passes here.

But already I perceive Salerno.

To whom does that beautiful house, situated on the top of yonder hill, belong ? To monks.

And

And that on the declivity? To monks. And that other at the foot of yon eminence? To monks. —The monks then possess all Salerno?

There are ten convents of monks, five parishes, one bishopric, two seminaries, a chapter, and ten thousand inhabitants at Salerno: there are so many convents in the town, that there is not a single vessel in the harbour.

Wretched city, devoured by white, black, grey, and red insects; by caterpillars of every colour! Every house swarms with them. The time will come when the Italians, in rubbing off their rust, will shake off also these vermin.

Salerno affords no curious monument; only the cathedral has a portico, the columns of which attract admiration.

In the church are some basso relievos, one of them represents the death of Adonis: and near it is a dying Christ.

The walls, around the altar, are loaded with votive offerings, and members of the human body, represented in wax, each of which once suffered under some greivous disorder, from which it has been relieved by the *offering*. You would say, that there must formerly have been a flourishing manufactory of miracles at this place.

The rage of having running footmen has reached from Naples to Salerno. I saw two wretched running

running footmen preceding a wretched carriage, harnessed to two half-starved horses, dragging along two beggarly gentlemen.

Misery, bedaubed with luxury is frightful.

L E T T E R XCIX.

Pæstum.

On the Pediment of a Temple.

NO; I am not at Pæstum, in a city of the Sybarites!

Never did the Sybarites choose for their habitation so horrible a desert; never did they build a city, in the midst of weeds, on a parched soil, on a spot where the little water to be met with is stagnant and dirty.

Lead me to one of those groves of roses, which still bloom in the poetry of Virgil *.

Shew me some baths of alabaster; some palaces of marble; shew me on all sides voluptuousness, elegance and love, and you will indeed make me believe I am at Pæstum.

It is true, nevertheless, that it was the Sybarites who built these three temples, in one of

* *Biferique rosaria Pæsti.*

which

which I write this letter, seated on the ruins of a pediment which has withstood the ravages of two thousand years.

How strange! Sybarites and works that have endured two thousand years!

How could Sybarites imagine and erect so prodigious a number of columns of such vile materials, of such uncouth workmanship, of so heavy a mass, and such a sameness of form?

It is not the character of Grecian columns to crush the earth; they lightly mounted into the air; these, on the contrary, weigh ponderously on the earth; they fall. The Grecian columns had an elegant and slender shape, around which the eye continually glided; these have a wide and clumsy form, around which it is impossible for the eye to turn: our pencils and our graving tools, which flatter every monument, have endeavoured in vain to beautify them.

I am of the opinion of those who think that these temples were the earliest essays of the Grecian architecture, and not its master-pieces. The Greeks, when they erected these pillars, were searching for the column.

It must be admitted, however, that notwithstanding their rusticity, these temples do possess beauties; they present at least simplicity, unity, and a whole, which constitute the first of beauties:
the

the imagination may supply almost all the others, but it never can supply these.

It is impossible to visit these places without emotion. I proceed across desert fields, along a frightful road, far from all human traces, at the foot of rugged mountains, on shores where there is nothing but the sea; and suddenly I behold a temple, then a second, then a third: I make my way through grass and weeds, I mount on the socle of a column, or on the ruins of a pediment: a cloud of ravens take their flight; cows low in the bottom of a sanctuary; the adder, basking between the column and the weeds, hisses and makes his escape; a young shepherd, however, carelessly leaning on an ancient cornice, stands serenading with his reedy pipe the vast silence of this desert.

You may judge of the savage situation of this place: not forty years ago, a sportsman pursuing a wild boar, fell in with these ruins. He discovered them *.

At present, Pæstum is inhabited, as I may say, only by English, French, and Russian travellers; and not by Neapolitans.

* Other accounts say, it was the pupil of a painter; the fact however is, that they were really discovered but thirty or forty years ago. T.

The proprietor of the ground has not paid much attention to this discovery ; he is a prince, and has left these temples to destruction.

How much do I regret to be so soon obliged to quit this spot ; to be obliged already to conclude this letter ! But the heat is excessive ; and there is no where any shelter. I could wish, however, thoroughly to collect and carry off in my heart all the sensations I have just experienced.—Why cannot I be still left to treasure up in this solitude, in this desert, amid these ruins, something of that melancholy feeling that enchants me.—Yes, I love to retire two thousand years back into past ages, in the midst of a Grecian city, and among the Sybarites.

LETTER C.

Naples.

I ARRIVED yesterday from Salerno, where I had slept, on my return from Pæstum.

I performed the whole of this journey with prodigious rapidity, in one of those cabriolets, or caleffes, which are to be found in such numbers at Naples. It was drawn by a single horse, and I travelled a hundred and twenty miles in two days and a half.

I stopped at Portici to see the cabinet of antique paintings, and the theatre of Herculaneum.

An eruption of Vesuvius covered Herculaneum, not only with cinders, like Pompeia, but with very thick beds of lava. Herculaneum remained buried for sixteen centuries. Chance, which, with genius, has alone the privilege of tearing off the veils from Nature and from Time, made the discovery.

To see the theatre of Herculaneum, you must descend under a damp vault, by torch light, and wander, a long time, among the galleries, the boxes, and staircases of a circular amphitheatre of an immense circumference.

As you pass on it is impossible not to admire the solidity and mass of this grand monument,

built to resist the ravages of thousands of ages, but not those of Vesuvius.

After a great many windings you arrive in front of the stage ; at each corner of which is a pedestal with this inscription :

*Claudio et Papirio Consulibus Herculenses posuere
post mortem.*

This is exactly our inscription, *A Louis XIV. après sa mort : To Louis XIV. after his death.*

The cabinet of antique paintings, procured from the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Stabia, is highly interesting. These paintings however, some of which are in fresco, others in oil, and several of them incrustated in marble, are placed either in an unfavourable light, or out of the reach of the eye, so as to escape our admiration.

The animals are represented with astonishing truth and beauty, and the fruits and flowers appear as if just gathered.

The ornaments are really ornaments : for they hardly appear to be so. We should rather take them, for the most part, for sports of the taste of Raphael ; and some of them for whims of a Chinese imagination.

I remarked a little car drawn by two bees, a butterfly is on the coachman's seat, and holding the reins with his little legs.

I observed

I observed another drawn by a parrot and guided by a grasshopper.

A third laden with a ewer entwined with roses, is carried by two little fyrens.

The pencil has most happily realised these pretty dreams.

The large pictures also are in general of Grecian composition, that is to say, very simple, but of infinite delicacy.—Such as a centaur subdued by love.—A nymph plucking a flower.—A naked and handsome bacchanalian nymph, lying on a sea monster and offering it drink. A Dryad surprized in sleep, and embraced by a faun.—A dancer, who is displaying on a rope all the vigour and address of the body of man.—A handsome dancing girl, who under the most transparent veil, is exhibiting all the grace, and all the voluptuous suppleness of the female form.—Old Silenus, lifting up in his arms a little boy, who is stretching out his hands towards a bunch of grapes, presented to him over the old man's head by a charming girl.—A young man, whilst a youthful beauty speaks to him with a smile, answering her smile and words with an amorous glance.

Each of these pictures, you perceive, consists but of one thought, as each ode of Anacreon contains only one sentiment.

L E T T E R C I.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF VESUVIUS,
by the light of an eruption at midnight.

I HAVE written these few lines on the summit of Vesuvius, by the light of an eruption.

They are a sort of medal I have struck, to authenticate my journey; to remind such of my children as may one day come to view the same wonderful conflagration, of this moment of their father's life, and to embellish in their eyes, with this reflection, so magnificent a picture.

On my arrival about six in the evening at Resina, a little village beyond Portici, I left the carriage that had brought me, and mounted on a mule, while three sturdy fellows accompanied me, provided with a number of torches.

I began by ascending between two fields covered with poplars, mulberry and fig-trees, interwoven with pliant and flourishing vines, which sometimes support themselves by, and hang suspended from those trees, at others mount up, and bear themselves by their own vigour in the air.

As I passed on, the house of Pergolese was pointed out to me, whither he retired to soothe that melancholy at once so happy and so fatal, to which,

which, at the age of twenty-seven, he owed his immortal *Stabat*, and his death.

After traversing, for an hour, a number of beautiful orchards, I arrived at an immense lava.

Vesuvius vomited it forth, in an eruption, about sixty years ago.

All Naples trembled; but after threatening that city for a moment, it stopped its progress.

Though stopped and extinguished, it has still a menacing and fearful appearance.

The borders of this lava, like the banks of the Seine, are clad with turf and flowers, and shaded here and there with young shrubs, which are constantly bedewed, if I may so say, and nourished by fertile ashes.

After pursuing for some time a very rugged path, I found myself on frightful rocks, in the middle of moving cinders.

There the earth is no longer trodden by the feet of animals; but those of man, who has discovered almost all the boundaries of Nature, and often over-stepped them, still venture thither.

I was obliged to climb with the utmost difficulty through heaps of scoræ, which crumbled beneath my feet.

I paused a moment to look around.

Before me, the shades of the night and clouds thickening with the smoke of the volcano, were floating around the mountain; behind me, the sun sinking beyond the hill was illuminating with

with his expiring rays, the coast of Paufilippo, Naples, and the sea ; whilst the moon was rising over the island of Caprea ; so that I beheld at the same instant the waves of the sea sparkling with the reflection of the sun, the moon, and Mount Vesuvius. How glorious a picture !

After contemplating this obscurity and that splendor, these horrible, sterile, and abandoned scenes, and that face of Nature so gay, animated and teeming, the empire of death and that of life, I threw myself amongst the clouds, and continued to ascend.—At length I reached the Crater.

This then is that formidable volcano which has been burning for so many ages, which has overwhelmed so many cities, which has consumed nations, which every hour menaces that vast country, and that luxurious Naples, where at this moment they are laughing, dancing and singing, and not so much as thinking of its ravages. What a light shines around this Crater ! What a burning furnace in the midst ! But the horrible abyss thunders, and already, with a tremendous crash, vomits into the air, through a thick cloud of cinders, an immense sheet of fire. Millions of sparks and thousands of stones which are distinguished by the blackness of their colour, hiss with the rapidity of their explosion, fall, and return back into the rumbling gulph, or roll upon the

mountain ; there is one just fallen only a hundred paces from me. On a sudden the abyfs closes ; and then, as suddenly, again opening its yawning mouth, vomits forth another fiery torrent ; in the mean while, the lava rises to the edges of the Crater ; it swells, it boils, runs over, and ploughs up, in long streams of fire, the black sides of the mountain.

I was really in extacy while viewing at once this desert ! this height ! this night, and the vulcano actually burning before my eyes.

I could have wished to pass the night beside these fires, and see the sun, at his return, extinguish them with the splendor of his dazzling rays.

But the wind, which blew with impetuosity, had already frozen me, and I descended with regret. It cost some pains to take the last look at such a scene !

Adieu, Vesuvius ; adieu, thou lava, and ye flames which illuminate and crown this profound abyfs ! Adieu, thou mountain, at once so formidable and so little dreaded ! If thou art one day to drown beneath thy ashes these castles, those villages, and yonder city, let it not at least be at the moment when my children shall be there.

My guides had lighted their torches. I descended, or rather rolled, sinking half-leg deep in ashes : I rolled so fast (for it is impossible to
do

do otherwise) that I only employed half an hour in coming down a space which had cost me three hours in climbing. One of my shoes torn into a thousand pieces, fell off when I was half way; the other I was obliged to leave at the place where I had quitted the mules.

In descending I met with some Englishmen who were going up to the Crater: we stopped and talked of Vesuvius, and for a moment interrupted by the light of our torches, the night which extended over that river of lava, and disturbed with our voices the deep silence, which reigned all around.

We bid each other adieu; I pursued my way, and at length arrived, greatly fatigued, at Portici; I instantly lay down and had a most profound sleep.

But at six in the morning I awoke with the summit of Vesuvius, its crater, its conflagration, and its lava present to my imagination. My soul still shuddered with all the emotions it had experienced the night before.

The eruption of Vesuvius is one of those spectacles, that neither the pencil nor language ever can describe, and which Nature seems to have reserved only for the admiration of man, like the rising of the sun, and the immensity of the ocean.

LETTER CII.

Naples.

I SHALL now give you a few observations on the inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples.

The first thing that made impression on me, after seeing the human species in Italy, is that it is nearly the same in all civilized countries, except in England, for there the human species is free. It is the same at bottom, and but little different in form; only varied by a *plus* or *minus*, difficult indeed to ascertain, from the imperfection of signs, and the want of measures.

We do not sufficiently reflect that the greater part of the ready-made phrases, which have so long been current in the intercourse of thought, can scarcely any longer apply to things, so much have they every where changed.

The customary phrases in the language of a nation have no less need, than its coin, of being new cast from time to time; but the great writers and philosophers, who alone possess the proper die for striking them, are rare indeed.

The population of the kingdom of Naples, in the inhabited parts, is prodigious; this arises from the extraordinary fecundity of its climate, its soil, its sea, and the manners of the country.

Men

Men live there at a small expence ; they live on little, and a long time.

They live at little expence : the heat of the climate has a singular tendency to blunt the appetite, and if it whets the thirst, it multiplies at the same time the means of satisfying it ; the Apennines quench the thirst of the Neapolitans with their snows ; the sea nourishes them with its fish and various kinds of shell-fish ; the ashes of Vesuvius with fruits and corn ; the climate clothes them.

They live on little, for there is no labour, and much sleep.

They are long lived ; for temperance and repose lengthen life at Naples in a remarkable manner. Life wears out much quicker in France, where it is continually fatigued by labour, passions, and wretchedness. Besides, that distempers are very rare here ; for the relaxation, occasioned by the heat, prevents chronical disorders ; and the perspiration, proceeding likewise from the climate, cures acute ones, and besides almost every where, there are natural hot-baths, and scarcely any where, physicians.

Human vegetation therefore possesses all its fecundity, all its vigour, and natural durability at Naples. Hence the number of inhabitants in that city is prodigious. It is impossible not to perceive it. Every where you have to push through

through the crowd; every where you are afraid of treading on a child; the squares, the streets, the shops, the houses seem to overflow with inhabitants.

This stream of people constantly running, if I may so say, through the town, is continually crossed by a multitude of little calešs, which do not go, but fly.

Yet very few accidents happen in the streets.

The motion and hurry of the *Rue St. Honoré* at Paris, is by no means to be compared to that of the *Strada di Toledo* at Naples.

When you go in the evening into the *Strada di Toledo*, the multitude of flambeaux borne by the multitude of running footmen, before the multitude of carriages, gives you the idea of a grand funeral procession.

L E T T E R CII.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE climate here has its full influence; the sun reigns without controul, and produces an universal relaxation in every connection and every part of life, whether civil, political or natural.

Nothing is done here, which cannot be done without a certain degree of tension in the fibres; as there are voices which never can attain the octave.

Religion is nothing but superstition, but in other respects is exceedingly commodious. To say you have religion, is to have it. One quarter of the people dispense with going to mass. They rarely kneel in the churches, and never go there but when there are illuminations and music, or when there are operas in the churches. Every body is allowed to talk, to harangue, and declaim loudly against all religions, nay even against the Catholic religion. Religion goes as far as superstition, but does not reach fanaticism; for fanaticism is an act of vigour. The torch of religion gives light here, but does not burn.

The

The whole sex seem to be in trade at Naples; fathers, mothers, husbands, brothers, monks, all make an open traffic of them.

Men cheat each other at Naples with singular address, but always laughing.

The whole commerce of life amongst the Neapolitans, is a game to determine who possesses most art and cunning. Elsewhere, men fight to decide who is the strongest.

They openly avow here that they have cheated, and make a boast of it; as in other countries players acknowledge and boast of their winnings.

This prodigiously retards the progress of all sorts of business; they here reflect with caution at every step, like chess-players at every move. Very little business therefore is transacted here. Promises are only words, nothing binds but writing, and every writing conceals a law-suit.

Chicanery too, is a passion, they love it as a sort of game; they go to law to pass away their time and cheat.

There is no morality in their ideas, nor even in their sentiments. Probity appears to the Neapolitans a bubble of the understanding; frankness, a vivacity of constitution: with them, understanding consists in endeavouring to deceive; ability, in succeeding; the virtues are mere non-entities; and, vices the offspring of the climate.

Their

Their sensibility is mechanical. At the sight of a man assassinated and his assassin, pity begins with the former, but is soon transferred to the latter.

Vengeance here is considered as a natural right; it is the only passion they are acquainted with. Indolence excludes avarice. Love is but a want; a woman, a mere piece of furniture; and a lover, the first man who pays for her.

They do not love their children, but their little ones; and they make this love go a great way.

Debauchery does not furnish, yearly, in the whole extent of the kingdom, more than one thousand foundlings.

Married men, who have not been able to get children, very often purchase foundlings, which are sold them at the hospital. They begin by making play-things of them, then slaves, and finally their heirs. Filial tenderness is only a habit; friendship, no more than the hope of advantage; and gratitude, but a name.

The little they do work here, is to enable them to do without working. To do nothing here constitutes happiness.

The coffee-houses, shops, walks, and public places are full from morning till noon of all sorts of people, monks, abbés, and officers, who yawn
over

over the newspapers, and look at those who pass by.

Unable to excite in themselves any sensations by reflexion, the Neapolitans require this excitement from every object.

You must absolutely make them feel, as you make children walk.

At noon they go to dinner, very few of them, as we say, *lay the cloth*. After vanity has well secured the doors, they eat a morsel in a corner. When they have filled their bellies they lie down quite naked; and an hour before night get up, put on their cloaths, and return to the coffee-house, or perhaps get into a carriage to take a turn.

This is the time when the swarm of running footmen issue forth, and fill the town. It is the profession of fifteen thousand persons here to run before a carriage, and of fifteen thousand more to go behind it.

The ride is to the *Mole*, the *Kiaia*, or along the coast of *Bresilica*; never out of Naples nor on foot—A gentleman would not dare to appear in the streets, in the evening, on foot; it would be an indelible disgrace.

They stay at the opera, in their carriages, at the tavern, or the gaming house, till five in the morning.

Z

You

You never discover on their countenances; either joy, pleasure, or content; nor, to say the truth, do you discover much disquietude.

The sovereign good, as I have observed, is to do nothing during the day, and to breathe at night. In the evening the fever of the heat intermits, and that is sufficient for their existence.

Few persons here know how to enjoy nature, which is admirable; they do not possess vigour. Nature here has no lovers. The whole people here are satiated with the enjoyment of her beauties. The most numerous part of them only work as much as is necessary, not to die of hunger. These people are called *Lazzaroni*.

The *Lazzaroni* are not a separate class; there are *Lazzaroni* in every profession: it is simply the name given to all sluggards. If they do work less, however, it is because they have less need to work for a subsistence; with them it is not vice but temperance. After all, what man on earth is there who works except that he may work no more.

When a *Lazzaroni* has gained, in a few hours, enough to live upon for some days; he rests himself, he walks about, or goes to bathe; he lives.

The women are very ugly at Naples. Female beauty is a flower that demands a moist air, and
temperate

temperate climate. All those happy lines and features which Nature seems to have selected to form true beauty, fade away here very rapidly, attacked at once by climate, the manners of the country, and education.

These same influences, however, while they deprive the women of beauty, seem to have transferred it to the men: they are in general handsome.

LETTER CIV.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE fine arts are no longer known at Naples, if you except music; for the voice has more attention paid to it than ever in a great many conservatories; it is cultivated with the utmost emulation. The laws, several bulls of the pope, and Nature have in vain prohibited men from pushing the voice of man, by castration to the E in alt: but that sound is here so well paid for! those who have the good fortune to be able to produce it, are so honoured! Farinelli governed the Spains.

Naples still possesses great men; they are castrati.

The mechanical arts are in their infancy.

The mechanical arts are here destitute of the commonest instruments in use at this day, in the rest of Europe. Here they are a week in finishing a job, which would scarcely take up an hour in France.

Commerce, the military service, and a great part of the arts and agriculture are in the hands of foreigners.

The

The natives are beginning, however, of late to take a part in them. At this moment they are expecting the first vessel that ever attempted to go and take a lading of sugar and indigo directly in our ports. The captain of this vessel will be a second Columbus of Naples.

This year has seen the first Neapolitan Gazette.

But how is it possible for a small state to subsist, overloaded with its inhabitants, innumerable beggars, servants, and secular and regular clergy, a military force of more than twenty thousand men, a crowd of nobles, and an army of thirty thousand lawyers.

The sea, the climate, and the soil resolve this problem:—the climate by diminishing all their wants; the sea by furnishing them on all sides with various species of fish and shell fish; and the soil by producing four different crops.

To turn up the earth, or rather the ashes; is sufficient tillage. These cinders are teeming at the foot of Vesuvius; they would be still more fruitful were they but properly assisted by culture.

This ought to be the work of government; but it is by no means so disposed. So far from counteracting the effeminacy of the Neapolitans, it favours it.

The climate in this country undoubtedly strongly invites and urges the human species to indolence; but not with so much violence as to

prevent moral and political influences from restraining and repelling it to exertion.

Legislative means might be found to give a proper tension to the mind.

By education, and baths, it might be practicable, as the ancient Romans did, to neutralize, if I may use the figure, the excess of heat. But there is not one single public bath at Naples.

Talents are not rare at Naples; the climate, as well as its physical situation, are favourable to genius. This sea, this soil, that sun, a smile of favour from Augustus, and the reading of Homer, produced the Eneid.

But at this day, out of a hundred persons not more than two know how to read. There are whole provinces in which there is not a single schoolmaster.

The little literature cultivated among a small number of individuals, is confined to a few translations of French authors. The French now furnish fashions for the women, and opinions for the men, in Italy. All our great writers are known, translated, and compiled.

I found the celebrated work of M. Necker, well known, esteemed, and continually talked of by every person who was willing and capable to take the trouble of thinking. M. Necker is proclaimed here; as he will be by posterity, *the founder of the provincial assemblies in France.*

At

At Naples, Paris is the subject of every conversation. The French are the Greeks, and the English the Romans of the modern world, Distance, imagination, and, above all, the natural restlessness of the human mind, give us many advantages.

But all I have been just saying is confined to a very narrow sphere.

Let us say one word more on the condition of the people.

Poverty makes no beggars at Naples; no soldiers; and few foundlings: It is there so easy to live; to live, at least, as Nature dictates.

Poverty commits here very few daring robberies, and very few murders.

Petty stealing is considered rather as a trick than a theft. When the people see any thing of this kind, they laugh, and never attempt to prevent it.

Vengeance alone assassinate.

Debauchery is more the result of idleness than of voluptuousness. There are a great number of common women, but they have nothing that distinguishes them; they are mingled with their sex.

Debauchery is attended with fewer crimes and misfortunes, at Naples, than in any other city; with fewer than at Paris. The reason is, because it is neither a profession nor an art at Naples.

At

At Naples nothing is yet refined, nothing vitiated, and nothing brought to perfection. Vices, virtues, every thing are yet in a rude state, and proceed, if I may be allowed the expression, rough from the human heart.

Naples does not yet seek to attract the eyes either of Europe, or of posterity.

L E T T E R C V.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE government in this kingdom is of such a kind that it is frequently rather to be considered as an additional disorder than a restraint on or remedy of disorders.

The sovereign authority is still in a great measure unfettled, and disputed between the king, the pope and the barons, but especially between the barons and the king.

The contest of the little individual forces of the barons against the preponderance of the regal power, is not yet decided.

But that day is not far distant. It is the general fate of all powers, as soon as one becomes pre-

predominant, to attract within its vortex, and at length swallow up all the others. The history of all civilized societies is but the illustration of this truth. To produce this effect, indeed, more or less time is requisite, according to the nature of the primitive elements of each society; and according to its forces have been more or less divided in its origin; for all societies, through all the varied forms of democracy, aristocracy, or monarchy, verge more or less rapidly to despotism, as all rivers, whether their passage lie through vallies, hills or mountains, bend their course invariably to the sea.

The barons still retain the power of imprisoning their vassals, by an order of which these words are a clause: *for reasons known to ourselves.*

They may still put their vassals to death, if they please, with impunity.

In Sicily, especially, the barons are tyrants, not above a twelvemonth ago, the clergy openly said in their sermons, that the barons were the real sovereigns; and publicly prayed for them when they celebrated mass.

The Marquis de Carracioli, the present viceroy, is labouring courageously and successfully, but not without danger, to transfer the remainder of the power of the barons to the sovereign authority.

Had

Had the government possessed more firmness, or more address, this would have been already done.

The monarch, when he thinks proper, will disarm the barons, with ribbons, pensions, and employments, and that without *Richelieu*: the barons come of themselves to court. But to effect this, the people must be ruined.

But were the authority of the monarch to become supreme, would that render it more absolute? No; for it is despotic.

The king, without a doubt, is already in possession of an almost unlimited power to oppress or to destroy; for he has troops, and his subjects are cowards; but he is able to effect scarcely any thing for the purpose of protecting and creating.

I shall give only one proof of the pusillanimity of the Neapolitans. One of their viceroys was fond of shooting, and, to the misfortune of the inhabitants of the little isle of Procida, some pheasants came into that island. Immediately a martial law was issued, ordering a general massacre of all the cats, which accordingly took place. The rats soon multiplied in such a manner that they attacked the children in their cradles, and gnawed off the ears and noses of these unhappy victims. What did the fathers and mothers do! The mothers wept;—and the husbands—made lamentable complaints. Such was the cowardice
of

of these men ! Fortunately the viceroy died ; and in the isle of Procida it was no longer horrible to be a mother.

M. de who seems to have travelled only to flatter, has said that the viceroy was moved with the tears and complaints of the inhabitants.

This is not true : they prayed to God (that was their expression) to soften the heart of the viceroy. What cowards ! Why did they not harden their own ! or rather, why had they not hearts more feeling for the sufferings of their children !

Why do nations complain when their servility even exceeds the tyranny of their princes ?

L E T T E R XCVI.

Naples

[Continuation of the former.]

I HAVE already said that the king, as yet, has but little power either to protect or create.

And in fact, what can a monarch do with very moderate revenues, with an ignorant people, with a nation whose submission is rather the habit of crouching to a master, than the conviction of the necessity of obeying a head.

The submission of such a people, being only the habit of suffering a master, is likewise the habit of suffering only such and such things from that master : it ceases when he attempts to innovate.

Besides, that this submission of the people being less a depression than an effeminacy, the king must take care how he disturbs it.

Public opinion here serves neither as a check to evil, nor seconds what is laudable ; there exists therefore no public opinion at Naples. Authority restrains only with the bayonet, pays only with money, and confines its punishments to the body.

The

The climate, in a word, prevents all tension in the organs, all energy in the desires, all succession in the ideas. What room then is there for creation or improvement?

Hence a great many changes have been in vain attempted in the general administration: The instruments made use of, are the first to impede the reform. Despotism may easily procure guards and soldiers, but not servants.

Every thing that authority has been able to do, hitherto, in the way of offices and employments, it has done: it has nominally created them. There is not a better organized government in the world than Naples:—in the court almanack.

Naples has yet no constitution, and, perhaps, never will have any. Both its political and civil administration exist only in execution; they are both mere consequences of the climate, of fortune, and position.

The sun renders a king, perhaps even a despot, necessary at Naples.

Naples has always yielded to force from whatever quarter it proceeded; but only while that force was present, and in immediate action.

I heard the king congratulated on the state of public affairs, when they were such as I have described. What a misfortune is it for princes, said I, when they prefer an obedience of necessity to an obedience of judgment and choice; when

no

no political body limits the sovereign authority, and retains it, if I may use the figure, within its orbit: princes are not fond of resistance; yet it is impossible that any thing should afford support which does not exist.

If the sovereign authority be feeble here, for the purposes of good, it is very potent for the perpetration of evil; it exiles, it dispossesses, it imposes taxes at discretion. What do I say? Imposts here are only contributions; they are exacted.

Authority hardly ever allows here the termination of law-suits; for whoever can do every thing, never will do any thing.

One circumstance, however, moderates the violence of despotism, and that is the contrariety of orders; in the midst of which the subject finds an opportunity to breathe. By speaking too much, the king makes himself no longer heard, and by perpetually commanding, prevents his commands from being executed.

All the ministers are engaged in perpetual disputes; each of them makes use of the king by turns; sometimes they lend him to each other.

L E T T E R C V I I.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

WITH such a people, such means and such ministers, the administration cannot but be corrupt.

With respect to foreign affairs, I shall content myself with observing, that the policy of this cabinet is constantly fluctuating between Austria and Spain; it however principally inclines to the side of Austria.

Do you wish to know the estimation and respect in which France is held at the court of Naples? You may infer it from the following anecdote:

The king and queen have been just making a tour in Tuscany; they embarked for Leghorn; some prints were to be hung up in the king's apartments, and what prints, think you, were made choice of? Some which represented the advantages gained by the *English*, in the last war, over Spain and France.

The administration of finances here, as in many other countries, consists in plundering the provinces, and robbing the public treasury.

The officers of the revenue are in league with the smugglers.

As

As for the navy, large ships here are useless, but M. Acton, who is at the head of that department, wishes, like the Marechal de Castries in France, to be able to say to the English, *our navy*; and the money of the treasury flows into the sea.

They are now busy in building an eighty gun ship, which is nearly finished; the harbour to receive her is likewise begun.

The war department is in a ruinous condition.

At Naples we find a court, an opera, and an army.—What luxury!

But at least commerce may be attended to and under good regulations? I have every kind of vice to maintain, said the Abbé G.; publicly, I must therefore find a great deal of money.

—The Abbé G. is at the head of the commercial department.

LETTER CVIII.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

OF all the parts of administration, the most vicious, unquestionably, is that of justice.

There are too few here of that class which is too numerous in France; superior magistrates.

The whole number of these is twenty-one.

They form five chambers, each composed of four members, in which the chief successively presides.

Besides these, there is a first tribunal, called the *Vicarship*, and a supreme one, called the chamber royal.

The other courts are tribunals of the barons.

The greater part of the processes are obliged to pass through six gradations of judiciary decision before they reach the throne, which often sends them back to make the round of the same tribunals.

The magistrates publicly sell justice: and no wonder, it is the court that creates them, it is the king who pays them, they are few in number; they are taken from the class of advocates, where they were accustomed to great gains; and another,

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and still more powerful reason is, that corrupt magistrates are more convenient for the ministers.

No where is the sovereign magistracy more generous, honourable, or incorrupt than it is in France: no where is it more sensible of its dignity.

But how great is the venality of every department of justice in France! said to me a Neapolitan advocate.—Wo be to those republics, replied I, where the magistrates must be taken from among the rich; and wo be to the monarchies where they may be taken from amongst the needy; with plebeian officers and poor magistrates, the monarch most certainly would soon become a despot, and that despot a tyrant*.

I have been present at several trials. Five judges are seated round a table, in a narrow kind of hall; while the advocates are clamouring on each side.

During this time, the judges amuse themselves alternately with the fan, the handkerchief and nosegay, which are lying before each of them.

When the advocates have ended the pleadings, one of the judges sums up the proceedings with a loud voice; but the others do not listen; for it is merely matter of form.

* It is unnecessary, perhaps, to remind the English reader that this reasoning is applicable only to *pure* monarchies, and evidently refers to the present situation of affairs in France. T.

As soon as this is finished the hall is cleared, and the report of the proceedings is repeated; the judges are now attentive, and afterwards pronounce their decision, which they take the less pains to weigh maturely, as it will undergo possibly ten revivals.

These wretched judges are under the orders of the ministers; they dance attendance in all their antichambers, and pass their lives in giving an account of their decisions: they are indeed truly contemptible.

They do not form a body among themselves; but this is all the good there is in the constitution of the tribunals. The judges are usually of the most advanced age, as in other countries they are too often children. Three of the five counsellors of the chamber royal, are at present eighty years of age: one of them is ninety-four.

Their age is necessarily an impediment to the expediting of business: the multitude of forms too is another obstacle; but nothing is more injurious than the uncertainty of a procedure founded solely on a doubtful jurisprudence, and the arbitrary orders of the king.

Lawyers and retainers to the law consequently multiply. In the kingdom of Naples alone, exclusive of Sicily, that is to say, among about four millions of persons, they reckon near thirty thousand advocates and attornies,

Some of these gain two thousand guineas a year, not by their knowledge and integrity, but by their talent for intrigue, and their access to the judges.

The writings I have seen from the bar at Naples, are learned but filled with bombast. No eloquence is to be expected here, for there is no virtue; and no virtue, for there is no liberty. This is not the French bar.

Law-suits are innumerable, and often last for ages: they end generally, like conflagrations, by consuming the parties.

All the younger branches of the nobility apply to the bar: Every noble family stands in need of a champion who understands chicanery to defend or prosecute its suits.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the tumult and confusion that reigns every morning in the halls of the vicarship. All the retainers to the law, without exception, counsellors, registers, attornies, and advocates, have offices there. It is the den of chicanery.

The advocates of the first order, who are in number four hundred, possess a distinguished superiority. I have seen their brethren, as well as their clients, take their hands and kiss them.

These advocates have a censor put over them, who receives and proscribes their writings at discretion. It cannot but appear extremely singular that

that the government of an order, expressly instituted to defend the citizens against oppression, should be despotic; but this despotism, it must be confessed, is not severe. An advocate was bold enough to use the following expression in a printed memorial; "*Alas! who does not know that our king is a mere puppet, incapable to will or act of himself?*" Yet not the least objection was made to this memorial.

Nor is criminal justice better administered.

Impunity may be purchased.

Imprisonments are frequent, and consequently too often wanton: but whether it proceeds from corruption, from indolence, the national spirit, or all these causes combined, punishments are very rare, and hardly ever capital. It is estimated that four or five thousand assassinations are annually committed in this kingdom, yet only two or three capital executions take place in a year.

But, in return, imprisonment is a dreadful punishment. No person thrown into the prisons on any accusation gets out under four years; three-fourths of those confined in them perish, and justice sentences the remainder, whom the length of the proceedings and the horrors of the dungeon have not destroyed, to the galleys.

The law requires the confession of the criminal to authorize a capital condemnation; but until he has confessed, he is shut up in a dungeon,

where he is totally deprived of light, and even of straw; the unhappy wretch is obliged to sleep upon the stones, and live only on bread and water, if that can be called living.

I had one of these tombs opened. At the same moment three or four spectres, with long beards, hollow eyes, with pale and wan visages, and emaciated bodies, half-naked and dazzled with a ray of light, by which I could scarcely see, started forward on the threshold. I drew back with horror—a pestilential vapour issued forth. They had been buried there upwards of ten years.—I was almost ready to cry out to them, *Are you alive?*

One of them advancing with a furious air, exclaimed, “No; I did not murder my father.” He had murdered his father, but had not confessed it.

As soon as a wretch is condemned to die, he is shut up three days successively, before the execution, in a subterraneous chapel, between penitents and a confessor, in presence, if I may use the expression, of his death; how dreadfully long must these three days appear. What a punishment! For the bitterest part of the pain of death is to expect it*.

* This reflection seems to condemn the *respite* for a month granted by the late ordinances in France, in cases of capital executions; but respecting as we do, the intentions and the opinion of government upon the subject, we refer to experience or the event, merely submitting our apprehensions to its consideration.

The hospital is one of the apartments of the prison : that likewise is a tomb,

We must do justice however to the laws of Naples in one respect ; they allow counsel to the accused : he is a magistrate, and styled the advocate of the poor ; but he has only access to the proceedings, and is permitted no communication with the prisoner ; nor is he chosen by him. In no country is criminal justice perfectly generous. What do I say ? Too often in its rage against the accused, the law, which punishes the murder, commits murder. It is greatly to be wished, that this were every where reformed. What tyrants are bad laws ! and, above all, bad criminal laws !

L E T T E R : CIX

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

I HAVE not yet said any thing of the government of Sicily, the laws, manners, and administration of which are extremely different.

This beautiful part of the dominions of the king of Naples, inhabited by not less than a million of men, in whose favour Nature has lavished those treasures, which formerly supported the Romans, which gave to Athens, to Rome, and the world so many great works in all the fine arts, has been abandoned for centuries to viceroys and Ætna.

A court intrigue, however, sent thither, some time ago, the Marquis de Carracioli in the capacity of viceroy. This nobleman attacks all abuses with the sword, but they only shoot up again with increased vigour; he ought to have recourse to time and patience; but he is in haste to reap the fruits of his government; his vice-royalty is expiring.

The Sicilians are considered as foreigners at Naples, and at the court as enemies.

The government imagines, that to oppress is to govern them; and that they must be treated

as

as slaves in order to render them faithful subjects.

Sicily is, in fact, considered by the ministry, as a troublesome exerecense; the court sees nothing but Naples. Large capitals at the foot of thrones, are like mountains that hide the provinces.

But how is it, that with so little police, with so wretched a legislation, and such a corrupt administration, the political machine still continues in motion at Naples?

Human nature does not commit evil for the sake of evil, but to procure good; now, in this kingdom, good costs less evil than in other countries: a negative happiness suffices in warm climates, in temperate on the contrary, positive happiness is necessary: in warm countries not to suffer constitutes the whole of well being; in temperate climates the enjoyment of pleasure is also essential: and nothing is more certain than that serious crimes in general are produced not by the effort of avoiding suffering, but by the desire of procuring pleasure.

This it is which, in a great measure, preserves the tranquillity of this kingdom, notwithstanding its want of police and regularity of government.

Climate supplies the deficiency of police at Naples, as the stiletto does at Rome, and spies at Paris.

The

The king, who is goodness itself, has lately applied with much attention to the art of governing well.

The queen is said to possess as much understanding as she does graces; and she has many graces.

If these sovereigns have committed faults at the beginning of their reign, they are but too pardonable, abandoned as they were, from the age of fifteen, to youth, and to the throne; they came out of the hands of old Spanish ministers, who taught them to sport with the crown, and not to wear it; who concealed from them the true interest of their kingdom,

LETTER CX.

Naples.

I SHALL throw together in this letter several detached objects.

How could I omit, for instance, the twelve prophets painted by Spagnolet, on the dome of the church of the Carthusians, or rather whom he has placed there; so compleat is the illusion.

What beautiful airs of heads! I seem actually to behold the prophets.

These pictures are the master-pieces of that great painter, and of the art itself. The pencil of Spagnolet, 'tis true, is harsh and gloomy; but it is extremely vigorous; it manifestly aims like that of Caravaggi, to terrify and astonish the eye by contrasts, rather than to move and flatter it by shades and gradations; it lavishes light and shade.

The convent of the Carthusians, so wealthy in other respects, would be sufficiently rich did it only possess these twelve pictures. The government seems to be of the same opinion; for from time to time this convent is laid under contribution.

Why boast so much this picture of Solimenes, representing Heliodorus driven from the temple?

It

It is immense, for it occupies the whole breadth of the nave of the church of *Giesu novo*. But what confusion in the composition! It has neither, choice, effect, or interest: what is there but figures and colouring?

What an epitaph have they dared to inscribe on the tomb of Sannazarius, who passed his life on Parnassus, in courts and camps, and breathed his last in a convent; who composed in verses, borrowed from Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus, a poem on the conception of the Virgin, and some amorous pieces, still mentioned with praises because no longer read!

Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni

*Sincerus * musa, proximus ut tunulo*

What? he, Sannazarius, as near Virgil by his tomb, as by his poem!

See what the rage of wit, and the affectation of antithesis produces. What truths they sacrifice! What monsters they engender! They bring into comparison, Sannazarius and Virgil.

I should proceed to speak of the catacombs of Naples, had I not already given an account of those of Rome. The impression they make on the mind is all they have to recommend them.

* The name of Sannazarius.

These places will ever be agreeable to melancholy imaginations, which love to approach death, and become familiar with gloomy shades.

I can say nothing of the annual miracle of Naples, the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius; it is not performed at this season; it would be too natural; I shall only observe, that this miracle has fallen of late into discredit; and, it is said, will soon be entirely discontinued. Very probably, the whole universe will soon pay attention to only one miracle—the universe!

LETTER CXI.

Naples.

THE weather was dreadful, yesterday, the whole day : I was unable to go out.

Do not expect therefore any particular remarks on Naples, or its environs ; but to make amends, as far as I am able, accept the following elegy of Tibullus, which I finished yesterday.

It is a sort of hymn, written by that poet for the *Cerealia* or festival of Ceres *.

FETES CÉREALES.

Pasteurs, faites silence ; écoutez, tous, mes chants.
 Le voici, l'heureux jour, où chaque dieu des champs
 Attend, pour se montrer à nos travaux propice,
 Le tribut annuel d'un pieux sacrifice.
 Viens, Bacchus ; viens, Cérés ; venez tous deux, parés,
 Bacchus, de pampres verts ; Cérés, d'épis dorés.
 Laboureur, que le soc, en ce jour tutélaire,
 Oisif dans tes sillons, fasse grace à la terre :
 Que, libre en son étable, à l'abri des chaleurs,
 Repose, en ruminant, le bœuf orné de fleurs :
 Et toi-même, ô bergère ! en l'honneur de la fête,
 Que le fuseau roulant, que l'aiguille s'arrête.

* Tibull. lib. 2. eleg. 1.

Soyons tout à Cérès : mais, loin d'elle, en ce jour,
Quiconque aura veillé dans les bras de l'Amour.
Cérès veut un cœur chaste ; elle veut des mains pures :
Cérès ne permet point de profanes parures.

Cependant, vers l'autel, où brille un feu sacré,
D'enfans ceints de festons, l'agneau marche entouré.
Nous voici, dieux des champs ! dieux ! voilà nos domaines !
Détournez les fléaux qui menacent nos plaines,
Que le froid aquilon, que l'Auster pluvieux,
N'offensent point le vigne et ses bourgeons frileux,
Ne la contraignent point à s'épuiser en larmes :
Que la jeune Pomone ose étaler ses charmes.
Daigne aider, ô Cérès ! ce tuyau foible encor,
A porter le poids mûr de ta couronne d'or :
Que ton pied triomphant tûe une herbe ennemie.
Oh ! puisse encor, le soir, au bord de la prairie,
La houlette indulgent, et le chien complaisant
Ne point hâter les pas de l'agneau languissant !
Nos vœux sont exaucés ! Au sein de la génisse,
La fibre prophétique annonce un ciel propice.
Je vous rends grâce, ô dieux ! nos guerêts sont sauvés !
Amis, qu'à longs ruisseaux le vin coule . . . et buvez.
Le soir d'un jour de fête, un buveur qui chancelle,
N'offense point des dieux la bonté paternelle.
Buvez donc, buvez tous. Moi, je vais, dans mes vers,
Bénir les dieux des champs de leurs présens divers.

Chacun d'eux, à l'envi, de sa main fortunée,
Enrichit ou para le cercle de l'année.
Phœbus préside aux jours, Phœbé préside aux nuits :
Si Flore a soin des fleurs, Pomone a soin des fruits :
Palès règne aux vallons, et Cérès dans les plaines :
Bacchus aime à mûrir les grappes déjà pleines :
Chaque Faune a ses bois, chaque Nymphe a ses eaux :
Un dieu léger, s'enfuit sur les légers ruisseaux.

Oui,

Oui, l'homme doit aux dieux tous les biens de la vie :
 Il leur doit de vingt arts la rivale industrie :
 L'osier, avec le chaume, en cabanne treffé ;
 Le fer, en fœc tranchant, dans la terre enfoncé ;
 Le tremblant charriot, qui, sur son axe, crie ;
 Et mille autres bienfaits que l'univers publie.
 Déjà, de nos ayeux, le chêne nourricier,
 N'offre plus qu'au vil porc un mets vil et grossier :
 Un arbre, d'un autre arbre, adopte la famille :
 Où croissoit le chardon, la rose s'ouvre et brille.
 Tout prospère ; tout rit. A travers le vallon,
 L'eau court, en murmurant, abreuver le gazon.
 L'été, lorsque son frère a perdu sa couronne,
 Livre au fer recourbé des champs d'or qu'il moissonne :
 Puis, des feux du soleil, le raisin tout brillant,
 Promet au vendangeur un nectar pétillant.
 Bacchus paroît : soudain, enluminé de lie,
 Par des jeux, par la danse, égayant sa folie,
 Le pâtre immole un bouc, qui lui-même, jadis,
 Avoit servi de pâtre aux crédules brébis.
 Pomone ensuite arrive, et riante et vermeille,
 Aux pieds du sombre hiver épanche sa corbeille.

D'abord le laboureur, en traçant un sillon,
 Pour charmer ses travaux, fredonna, quelque son :
 Bientôt, en temps réglés, la voix, avec aisance,
 Modula des sons doux, frappa l'air en cadence :
 Enfin, par sept tuyaux, qu'interrogent les doigts,
 Le roseau fit entendre une seconde voix.
 O jours heureux ! l'enfant, de couronnes rustiques,
 L'enfant orne le front de ses lares antiques :
 L'enfant, dans la prairie, en gardant les agneaux,
 Façonna la houlette et creusa des pipeaux ;
 Tandis qu'à ses côtés la bergère innocente
 Soulagea la brébis de sa toison pesante.

Alors,

Alors, tout s'empresse pour servir nos besoins :
 Le sexe eut des travaux ; et l'enfance, des soins.
 Du haut de la quenouille, alors, la laine humide,
 Descendant lentement sous le doigt qui la guide,
 Arrive, en fil léger, au fuseau qui l'attend ;
 Le fuseau la rassemble, et 'enfuit en roulant.

C'est alors, nous dit-on, que l'Amour prit naissance,
 Au milieu des troupeaux, il passa son enfance.
 Un jour, il essaya (qu'il l'apprit aisément !)
 A tendre l'arc léger qu'il tend incessamment.
 D'abord, au fond des bois, sa flèche encor peu sûre
 Pour suit les cerfs errans qu'il frappe à l'aventure :
 Mais, voulant s'illustrer par de plus nobles coups,
 Il quitta les forêts et vint vivre avec nous.
 Il vif à tout moment au cœur léger des belles :
 Ses traits les plus aigus, il les lance aux cruelles :
 Et, s'il voit un héros que Mars n'a pu blesser,
 D'un dard, enfant terrible, il aime à le percer,
 C'est par son ordre encor, que ja jeune Glicère,
 Trompant furtivement le sommeil de sa mère,
 D'un pied hardi d'amour, et de peur incertain,
 Vers son amant, dans l'ombre, étudie un chemin :
 Et qu'enfin le vicillard, au seuil d'une maîtresse,
 Balbutie, en pleurant, sa dernière tendresse.
 Malheur à ceux qu'Amour voit, d'un œil irrité !
 Heureux celui qu'Amour, d'un sourire, a flatté !

Accours donc, dieu puissant ! prends place à cette table,
 Sans traits et sans flambeau, sans cet arc redoutable :
 Nû, mais encore armé. Pasteurs, priez-le tous ;
 Tout haut, pour vos troupeaux, et puis, tout bas, pour vous :
 Pour vous aussi, tout haut ; car la flûte résonne,
 Et la foule, en tumulte, autour de vous, bourdonne.
 Dansez, chantez, buvez ; hâtez-vous ; Phœbé luit :
 Des astres amoureux le chœur brillant la suit :

Et déjà le sommeil, les yeux clos, en silence,
Sur un songe appuyé, d'un pied douteux, s'avance.

THE FESTIVAL OF CERES.

ATTEND ! and favour ! as our fires ordain ;
The fields we lustrate, and the rising grain :
Come, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes furround ;
Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland crown'd ;
This hallow'd day suspend each swain his toil,
Rest let the plough, and rest th' uncultur'd soil ;
Unyoke the steer, his racks heap high with hay,
And deck with wreaths his honest front to day ;
Be all your thoughts to this grand work apply'd !
And lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aside.
Hence I command you mortals from the rite,
Who spent in amorous blandishment the night,
The vernal powers in chastity delight. }
But come ye pure, in spotless garbs array'd !
For you the solemn festival is made :
Come follow thrice the victim round the lands,
In running water purify your hands !
See to the flames the willing victim come !
Ye swains with olive crown'd, be dumb ! be dumb !
From ills, O sylvan gods, our limits shield,
To day we purge the farmer and the field ;
O let no weeds destroy the rising grain ;
By no fell prowler be the lambkin slain ;
So shall the hind dread penury no more,
But gaily smiling o'er his plenteous store,
With liberal hand shall larger billets bring,
Heap the broad hearth, and hail the genial spring :
His numerous bond-slaves all in goodly rows,
With wicker huts your altars shall inclose ;

That

That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance, and play,
And praise your goodness in their uncouth lay.

'The gods assent! see! see! those entrails show,
That heav'n approves of what is done below!
Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian wine,
Pour'd from the cask in massy goblets shine!
Drink deep, my friends; all, all, be madly gay,
'Twere irreligion not to reel to day!
Health to Messala, every peasant toast,
And not a letter of his name be lost.

O come, my friend, whom Gallic triumphs grace,
Thou noblest splendor of an ancient race;
Thou whom the arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the state, and honour of the gown;
My theme is gratitude, inspire my lays!
O be my genius! while I strive to praise,
The rural deities, the rural plain,
The use of foodful corn they taught the swain.
They taught man first the social hut to raise,
And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy sprays;
They first to tame the furious bull essay'd,
And on rude wheels the rolling carriage laid.
Man left his savage ways; the garden glow'd;
Fruits not their own admiring trees bestow'd, {flow'd,
While through the thirsty ground meandering runnels }
There bees of sweets despoil the breathing spring,
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman first to sooth the toils of day,
Chanted in measur'd feet his sylvan lay:
And seed-time o'er, he first in blythsome veir,
Pip'd to his household gods the hymning strain.
Then first the press with purple wine o'er-ran,
And cooling water made it fit for man.

The village-lad first made a wreath of flowers,
 To deck in spring the tutelary powers:
 Blest be the country, yearly there the plain,
 Yields, when the dog-star burns, the golden grain.
 Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, first began,
 The painted clown first laid the tragic plan.
 A goat, the leader of the shaggy throng,
 The village sent it, recompenc'd the song;
 There too the sheep his woolly treasure wears;
 There too the swain his woolly treasure shears;
 This to the thrifty dame long works supplies,
 The distaff hence, and basket took their rise.
 Hence too the various labours of the loom,
 Thy praise, Minerva, and Arachne's doom!
 'Mid mountain herds Love first drew vital air,
 Unknown to man, and man had nought to fear,
 'Gainst herds his bow th' unskillful archer drew;
 Ah, my pierced heart, an archer now too true!
 Now herds my roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's joy,
 The brave to vanquish, and to fix the coy.
 The youth whose heart the soft emotion feels,
 Nor sighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's heels;
 Age fir'd by love, is touch'd by shame no more,
 But blabs its follies at the fair one's door!
 Led by soft Love, the tender trembling fair,
 Steals to her swain, and cheats suspicion's care;
 With out-stretch'd arms she wins her darkling way,
 And tiptoe listens that no noise betray!
 Ah, wretched those, on whom dread Cupid frowns!
 How happy they, whose mutual choice he crowns!
 Will Love partake the banquet of the day?
 O come — but throw thy burning shafts away.

Ye

Ye swains begin to mighty Love the song,
 Your songs, ye swains, to might Love belong!
 Breathe out aloud your wishes for my fold,
 Your own soft vows in whispers may be told.
 But hark, loud mirth and music fire the crowd!
 Ye now may venture to request aloud.

Pursue your sports; night mounts her curtain'd wane;
 The dancing stars compose her filial train;
 Black muffled sleep steals on with silent pace,
 And dreams flit fast, imagination's race!

GRAINGER.

LETTER CXII.

Naples.

I HAVE seen, in the church of Saint Janu-
 arius, the tomb of the unhappy Andrew II. king
 of Naples, betrothed, at seven years old, to Jane
 the first, and who, at eighteen, in the midst of
 his court, and the very day before his corona-
 tion, fell a victim to the perfidy of his young wife,
 whose crime was suggested by love, hazarded by
 youth, excused by beauty, legitimated by policy,
 and justified, for money, by a pope; but which
 neither Nature, nor conscience, nor Louis II.
 king of Hungary, ever pardoned; that generous
 Louis, who flew from the extremities of Ger-
 many, with a black standard in his hand, to avenge
 his brother; and, for forty years unceasingly

purfued, or menaced, or watched this guilty queen, who, at length, grey with wretchednefs and remorse, fell beneath the fword of vengeance, and loft at once her life and that crown which ſhe had ſtained with the blood of the firſt of her four husbands.

This unfortunate Andrew II. was affaffinated at Averſo, and thrown out of a window. His nurse fought after and diſcovered his dead body three days after, and by the aſſiſtance of a canon of the church of St. Januarius, conveyed it, at night into the church, where the generous prieſt, after bedewing it with loyal tears, buried it clandeſtinely, and afterwards erected this memorable monument at his own expence.

Since I have mentioned Jane the firſt, and her husband's tomb, it may not be improper to ſay ſomething of Jane the ſecond, and of the tomb of her lover, which is to be ſeen in the church of *San Giovanni*; I mean John Carracioli, whoſe fate was not very diſſimilar to that of the celebrated earl of Eſſex. Like Eſſex, John Carracioli, while ſtill young, had the miſfortune to pleaſe an aged queen, and to wiſh to indemnify himſelf, by the gratification of ambition, for the importunities of ſuch a connexion. Like him, he truſted too much to the violent paſſion of a woman, and greivouſly injured a queen, thinking that he only quarrelled with a miſtreſs; like him, he ſtained

stained the scaffold with his blood, shed by the command of that mistress, who unfortunately was capable of proceeding to every extremity. Jane, on her side, as well as Elizabeth, died, shortly after the death of her lover, consumed by her passion and regret for the death of her murdered lover, who was present night and day to her dis-tempered imagination.

On quitting these tombs (it was then evening) I took a walk along the coast of Paussippo, by the sea shore, and passed by an ancient palace of queen Jane, abandoned to the waves that bathe its walls, and to time which is destroying it. There I stopped; and seating myself on a stone listened, by the light of the moon, to the roaring of the billows which spent their force at my feet. I cannot express to you the profound and pleasing melancholy which there took possession of my soul, at the recollection of these tombs, of these royal and bloody amours, at the tragical name of Jane, at the sight of that ancient and deserted palace, at this Elysian moonlight, at the freshness of the evening, and the dashing of those waves which broke around me, while the ruins of the castle re-echoed their hollow murmurs. Tears fell involuntarily from my eyes;

LETTER CXIII.

I AM filled with astonishment in walking from house to house, from temple to temple, from street to street, in a city built two thousand years ago, inhabited by the Romans, dug out by a king of Naples, and in perfect preservation; I speak of Pompeia.

The inhabitants of this city were asleep, when suddenly an impetuous wind arose, and detaching a portion of the cinders which covered the summit of Vesuvius, hurried them in whirlwinds through the air over Pompeia, and within a quarter of an hour entirely overwhelmed it, together with Herculaneum, Sorrento, a multitude of towns and villages, thousands of men and women, and the elder Pliny.

What a dreadful awakening for the inhabitants! How must they have cursed Vesuvius, its ashes, and its lava! Imprudent men! Why did you build Pompeia at the foot of Vesuvius, on its lava, and on its ashes?

In fact, mankind resemble ants, which, after an accident has destroyed one of their hillocks, set about repairing it the next moment.

Pom-

Pompeia was covered with ashes. The descendants of those very men who perished under those ashes, planted vineyards, mulberry, fig, and poplar trees on them; the roofs of this city were become fields and orchards. One day, while some peasants were digging, the spade penetrated a little deeper than usual; something was found to resist: it was a city: it was Pompeia.

The king of Naples ordered the search to be continued; but whether from bad management, or the indifference of the employers; or whether it be that the air does in fact attack and destroy these ruins as soon as they are touched, in thirty years, they have only been able to clear one third of the city.

On coming at Pompeia, the first object that presents itself is the quarter of the soldiers.

Figure to yourself an oblong square of buildings, containing a multitude of separate apartments, with a front supported by a portico, which is continued round the building.

These columns, which are but slight, are fluted and painted red; they produce a pretty effect.

I entered several of the rooms, and found in one of them a mill, with which the soldiers ground their corn for bread; in another, an oil-mill, in which they crushed the olives. The first resembles our coffee-mills; the second is formed

of

of two mill-stones, which were moved by the hand, in a vast mortar, round an iron center.

In another of these rooms I saw chains still fastened to the leg of a criminal; in a second heaps of human bones; and in a third, a golden necklace.

On leaving the soldiers quarter, my guide led me into the city.

How, do you call this a street!

This pavement will soon want mending.

These ruts, worn by the waggons, in rolling over these huge masses of lava, will overturn the carriages.

I like these footways before the houses, on each side of the street.

What is become of all the inhabitants? We see nobody in the shops! not a creature in the streets! all the houses are open!

Let us begin by visiting the houses on the right.

This is not a private house; that prodigious number of chirurgical instruments prove this edifice must have had some relation to the art in which they are used. This was surely a school for surgery.

These houses are very small, they are exceedingly ill contrived, all the apartments are detached; but then, what neatness! what elegance! In each of them is an inner portico, a mosaic pavement,

pavement, a square colonnade, and in the middle a cistern, to collect the water falling from the roof; in each of them are hot-baths, and stoves, and every where paintings in fresco, in the best taste and on the most pleasing grounds. Has Raphael been here to copy his arabesques?

Let us pass over to the other side of the street. These houses are three stories high; their foundation is on the lava, which has formed here a sort of hill, on the declivity of which they are built. From above, in the third story, the windows look into the street; and from the first story, into a garden. Let us go down that staircase. This colonnade around the garden is agreeable; you may walk there sheltered from the sun and rain,

But what do I perceive in that chamber. They are ten death's heads. The unfortunate wretches saved themselves here, where they could not be saved. This is the head of a little child: its father and mother then are there!

Let us go up stairs again; the heart feels not at ease here.

Suppose we take a step into this temple for a moment, since it is left open. What deity do I perceive in the bottom of that niche? It is the god of silence, who makes a sign with his finger, to command silence, and points to the goddess Isis in the further recess of the *Sacrarium*.

In

In the front of the porch there are three altars. Here the victims were slaughtered, and the blood flowing along this gutter into the middle of that basin, fell from thence upon the head of the priests. This little chamber, near the altar, was undoubtedly the sacristy. The priests purified themselves in this bathing place. Let us now mount up to the sanctuary; it is very narrow. How many columns are there? Six. They are very small. This pediment is elegant. But why these two gates, at each corner of the altar? I conceive the use of them! It was by them that the impostors glided, between the altar and the wall, to make the divinity speak.—You have then been ever imposed on, credulous people! Come and see how they supped last night at your expence. The service is not yet removed! they have been eating fresh eggs; they have been drinking excellent wine.

Here are some inscriptions: *Popidi ambleati, Cornelia celsa*. This is a monument erected to the memory of those who have been benefactors to Isis, that is to say, to her priests; these priests called them *pious*, a singular synonyme for dupes.

On coming out of the temple of Isis, I pass before a As I omit the word, you may guess my meaning.

The temple of *Priapus* is very near that of Isis.

The

The ancients on this subject entertained very different opinions from us, and their manners consequently were also different.

I cannot be far from the country-house of *Aufidius*; for there are the gates of the city. Here is the tomb of the family of *Diomedes*. Let us rest a moment under these porticoes where the philosophers used to sit.

I am not mistaken. The country-house of *Aufidius* is charming; the paintings in fresco are delicious. What an excellent effect have those blue grounds! With what propriety, and consequently with what taste, are the figures distributed in the pannels! Flora herself has woven that garland. But who has painted this Venus? This Adonis? This youthful Narcissus, in that bath? And here again, this charming Mercury? It is surely not a week since they were painted.

I like this portico round the garden! and this square covered cellar round the portico. Do these *Amphoræ* contain the true Falernian? How many *consulates* has this wine been kept?

But it is late. It was about this time the play began, let us go to the covered theatre; it is shut. Let us go to the uncovered theatre; that too is shut.

I know not how far I have succeeded in this attempt to give you an idea of Pompeia.

L E T T E R CXIV.

Naples.

WHAT pity that the government of the country should be so ill administered!

This is an exclamation you cannot possibly suppress, on viewing it from the heights of its mountains, whether from the summit of Paufilippo, the top of Vesuvius, the house of the Hieronymites at Renella, or the convent of the Carthusians.

In this convent a very profound answer was made to a traveller, who, struck with the magnificence of the prospect, exclaimed in the presence of a Carthusian. "*Happiness surely may be found here.*" "Yes;" replied the friar, "*by those who pass through the country.*"

I however prefer the view from Renella. What a landscape! It is worthy of the pencil of the Vernets, the Roberts, the Delilles, the Rouchers, and the Saint Pierres: Rivers, vallies, forests, mountains, hills, volcanos and the sea, the town where Tasso drew his breath, the town where Virgil died.

Admirable union of the liveliest and most beautiful colours, with which Nature paints the universe! Stars glittering with the purest gold, flowers animated with the brightest enamel, vol-

canos

canos burning with the most ardent flames, seas whose waves are of the deepest azure, heavens of the darkest blue, and the purest rays of yon most glorious sun! Join to this picture, whatever is added or diminished by the hours, when in their nimble flight they traverse this delightful country; all those shadows, those illuminations, and, in a word, those variegated shades, with which each of them, assuming in its turn the pencil of Nature, touches and modifies the scene. What coolness in the mornings! what brilliant noons! what still and serene evenings! and what amorous nights!

LETTER CXV.

Naples.

TO MY SON.

IN my last letter but one to your mother, my dear Charles, I mentioned the death of the elder Pliny, that is to say, the first *Buffon*. I imagine this may have awakened your attention and curiosity, but without enabling you completely to gratify either. Were you a little more advanced in the study of the Latin language, I would invite you to gratify them yourself, by reading two letters of Pliny the younger, to Tacitus, on that fatal event. But as a translation of these, my dear boy, would be beyond your powers, it is my duty to attempt one for you.

The following is an abridgement of Pliny's narrative.

But first endeavour to impress your mind, my dear Charles, with a just sense of the value of a letter in which the panegyrist of Trajan, relates to the historian Tacitus, the death of the great philosopher Pliny, who fell a victim at the beginning of the reign of Titus, to the first eruption of Vesuvius *.

* The first known eruption.

“ You

“ You ask of me the particulars of my uncle’s
“ death, in order to transmit it, you say, with
“ all its circumstances, to posterity. I thank you
“ for your intention. Undoubtedly the eternal
“ remembrance of a calamity, by which my
“ uncle perished with nations, promised immor-
“ tality to his name; undoubtedly his works also
“ flattered him with the same. But a line of
“ Tacitus ensures it. Happy the man to whom
“ the gods have granted to perform things worthy
“ of being written, or to write what is worthy of
“ being read. Happier still is he who at once
“ obtains from them both these favours. Such
“ was my uncle’s good fortune. I willingly there-
“ fore obey your orders, which I should have
“ solicited.

“ My uncle was at Misenum, where he com-
“ manded the fleet.

“ On the 23d of August, at one in the after-
“ noon, as he was on his bed, employed in stu-
“ dying, after having, according to his custom,
“ slept a moment in the sun and drank a glass
“ of cold water, my mother went up into his
“ chamber. She informed him that a cloud of
“ an extraordinary shape and magnitude was
“ rising in the heavens. My uncle got up and
“ examined the prodigy; but without being
“ able to distinguish, on account of the distance,
“ that this cloud proceeded from Vesuvius. It

“ resembled a large pine-tree : it had its top,
“ and its branches. No doubt a wind proceed-
“ ing from the subterraneous cavities of the
“ mountain, drove it violently forward and sup-
“ ported it in the air. It appeared sometimes
“ white, sometimes black, and at intervals of
“ various colours, according as it was more or
“ less loaded with stones or cinders.

“ My uncle was astonished ; he thought such
“ a phenomenon worthy of a nearer examina-
“ tion. He ordered a galley to be immediately
“ made ready, and invited me to follow him, but
“ I rather chose to stay at home and continue my
“ studies. My uncle therefore departed alone,
“ and embarked with his tablets in his hand.

“ In the interim I continued at my studies. I
“ went to the bath ; I laid down, but I could
“ not sleep. The earthquake, which for several
“ days had repeatedly shaken all the small towns,
“ and even cities in the neighbourhood, was in-
“ creasing every moment. I rose to go and
“ awake my mother, and met her hastily enter-
“ ing my apartment to awaken me.

“ We descended into the court, and sat down
“ there. Not to lose time, I sent for my Livy.
“ I read, meditated, and made extracts, as I
“ would have done in my chamber. Was this
“ firmness or was it imprudence ? I know not
“ now ;

“ now; but I was then very young ! * At the
“ same instant one of my uncle’s friends, just ar-
“ rived from Spain, came to visit him. He re-
“ proached my mother with her security, and
“ me, with my audacity. I did not so much
“ as lift my eyes from my book. The houses
“ however were shaking in so violent a manner,
“ that we resolved to quit Misenum. The people
“ followed us in consternation; for fear some-
“ times imitates prudence.

“ As soon as we had got out of the town we
“ stopt. Here we found new prodigies and new
“ terrors. The shore, which was continually ex-
“ tending itself, and covered with fishes left dry
“ on it, was heaving every moment, and re-
“ pelling to a great distance the enraged sea
“ which fell back upon itself; whilst before us,
“ from the limits of the horizon, advanced a
“ black cloud loaded with dull fires, which were
“ incessantly rending it, and darting forth large
“ flashes of lightning.

“ The friend of my uncle now recommenced
“ his importunities. Save yourselves, said he,
“ it is your uncle’s will, if he be living; and his
“ wish, if he be dead.—We know not the fate
“ of my uncle, replied we, and shall we be con-

* He was then only eighteen.

“ cerned about our own !—At these words the
“ Spaniard took his leave.

“ At the same moment the cloud descended
“ and enveloped all the sea, it was impossible any
“ longer to discern either the isle of Caprea or the
“ promontory of Misenum. Save yourself, my
“ dear son, cried my mother ; save yourself, it
“ is your duty, for you can, and you are young :
“ but as for me, bulky as I am, and enfeebled
“ with years, provided I am not the cause of thy
“ death, I die contented.—Mother, there is no
“ safety for me but with you.—I took my mo-
“ ther by the hand, and drew her along.—O my
“ son, said she in tears, I delay thy flight.

“ Already the ashes began to fall ; I turned my
“ head ; a thick cloud was rushing precipitately
“ towards us.—Mother, said I, let us quit the
“ high road ; the crowd will stifle us in that
“ darkness which is pursuing us. Scarcely had
“ we left the high road before it was night, the
“ blackest night. Then nothing was to be heard
“ but the lamentations of women, the groans of
“ children, and the cries of men. We could
“ distinguish through the confused sobs, and the
“ various accents of grief, the words : *my father !*
“ —*my son !—my wife !*—there was no knowing
“ each other but by the voice. One was lament-
“ ing his destiny ; another the fate of his relations:
“ some

“ some were imploring the gods ; others denying
“ their existence ; many were invoking death to
“ defend them from death. Some said that they
“ were now about to be buried with the world,
“ in that concluding night which was to be
“ eternal :—and amidst all this, what dreadful
“ reports ! What imaginary terrors ! Fear exag-
“ gerated and believed every thing.

“ In the mean time a glimmering penetrated
“ the darkness ; this was the conflagration which
“ was approaching ; but it stopped and extin-
“ guished ; the night grew more intensely dark,
“ and the shower of cinders and stones more
“ thick and heavy. We were obliged to rise from
“ time to time to shake our cloaths. Shall I say it ?
“ In the midst of this scene of horror, not a single
“ complaint escaped me. I consoled myself amid
“ the fears of death, with the reflexion that the
“ world was about to expire with me.

“ At length this thick and black vapour gra-
“ dually dispersed and vanished. The day re-
“ vived and even the sun appeared, but dull and
“ yellowish, such as he usually shews himself in
“ an eclipse. What a spectacle now offered itself
“ to our yet troubled and uncertain eyes ! The
“ whole country was buried beneath the ashes, as
“ in winter under the snow. The road was no long-
“ er to be discerned. We sought for Misenum, and
“ again found it ; we returned and took possession ;

“ for we had in some measure abandoned it. Soon
“ after we received news of my uncle. Alas ! we
“ had but too good reason to be uneasy for him.

“ I have told you, that after quitting Mife-
“ num, he went on board a galley. He directed
“ his course towards Retina, and the other towns
“ which were threatened. Every one was flying
“ from it ; he however entered it, and, amidst the
“ general confusion, attentively observed the
“ cloud : remarked all the phenomena, and dic-
“ tated as he observed. But already a cloud
“ of thick and burning ashes beat down on his gal-
“ ley ; already were stones falling all around, and
“ the shore covered with large pieces of the moun-
“ tain. My uncle hesitated whether he should
“ return from whence he came, or put out to sea.
“ *Fortune favours courage*, (exclaimed he) *Let us*
“ *turn towards Pomponianus*. Pomponianus was
“ at Stabiæ. My uncle found him all trembling :
“ embraced and encouraged him, and to comfort
“ him by his security, asked for a bath, then sat
“ down to table and supped cheerfully ; or, at
“ least, which does not shew less fortitude, with
“ all the appearances of cheerfulness.

“ In the mean time Vesuvius was taking fire
“ on every side, amid the thick darkness. It is
“ the villages which have been abandoned that
“ are burning, said my uncle to the crowd about
“ him, to endeavour to quiet them. He then
“ went

“ went to bed, and fell asleep. He was in the
“ profoundest sleep, when the court of the house
“ began to fill with cinders; and all the pas-
“ sages were nearly closed up. They run to
“ him; and were obliged to awake him. He
“ rises, joins Pomponianus, and deliberates with
“ him and his attendants, what is best to be done,
“ whether it would be safest to remain in the house
“ or fly into the country? If they remain, how
“ might it be possible to escape from the earth
“ which is opening beneath their feet, and if they
“ fly, from the stones which are falling every
“ where. They chose the latter measure; the
“ multitude following the dictates of fear, my
“ uncle convinced by reason.

“ They departed instantly therefore from the
“ town, and the only precaution they could take
“ was to cover their heads with pillows. The
“ day was reviving every where else; but there
“ it continued night; horrible night! the fire
“ from the cloud alone enlightened it. My uncle
“ wished to gain the shore, notwithstanding the
“ sea was still tremendous. He descended, drank
“ some water, had a sheet spread, and lay down
“ on it. On a sudden, violent flames, preceded
“ by a sulphureous odour shot forth with a prodi-
“ gious brightness, and made every one take to
“ flight. My uncle, supported by two slaves,
“ arose;

“ arose ; but suddenly, suffocated by the vapour,
 “ he fell :—and Pliny was no more”

It is a remarkable circumstance, my son, that some naturalists walking amid the flowers, on the summit of Vesuvius, the very day before this eruption, were discussing whether this mountain was a volcano.

What a narrative, my dear Charles ; it displays to you at once, the first known eruption of Vesuvius, one of the most lamentable scenes, one of the most deplorable deaths, one of the most intrepid instances of a passion for knowledge, one of the finest wits of antiquity ; and it might still further teach you what is the tenderness of a mother, might you not learn that from your own.

L E T T E R CXVI. *and* LAST.

Naples.

I EMBARKED yesterday, before day break, and went to visit, with the sun, the islands scattered over the bay of Naples.

I beheld the glorious orb of day mounting from the sea, dividing the heavens and the waves; the heavens which seemed to rise, and the waves opening out into their expanse. You would imagine that the sun had reposed amid them during the night. I saw his beams dart on the summit of Pausilippo; run along the promontory of Misenum, sparkle in the waves which bathe the isles of Procita, Ischia, and Nisida; then advancing toward the horizontal boundary where the sky appears to unite with the sea, tip with their mildest splendor Baïæ, Puzzoli, and the Gulph by which they are separated; as also Monte Nuovo, formed by the eruption of a volcano in a single night; Monte Barbaro, on which once ripened the Falernian grape; the Elysiac fields, the ruins of Cumæ, and the remains of seven cities, which anciently flourished on these shores.

Stop thy course for a moment, glorious luminary! Suffer me to survey these enchanting scenes which Nature seems to have created purposely to
solace

folace the Romans after the conquest of the world, or to make them forget their victories!

Here am I on the sea beach, beneath the second portico of the amphitheatre of Misenum. After visiting it I mount to the upper portico; and there I contemplate the encroachment of the sea, which during eight hundred years has been forcing its way into this amphitheatre. How many ages must it have required for Nature to perform her revolutions!

Coming down again, I walked with dry feet in that fishpond, so justly named the *Piscina admirabile*; in that vast reservoir, supported at equal distances, on so many enormous pillars, which by their height, solidity, number, and indestructible cement, by the immense roof and ruins they support, resemble the foundations of the Roman empire.

I passed by three rows of tombs, raised one above the other, and half open to the day from the ravages of time.

The bodies of the inhabitants of Misenum then were deposited on the shores of this bay, separated by a channel, from the rest of the sea of Naples, which, there destitute of all motion, is black, hideous, and foetid, and, if I may so say, no longer alive, but *dead*.

Behold the Elysian fields, what silence! what tranquillity! what coolness! how delicious the melancholy

melancholy inspired by the evening beneath these thick shades, and amid these solitary walks !

But yonder, at the distance of a hundred paces, are the infernal mansions. Admirable contrast ! How well is it described in the following verses of Tibullus, which these places bring to my recollection * !

Dans l'éternelle nuit qui remplit ces lieux sombres,
Gémit, emprisonné, le peuple errant des ombres.

La, tourne incessamment, pour punir Ixion,
La roue inexorable où l'attacha Junon.

La, de l'affreux Cerbère, acharné sur sa proie,
Epouvantablement la triple gueule aboie.

Syphis, en haletant, gravit, roidit ses bras,
Et pousse au haut d'un mont un roc, qui roule en bas.

O fureur ! ô supplice ! ô vengeance inouïe !

Entendez-vous crier l'infortuné Titie ?

Son cœur rongé renait sous le bec du vautour.

Et Tantale ? Il est là, Du lac qui dort autour ;

L'eau s'offre au malheureux sur le bord de sa bouche ;

Mais l'eau trompe Tantale, et fuit, dès qu'il la touche.

Tout mortel, en ces lieux, aborde avec horreur :

Pour moi, du tendre Amour, fidèle adorateur,

Je trouve, en descendant de la barque fatale,

Venus, qui m'attendoit sur la rive infernale,

Qui me fourit, m'appelle, et, me tendant la main,

Conduit mon ombre heureuse à bois Eliséen.

Là, parmi les lilas, philomèle amoureuse

Mêle aux voix des oiseaux sa voix mélodieuse ;

La, l'œillet et la rose émaillant les vallons,

Boivent l'eau qui murmure et fuit sous les gazon ;

* See Tibul. lib. i. eleg. 3.

Le jour y luit plus doux ; et le jeune Zéphire,
 Epure, en l'embaumant, l'air frais qu'on y respire.
 On n'y voit que des jeux, que d'aimables débats ;
 Et l'amour, qui sans cesse anime aux doux combats
 Mille couples errants, mille bandes errantes
 De beaux adolescens et de filles charmantes.
 Mais quel est, ô Vénus ! ce jeune favori,
 Dont le front brille au loin, ceint d'un myrthe fleuri ;
 Qui s'avance, à pas lents, en suivant le rivage ?
 Est-ce un fils d'Apollon ? est-ce un héros ? un sage ?
 Le ceil est juste, enfin : c'est un fidèle amant,
 C'est un tendre mortel qui mourut en aimant.

To tortures doom'd, the wicked drag their chains,
 By black lakes sever'd from the blisful plains ;
 Those should they pass, impassable the gate
 Where Cerb'rus howls, grim sentinel of fate.
 There snake-hair'd fiends with whips patrol around,
 Rack'd anguish bellows, and the deeps resound :
 There he, who dar'd to tempt the queen of heav'n,
 Upon an ever turning wheel is driv'n
 The Danaids there, still strive huge casks to fill,
 But strive in vain, the casks elude their skill :
 There Pelop's fire, to quench his thirsty fires,
 Still tries the flood and still the flood retires ;
 There vultures tear the bow'ls, and drink the gore,
 Of Tityus, stretch'd enormous on the shore.

But love my ghost (for love I still obey'd)
 Will grateful usher to th' elysian shade :
 There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail ;
 There soothing musick floats on every gale ;
 There painted warblers hop from spray to spray.
 And, wildly pleasing, swell the general lay :

There

There every hedge, untaught, with Cassia blooms,
And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes :
There every mead a various plenty yields ;
There lavish Flora paints the purple fields
With ceaseless light, a brighter Phœbus glows,
No sickness tortures, and no ocean flows ;
But youths associate with the gentle fair,
And stung with pleasure to the shade repair :
With them love wanders wheresoe'er they stray,
Provokes to rapture and inflames the play :
But chief, the constant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the shade.

GRAINGER.

Leaving the Elyfian fields, I went to visit the ruins of the temples of Venus Genitrix, Diana, and Mercury, the remains of the baths of Nero, the ruins of a multitude of villas, sulphureous baths for the benefit of health, hot baths to promote voluptuous enjoyments, and, above all, those charming shores so fatal to modesty and favourable to love, where the zephyrs, the sea, the air, and every object detached the mind and heart from the yoke of more serious thoughts ; where, amid voluptuous airs of effeminate instruments and voices, mingled with the breath of the zephyrs, and the song of birds, the accents of the warlike trumpet were heard, which in ever country of the world was wont to celebrate the victories of Rome, and animate her to new conquests ; on those shores, in fine, where generals, consuls, emperors

emperors were busied in the song or dance, or fighting out their loves, whole nations wiped away their tears, and for a moment respired.

Yes, even in the midst of these ruins, and in the state in which these shores now are, I can conceive that when these temples were entire, the festivals and mysteries of Venus celebrated in them and sacrifices offered on their altars to Mercury, when all these thermæ, stoves, baths, and places dedicated to health or pleasure, were incessantly frequented; when all those theatres were filled with the greatest men of Rome and the fairest of the Italian beauties; when this bay was covered with vessels with purple sails, floating streamers, and masts adorned with garlands and flowers, which were perpetually conveying thither or conducting back on a sea strewn with roses, the gay and elegant youth of Italy; when in fine, at the hour of the sun's descent from heaven upon the sea, at that hour the most licentious of all the hours of the evening, when every thing here abandoned itself to voluptuousness, as most suitable to the time and place; yes I can conceive, that it was then matter of reproach to Cicero, to have a country-seat at Baia; that Seneca, when travelling, dreaded sleeping there even a single night and that Propertius thought his Cynthia faithless the instant she arrived there—For my own part, I still feel the danger of this place, though so much
changed

changed by ages and volcanos, though deserted, though covered with ruins, which hang over, fall and disappear incessantly in the waves : it seems as if the air had retained something of its ancient corruption, from which it is not yet purified : I feel my thoughts become effeminate at these prospects, at this situation, at this vague and slender shade, which successively extinguishes in the sky, upon the sea, on all the mountains, and on all the summits of the trees, the last glimmerings of day ; my thoughts are especially softened by the silence which at intervals diffuses itself over these shores, and from the bosom of which arises, by degrees, the delightful concert of the evening, consisting of the melancholy dashing of oars which plow the distant waves, the bleating of the flocks upon the mountains, the waves expiring in murmurs at the foot of the rocks, the shaking of the leaves of trees by never ceasing zephyrs, and the union in short of all these evanescent sounds widely scattered through the heavens and over the waters, and the earth, which at this moment form, if I may so speak, the indistinct voice and melodious respiration of sleeping nature !

Let us quit these dangerous shores and reembark for Naples—The day after to-morrow we will return to Rome.



